A

TOUR

THROUGH THE

SOUTH OF ENGLAND, WALES,

AND PART OF

IRELAND,

MADE DURING THE SUMMER OF

1791.

ENGLAND! with all thy faults, I love thee ſtill.

COWPER.

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M.DCC.XCIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TOUR

Through the

SOUTH OF ENGLAND, &c.

— — — Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum filebo.

HOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The Honourable HENRY TUFTON

THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS TOKEN

OF

E S T E E M.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

TO thoſe, who can feel intereſted in the rambles of an Engliſhman, who can ſurvey with pleaſure a ſimple delineation of Britiſh ſcenery, the following pages are reſpectfully addreſſed. The emanations of fancy, the ſportive ebullitions of inventive genius, beam not through the thin texture which is here interwoven from the materials of a ſummer excurſion. The impulſe of the moment, and the impreſſions which are conveyed by the contemplation of new objects, dictated, for the moſt part, thoſe haſty ſketches, which the reader will find ſo

looſely thrown together. The author has, however, no apology to make for his temerity. Conſcious of his numerous imperfections, he deprecates cenſure without courting applauſe; and will feel himſelf more than ſatisfied if he ſucceeds in diſſipating the tedium of a winter's evening.

The deſire of introducing any further remarks with regard to the tenor of this work will be ſuppreſſed. Authors are ever loquacious; but the adventurer, who now intrudes upon the public, wiſhes not to be conſidered either as averting, or anticipating the harſhneſs of criticiſm.

ROUTE OF THE TOUR.

From LONDON *to*

HAMPSHIRE. PORTSMOUTH *

ISLE OF WIGHT

COWES, NEWPORT, STEEPHILL

SOUTHAMPTON †

RUMSEY

WILTSHIRE. SALISBURY, ‡ WILTON

STONEHENGE §

* Portſmouth, ſo called from its ſituation at the mouth of a bay.

† Southampton, anciently called *Hantun* from its ſituation upon the bay of *Anton* (the old name of the river Teſt) and now called *South-Hanton* or *Hampton*, to diſtinguiſh it from *Northampton*.

‡ Saliſbury, anciently called Sarum.

§ Stonehenge, purely Saxon, ſignifying *hanging ſtones* or a *ſtone gallows*. The ancient Britons called it *Choir-gaur*, or *the great church* or *cathedral*. The monks latinized *Choir-gaur* into *Chorea gigantum*.

DORSETSHIRE.	BLANDFORD
	DORCHESTER
	WEYMOUTH, ISLE OF PORTLAND
	BRIDPORT
DEVONSHIRE.	AXMINSTER *
	HONITON
	EXETER †
	CHUDLEIGH
	ASHBURTON
	IVY BRIDGE
	PLYMOUTH ‡
	DOCK
CORNWALL.	SALTASH §

‡ Axminſter derives its name partly from its ſituation on the river *Axe*, and partly from *a minſter* eſtabliſhed there by King Athelſtan for ſeven prieſts to pray for the departed ſouls of thoſe who were killed in his army and buried there, when he defeated the Danes in a bloody battle fought in a field in this neighbourhood, which is ſtill called *King's Field*.

* Exeter, a contraction of *Exceſter*, which ſignifies *a caſtle on the Ex*.

† Plymouth, ſo called from its ſituation upon a ſmall river called *the Plym*.

‡ Saltaſh, a corruption of *Salteſſe*. The town was originally called *Villa de Eſſe*, or *Eſſe's town*; *Eſſe* being the name of ſeveral families to this day.

CORNWALL.

LESKARD
LESTWITHIEL *
ST. AUSTLE
GRAMPOUND †
TRURO ‡
PENRYN §
FALMOUTH ||
HELSTON ¶

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* Leſtwithiel, from the Corniſh word *Loſtwithial*, which ſignifies *a lion's tail.* The Earl of this province bore a lion for his arms, and the ſtrength of the lion being ſuppoſed to conſiſt principally in his tail, and this town being anciently the Earl's place of reſidence, where his exchequer was kept and the affairs of his government tranſacted—It is ſuppoſed from theſe circumſtances to have been called *The Lion's tail*, or *Loſtwithial.*

† Grampound, or *Grampont*, from *Grand Pont*, *Great Bridge*, ſo called from its bridge over the Fal.

‡ Truro, from the Corniſh word *Truru*, which ſignifies *three ſtreets.*

§ Penryn, ſo called from its ſituation on a woody hill, *Penryn* ſignifying *a curled head.*

|| Falmouth, ſo called from its ſituation at the mouth of the river *Fal.*

¶ Helſton, or *Hel's Town*, a town on the river *Hel.*

CORNWALL. MARKET-JEW *
PENZANCE, LAND'S END †
REDRUTH
ST. MICHAEL ‡
BODMIN
LAUNCESTON §
DEVONSHIRE. LIFTON
OAKHAMPTON ||
HATHERLY

---

* Market-Jew, or *Market-Ju*, ſo called from its market day, Thurſday, *die jovis*, which in the Corniſh language is *Jeu*.

† Penzance is ſuppoſed to have been *Pen-ſaint*, *Saints-Head*, the arms of the town being the baptiſt's head in a charger; but it ſeems more probable that it was originally either *Pen's Sands*, *the Head of the Sands*, or *Pen-Savas*, *the head of the channel*.

‡ St. Michael is ſuppoſed to have been originally *Modiſhole*, and to have been ſainted by a vulgar error after it was corrupted to *Michael*.

§ Launceſton was called *Llanſtuphadon*, *the church of St. Stephen*, and of this name *Launceſton* is a corrupt contraction.

|| Oakhampton, or *Ockington*, ſo called from its ſituation on the river *Oke*.

DEVONSHIRE. TORRINGTON *
BARNSTAPLE †
SOUTH MOLTON
BAMPTON ‡
TIVERTON §
SOMERSETSHIRE. WELLINGTON
TAUNTON ||
BRIDGEWATER ¶

---

* Torrington, originally *Touridge Town*, ſo called from its ſituation on the river *Touridge*.

† Barnſtaple, is a word compounded of the Britiſh word *Bar*, which ſignifies *the mouth of a river*, and the Saxon word *ſtaple*, which denotes *a mart of trade*.

‡ Bampton, or *Baunton*, a corruption of *Bathampton*.

§ Tiverton, or *Twyford Town*, from its ſituation near two fords which were formerly at this place, one over the Ex, and the other over a ſmall river called the Loman, where there are now two ſtone bridges.

|| Taunton is ſo called by a corruption of the original name *Thone-Town*, or *Tone-Town*, which is derived from its ſituation upon the banks of the river *Thone*, or *Tone*.

¶ Bridgewater appears to be a corruption of *Brugge Walter*, i. e. *Walter's Borough*, a name by which this place was called ſoon after the conqueſt.

SOMERSETSHIRE.	WELLS
	BATH
	BRISTOL *
	HOT-WELLS
	NEW FERRY
MONMOUTHSHIRE.	BLACK-ROCK
	NEWPORT †
GLAMORGANSHIRE	CARDIFF, ‡ CAERPHILLY
	PONT-Y-PRÎDD
	LLANDAFF §
	COWBRIDGE
	MARGAM
	ABERAVON
	BRITON-FERRY

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* Briſtol derives its preſent name from the ancient Saxon name Bpiȝhtoꝛ, which ſignifies a famous or celebrated place.

† Newport had this name in reſpect to the old port, Caerleon, out of whoſe ruins it aroſe.

‡ Cardiff, or *Caerdiff*, "*A city on the Taff*," ſo called from its ſituation on the river Taff.

§ Llandaff derives its name from its ſituation, the word *Llandaff* ſignifying "*a church on the river Taff.*"

GLAMORGANSHIRE. SWANSEA*
NEATH ||
LLWGHOR
CAERMARTHENSHIRE. LLANELTHY
KIDWELLY
CAERMARTHEN ‡
PEMBROKESHIRE. NARBARTH
TENBY
PEMBROKE †
MILFORD HAVEN
HUBBERSTON
HAVERFORDWEST

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* Swanſea, or *Swine-Sea*, receives its name from the Porpoiſes or Sea-Hogs, which are found here in great numbers.

|| Neath is ſo called by a variation of the Britiſh name *Nedh*.

‡ Caermathen, or *Carmarthen*, or *Caermardhin*, is ſo called from the Welſh name *Caer-Vyrdhin*.

† Pembroke, or *Penbroke*, derives its name from the ancient Britiſh word *Penvro*, a cape or promontory.

CARDIGANSHIRE.	CARDIGAN *
	LLANARTH
	LLANRUSTED
	ABERYSTWYTH ¶
	TALYPONT
MONTGOMERYSHIRE.	MACHYNLETH
MERIONETHSHIRE.	MALWYDD
	DOLGELLY
	TAN-Y-BWLCH
	PONT-ABER-GLASSLYN ‖
	BEDDKELERT
CARNARVONSHIRE.	CARNARVON †
	BANGOR ‡

* This place is from its ſituation called *Aber-Teivy*, the mouth of the Teivy; the derivation of the word Cardigan is not known.

¶ Aberyſtwyth, or *Aber Yſtwyth*, i. e. "*the Mouth of the Yſtwyth.*"

‖ Pont-aber-glaſslyn, i. e. *the Devil's bridge.*

† Carnarvon ſignifies the Town or Fort of *Arvon*, or *Arvonia*, a name by which this country was anciently called from its ſituation oppoſite to the Iſland of Angleſea.

‡ Bangor, or *Banchor*, retains its ancient Britiſh name, which ſignifies "*a beautiful quire.*"

CARNARVONSHIRE.	BANGOR FERRY
ISLE OF ANGLESEA.	GWINDEE—PARIS MOUNT.
	HOLYHEAD
IRELAND.	DUBLIN.—THE DARGLE.—
	LORD POWERSCOURT'S
	PARK, &c.
ISLE OF ANGLESEA.	HOLYHEAD
	GWINDEE
	BANGOR FERRY
CARNARVONSHIRE.	ABER-CONWAY §
DENBIGHSHIRE.	ABERGELY
FLINTSHIRE.	ST. ASAPH *
	HOLYWELL
	FLINT
CHESHIRE.	PARK-GATE
LANCASHIRE.	LIVERPOOL †

§ Aber-Conway preſerves its ancient name ſignifying "*the Mouth of the Conway.*"

* St. Aſaph derives its name from *St. Aſaph*, its patron ſaint, who was the ſecond Biſhop of the ſee. It is called by the Welſh *Lhan-Elwy* from its ſituation at the influx of the River Elwy into the Clwyd.

† Liverpool—*Leverpool*, *Litterpool*, or *Lirpool*, was by the Saxons called Lineppole, as it is ſuppoſed, from the waters of the Merſey ſpreading themſelves here like a pool or fen.

LANCASHIRE.	PRESCOT
	WARRINGTON
CHESHIRE.	NORTHWICH
	HOLM-CHAPEL
	BRUERTON
STAFFORDSHIRE.	TALK
	NEWCASTLE UNDER LINE ‡
	LITCHFIELD ‖

‡ Newcaſtle under Line was firſt called *Newcaſtle* from a caſtle, now in ruins, built here in the reign of Henry the Third, and by way of diſtinction from an older caſtle which ſtood at Cheſtertown, a village in the neighbourhood. It was afterwards called "*Newcaſtle under Line*, or *Lime*, from its ſituation upon the eaſt ſide of a branch of the Trent, called the *Line*, or *Lime*, and to diſtinguiſh it from *Newcaſtle upon Tine*, in the county of Northumberland.

‖ Litchfield is by ſome thought to be a corruption of *Licidfeld*, an ancient Britiſh word ſignifying *dead carcaſſes*, but by the generality it is ſaid to be ſo called from *Lichenfield*, *Lichen* in Saxon ſignifying *a dead body*, and it is thus *the field of dead bodies*. Thoſe, who adopt the former opinion, found their aſſertions upon a great ſlaughter of Chriſtians, which they ſay took place here in the perſecution under the Emperor Diocleſian. On the other hand, the advocates for the Saxon etymology of the word *Litchfield* ſay, that this name was given it in memory of a dreadful maſſacre of an army of Chriſtians, who fought at Litchfield againſt

WARWICKSHIRE.	BIRMINGHAM
	STRATFORD UPON AVON
OXFORDSHIRE.	WOODSTOCK § BLENHEIM
	OXFORD *
	SLOUGH
BERKSHIRE.	WINDSOR
MIDDLESEX.	LONDON

againſt Oſwius king of Northumberland, upon the firſt introduction of Chriſtianity. And they moreover add that Oſwius, after his converſion to Chriſtianity, in repentance for having been the cauſe of ſo great a ſlaughter firſt founded the Cathedral of Litchfield.

§ Woodſtock derives its name immediately from the Saxon Wuɒeꝑtoc which ſignifies *a woody place.*

* Oxford was by the Saxons called Oxen-ꝑoꝛd, a name generally ſuppoſed to have been derived from a *ford*, or *paſſage for oxen*, over the river Thames at this place. The Cities of Boſphorus, upon the Lake Mœotis in Greece, and Ochenſurt, upon the River Odur in Germany, derive their names from the ſame origin, each ſignifying *a ford for oxen.* The Welſh name for this place is Rhid-Ychen, which alſo ſignifies *a ford for oxen*, and the city arms are *an ox paſſing a ford*; yet ſome have thought that the ancient name of this city was *Ouſford*, a ford over the Ous, a name by which the River Thames, by the Latins called Iſis, appears to have been known. Here and there are ſome iſlands formed by the river at this place, which are ſtill called the *Oſeney*, or *Ouſney Iſlands.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TOUR

THROUGH THE

SOUTH OF ENGLAND, &c.

SECTION

THE

FIRST.

IT is not the effect of a particular ſpecies of diet, nor the impreſſions made by a fickle climate upon the diſpoſition of Engliſhmen, that cauſe thoſe phlegmatic vapours, and that depreſſion of ſpirits, which are ſo juſtly become the characteriſtic of a whole nation. From what ſource then does this evil originate? evidently from a relaxation of the mental powers, indulged to an exceſs. Air, exer-

ciſe, and even literary reſources, without a certain degree of novelty, fail in their effect. A variety of new objects, and a total change in the ſcenery around us, operate, in a delightful manner, upon the ſpirits and the health. The faculties of the mind, when abſorbed in the ſpeculation of the future, or too much engroſſed in the contemplation of the paſt, become a prey to indolence and ſpleen, the very parents of ſuicide.

Our continental neighbours are thoſe, to whom we are indebted for every exaggeration of our natural infirmity. They are repreſented of a livelier turn, and of a diſpoſition happily indifferent to all the ſerious occurrences of life. And to what is this owing? to that love of novelty, that avidity, which ever marks the tenor of a Frenchman's temper, in the purſuit of ſomething new. There does not exiſt a people more eager for the τὶ καινον than theſe ſons of gaiety; and I am much miſtaken, if that ſpirit of liberty, which has ſo lately agitated the very bowels of their conſtitution,

tution, and which, they tell you, has trampled upon the inſignia of deſpotiſm, had not for its *primum Mobile*, a meaner conſideration than the ſubverſion of a mighty empire.

It is ſaid of the great *Brown*, who rendered himſelf ſo famous for his capacity in the arrangement of ground, that his firſt conſideration in drawing out a plan, was, to make a change. Thus, ſo long as the eſtate he undertook to improve was made different from what it was before, it was ſure to be admired. And this is the caſe with our neighbours the French. They have thrown down the pillars of their ancient buildings, they have removed the avenues which led to them, and have endeavoured to give every thing a new appearance. They have demoliſhed every veſtige of a place, which was grown ſo old faſhioned, and venerable from its antiquity, and they have preſented to the world a ſcene, cut, and decorated, according to a new mode, and open to every wind that blows.

So much has been effected by the faſcinating charms of novelty, and ſuch is the mighty inſtance of its power! if any part of that miſerable multitude, who labour under the heavy oppreſſion of deſpondency, and whom we ſee daily falling victims to the influence of ſpleen, were to model the ſyſtem of their conduct upon the baſis of a Frenchman's felicity—we ſhould not be thus ſtigmatized for that violent *penchant* which we are ſaid to poſſeſs, of cutting our own throats. It is torpid inactivity alone that Engliſhmen ſhould dread. The purſuit of novelty, and a frequent change of ſituation, by affording a full ſcope for variety, would entirely annihilate the hydra, and extirpate all the powers of *ennui*. It is for this reaſon, that travelling has ſuch a delightful effect, in elevating the ſpirits, and bracing the nerves. The mind conſtantly employed in beholding a ſucceſſion of new objects, receives a vigour from the taſk, which, in a full current, flows directly to the heart.

Theſe

Theſe ſentiments, and theſe reflections, took up my attention one fine morning in the month of May, as I was preparing to make a ſummer excurſion with a friend. We had paſſed the winter in a ſolitary retirement, among the woodlands in the Weald of Kent, and looked forward to the period we had fixed upon, for the commencement of our tour, with all that impatience, which thoſe feel, in confinement, who contemplate the proſpect of approaching liberty.

Our little ſyſtem for travelling being properly arranged, and every thing in readineſs, we left the metropolis, and directed our courſe towards Portſmouth; intending to traverſe the ſouth of England, and afterwards inveſtigate that remote corner of our iſland, which preſents ſuch bold and ſuperb ſcenes, among the Welch Mountains.

The

The road to Portſmouth exhibits nothing particularly remarkable. Noblemen's ſeats, ſcattered up and down, ſerve to adorn that barrenneſs of country, which ſeems often predominant, and would otherwiſe weary the attention. Paſſing over a dreary heath, about ſeven miles beyond Godalmin, we gained the ſummit of a hill, which commands a moſt ſullen proſpect of the country around. On the right, a barren, inhoſpitable valley, which, from its ſingular form, has been ſtyled "*the Devil's punch bowl,*" preſents its unfertile features: the road paſſes cloſe to its ſides, and in this ſpot, a monument has been erected as a memorial of a murder committed there, on the body of an unknown ſailor, with this motto, "*Whoſo committeth man's blood, by man, ſhall his blood be ſhed!*" the perpetrators of this crime are ſuſpended in chains, upon a gibbet near the place; upon the whole, the ſimplicity of the monument, the gibbet, with its chains, and the *triſte et ſombre* appearance of the country which

ſurrounds it on all ſides, form a ſcene of a terrific nature. We reached

PORTSMOUTH

about ſeven in the evening, and walked to the parade—to hear with what eaſe, and indifference, ſome wretched military muſicians, could convert harmony to diſcord.

Portſmouth may, without impropriety, be called the key of England. Its noble haven, capable of containing a thouſand ſail of the line; its extenſive fortifications, arranged and executed by engineers of the firſt ability; the number of its inhabitants, its dock-yards, its wonderful importance to Great-Britain, render it the admiration of Europe. The entrance to the harbour does not exceed, in breadth, that of the Thames at Weſtminſter Bridge, a circumſtance, which forms a conſiderable addition to its ſtrength. There is alſo ſuch plenty of water within it, that a firſt rate man of war may always float in ſafety, and moreover ride ſecure from every

 wind

wind that blows. The mouth of the harbour is defended by a fort, called South Sea Caſtle, erected by Henry VIII. and ſituated about a mile and a half ſouth of the town. This caſtle is fortified with a double moat, palliſadoes, ravelins, and a counterſcarp, from which there are ſeveral advanced works, to cover the fort againſt the approach of an enemy. There is alſo on the ſame ſide a large platform, on which are placed pieces of ordnance; and on the oppoſite ſide, next Goſport, there is another platform, of twenty great guns, nearly level with the water.

One great convenience with reſpect to the harbour at Portſmouth, is the ſafe and ſpacious road of Spithead. It is defended from all the winds that blow from the weſt to the ſouth eaſt, by the high lands of the Iſle of Wight; and from the winds of the oppoſite quarter, by the main land of Hampſhire. The bottom is perfectly ſound and good, and the flux and reflux of the

the ſea repairs all the injuries done by the anchors.

This wonderful rendezvous of the royal navy, fortified on all ſides, is a ſtriking proof of the opulence and induſtry of Engliſhmen. An extenſive foſſe is filled in half an hour with water, eight feet deep. Within the foſſe riſes a wall 15 feet perpendicular, on which is a double parapet, regularly flanked with baſtions and curtains, having alſo a glacis and covered way. Theſe works are carried round the dock yards, ſo that the magazine of ſtores, arms and ammunition, defies every attack of an enemy.

The dock yard contains ſuch an aſtoniſhing quantity of every article neceſſary for the royal navy, and is placed in a ſtyle of ſuch uncommon regularity, that it exceeds imagination. There are ſeldom leſs than a thouſand men employed within its walls, and ſometimes double that number. Theſe, in time of war, are all diſciplined, and formed into a regiment, under the command of

the Commiſſioner, who is Colonel; the Maſter Builder, Lieutenant Colonel, and the Clerk of the Cheque, Major; the Subalterns being choſen from among the other officers. The dock, and other yards, now reſemble a town, and may be ſaid to form a corporation, there being large rows of dwellings, built at the public expence, for all the officers, who are obliged to reſide on the ſpot. The rope-houſe, where the cables, &c. are made, is 870 feet long, and ſome of the cables are ſo large, that it requires above 80 men to work them. The labour is ſo exceſſive, that they can only continue it for four hours in the day. From one end of this remarkable room, it is not eaſy to diſcern the pigmies working at the other. In this place, that noted incendiary, *Jack the Painter*, laid his ſyſtem of combuſtibles, which is the more remarkable, as at leaſt 100 men were conſtantly employed around him. The ſmith's ſhop is a curious ſpectacle, and reminds one of Vulcan's laboratory, where we find a trio, performed by the Cyclops, upon the anvil,

vil, in every corner. Among other things here, they ſhew you a ſledge hammer, which the king uſed in this place, and beg of you to pay two-pence, and ſtrike a blow with *his Majeſty's hammer*. The tarring of the hemp is a moſt curious operation, being performed by horſes; but it is impoſſible to convey upon paper, any idea adequate to the appearance of theſe immenſe magazines, where ſhips are lifted in their docks, like infants in their cradles, and the moſt ſtupendous works conducted with all that eaſe, and ingenuity, ſo peculiar to the inhabitants of this country, in the ſuperior excellence of their naval armaments.

Being favoured with a letter of recommendation from Admiral L—— G——, to the Commiſſioner of the yards, we had a fortunate opportunity of examining the wonders of this immenſe place. I have been more minute in my deſcription of it, and the reſpective fortifications of the town, than perhaps there was any occaſion for, from one, who ſeeks merely to gratify the curio-

ſity, or patience, of his readers. But when I conſidered the amazing importance of the place, not to the nation, or its allies, but to my preſent publication, and its readers, as being almoſt the firſt object noticed in my tour, I deemed it both expedient and proper, to adopt the mode of many a good ſcribbler before me, namely, to gloſs over the opening of my work, with an appearance of ſagacity, preciſion and exactneſs.

But, gentle reader, whoever thou art, whether prelate, or peer, ſailor, or ſoldier, critic, or Commiſſioner of his Majeſty's dock yards, reflect, that as yet we have travelled together but a ſhort ſpace—beam not, ſo early, the ſullen clouds of diſcontent upon theſe traces of my pen—conſider me as one employed ſolely to give thee amuſement—view theſe pages with candour, and I promiſe thee, as we ſojourn together in future, I will not again interlard them with muſty deſcriptions of *ravelins* and *counterſcraps*, nor pillage the works of my

 forefathers

forefathers, for delineations of "*double parapets, flanked with baſtions and curtains.*"

From the dock yards we went with a ſimilar letter of recommendation to Capt. P——, of the Formidable. The whole fleet was at that time riding at Spithead, and to thoſe who are unacquainted with naval exhibitions, no ſpectacle can be more ſtriking. Upon our arrival on board, we underſtood that the Captain was on ſhore, but one of the Lieutenants conducted us over every part of the ſhip. And here I can but mention, with ſincere and grateful pleaſure, that uncommon politeneſs and attention which the officers of our navy ſhew to thoſe ſtrangers who go on board. The midſhipmen ſeem to have a miſerable birth, being confined in a ſmall hole, without any light, but that proceeding from the ſorry glimmering of a tallow candle, and with juſt air enough to vegetate. My companion amuſed himſelf with making compariſons between the army and the navy—and indeed, the appearance of the naval officers

officers in general, rather ſavours of the *mal-propre*, when placed by the ſide of a ſpruce military beau. But ſurely, whoever conſiders the amazing utility of our navy, the exertions of our ſeamen, their bravery, and the great hardſhips they undergo, will never draw the line of compariſon between a Britiſh ſailor, and the generality of thoſe effeminate, finical, puppies, who perfume the parades—unleſs it be, to exalt and revere the noble character of the ſons of Neptune.

When we had finiſhed our walk over the ſhip, we were led into the wardroom, and introduced to the lieutenants. Here our conductor preſſed us to ſtay; "Our tea," ſays he, "is prepared, and if you can put up with a ſailor's fare, we heartily invite you to partake of it." We were obliged to decline this kind invitation, but I could not leave the ſhip, although as genuine a landlubber as any within the ſound of Bow bell, without regretting my inability to paſs a few hours in ſuch pleaſing company.

We were ſcarce ſeated in our little duſty, dirty room, at the Crown, before our valet and fac-totum, Jeremy, came running in, with wildeſt marks of conſternation in his phiz, to tell us, that *they had put him into a room amongſt ſoldiers, and a done-a-many people!* This Jeremy was a country fellow, that had been educated to the profeſſion of the comb, and uſed to attend us three times a week at H—, as our ſole dependance in the article of frizzing. I had found him to be honeſt and ſimple, and had hired him to attend us, like another *la Fleur*, jack of all trades, yet maſter of none. He had never been fifty miles from his own door, and found the buſtle of the wide world replete with difficulty and alarm. London ſcared him out of his wits, and Portſmouth did not promiſe to reſtore them. The inſide of a large inn, was a ſcene that filled him with terror and apprehenſion, and what with bowing to the waiters, and runing againſt the cooks, he got kicked by one, and puſhed by the other, until able to ſupport

port it no longer, he flew to us for ſhelter and protection.

Leaving Portſmouth, we embarked in a ſmall packet-boat for the

ISLE OF WIGHT.

The approach to this iſland is full of *agrèmens*. The country every where riſes from the ſea, diverſified with abundance of wood and paſture, and ſeems to ſmile in the richneſs of its fertility. It poſſeſſes the beſt of all the productions of England, and ſeems as if old Albion's genius had preſented it upon the boſom of the waters, as an elegant ſample of the beauties and bleſſings of Britain. We drank our tea at

COWES,

a ſmall and narrow town on the ſea ſhore, and then proceeded to

NEWPORT,

the capital of the iſland. I had often annexed

nexed an idea of neatneſs and comfort to this iſle and its inhabitants, and it gave me pleaſure to find that, at leaſt, in one inſtance, diſappointment was not the conſequence of a ſanguine expectation. Every thing around me teamed with fertility, and every houſe, and every inhabitant, wore the veſtiges of opulence, induſtry, and cleanlineſs. To thoſe, who have been confined amidſt the dirt of the metropolis, or the filth of Portſmouth, who have ſpeculated with delight upon the diſtant hopes of rural retirement, a viſit to this iſland muſt be a treat indeed. In Newport, the houſes are neither ſhowy nor magnificent, but there is a degree of neatneſs and ſimplicity viſible in every ſtreet, that calls to one's mind the wonderful *propretè* of thoſe renowned villages in North Holland, Sardam and Brook. We ſlept in comfort at the Bugle Inn, and in the morning drove a light gig as far as

STEEPHILL,

the ſouthermoſt point of the iſland. Within a quarter of a mile of this ſpot, we were

ſuddenly ſtruck with ſuch a ſtupendous proſpect of the ſea, the cliffs, &c. as to excite a momentary degree of apprehenſion for our own ſafety, at ſuch an amazing height. The hill here becomes ſo ſteep, that it is almoſt impoſſible for any vehicle whatever, to proceed, either up or down. Leaving the chaiſe to our guide, we alighted, and walked down to a ſmall cottage, hanging in a manner peculiarly romantic from the ſide of the cliff. (cloſe to this ſpot ſtands Mr. Tollemache's elegant little villa, the views from which are the moſt wild and picturesque of any in the iſland.) A neat reſpectable looking woman, brought us in a collation of eggs, cold fowl, and brown bread—at the ſame time making a curtſey, ſhe told us we need not be aſhamed of her little cottage, for that the Duke of Wirtemberg had, a few days before, dined in the very room we were in, and that if we would pleaſe to look round, we ſhould find the names of many very great perſonages who had honoured her with a viſit. The walls were abſolutely black with the number of

thoſe adventurers, who having the "*Caco-ethes ſcribendi*," to a degree of *furor*, attempt to immortalize themſelves upon every wall, and every window, they come near. It might truly be ſaid of our good landlady,

"*The walls of her cell were inſculptur'd around.*"

The climate here is ſo remarkably fine, that one may apply the ſame remark an ancient author does of Baiæ,

Nullus in orbe locus Baïis prælucet amænis.

This little ſpot is ſo much ſheltered from the wind and the tempeſts, that myrtles grow ſpontaneouſly. We obſerved a fig tree, at this early ſeaſon of the year, abſolutely bending beneath the weight of its fruit.

Returning to Newport, we paſſed by the delightful ſeat of Sir Richard Worſley, Apledurcombe, ſituated pleaſantly under a hill. On each ſide of the road, the fields of peaſe, beans, &c. perfumed all the air. Not a mile was paſſed over without regret,

and as we returned again to Newport, I could not help lamenting the ſhort period allotted for our continuance in ſo delightful a ſpot.

We next viſited the ancient

CASTLE OF CARISBROOK.

This fortreſs was originally founded by one of the Saxons, who firſt landed in Britain. At the Norman conqueſt, it was conſidered as a place of great ſtrength, but in the reign of Henry the Firſt, it was pulled down, and a more magnificent ſtructure erected in its ſtead. The proſpect from the walls is more delightful than can be conceived, but what renders this place peculiarly remarkable, is, that not thirteen months previous to the death of Charles the Firſt, that unhappy monarch was confined here. Soon after his eſcape from Hampton Court, being cloſely purſued by his enemies, he formed the reſolution of viſiting the Iſle of Wight, and applied to Mr. Hammond, the governor, for protection, in order to expedite more effectually

tually his paſſage to France. This gentleman having married a daughter of the illuſtrious Hampden, and being beſides a ſincere friend to Cromwell, ſent immediate notice to Parliament, and received orders to keep the king a cloſe priſoner, without ſuffering him to be ſeen by any of his friends. The circumſtances ſubſequent to his confinement, are too well known to require any illuſtration, but the remarkable words of the king, upon finding himſelf betrayed, and a priſoner, are well worthy of notice. "*There are but few ſteps between the priſons and the graves of princes!*"

From Cariſbrook we proceeded once more to Cowes, and there hired a ſmall veſſel to conduct us to

SOUTHAMPTON.

Excepting only the Bay of Naples, and that of Dublin, the paſſage from Cowes, up the river to Southampton, preſents the fineſt piece of water in the world. We had, however, ſuch a windy and turbulent excurſion,

curſion, and the ſea broke over our little bark with ſo much violence, that I was willing to deſcend into the cabin and take a nap. This I ſoon found was impoſſible, for ſome hoſpitable ſoul, had ſo plied our valet with the good things of the iſland, that he forgot all his fears, and made a moſt terrible noiſe. Endeavouring to give the man at the helm a portion of our rum, his foot ſlipped, and down came poor Jeremy into the cabin, at the ſame time, by way of an opiate, preſenting the contents of his tumbler in my face. After entering the mouth of the bay, the proſpect became exceſſively fine. A rich country riſes on each ſide, from the banks of an extenſive piece of water, and at a diſtance is ſeen Southampton, with its packets, hoys, trading veſſels, &c. riding before it. The town is handſome and well built; the ſtreets are broad, and excellently paved, and the ſhops ſeem to vie with thoſe of London, in their appearance.

Southampton

Southampton is pleaſantly ſituated between the rivers Teſt and Itching, both of which are navigable for a conſiderable way up the country. It is at preſent ſurrounded by a wall, built of very hard ſtone, reſembling thoſe little white ſhells, like honeycombs, that grow on the back of oyſters. It is ſtill a conſiderable place, and during the ſeaſon for bathing, numbers of the nobility, and of the *beau monde*, reſort to it. Nevertheleſs, the trade of Southampton has made a great decline ſince the beginning of the laſt century. The country around it is well cultivated, and its allurements, ſuch as they are, attract a variety of both ſexes, in the purſuit of health, pleaſure, and diſſipation.

From Southampton we went towards

SALISBURY,

and on the road, ſaw the elegant ſeat of Lord Palmerſton. There are in it ſome fine paintings. The rooms are ſmall, but fitted up with great taſte. They ſhew you

here a beautiful dairy of white marble. The veſſels which contain the milk, &c. are all of Wedgwood's ware. The ſtrait roads leading to Saliſbury, have a moſt diſagreeable effect. I have often remarked, that one feels more fatigue, and the attention becomes more wearied, by paſſing over one mile in a right line, than by proceeding double that diſtance in a ſerpentine direction. This effect is rendered ſtill more tedious, by an open flat country, for the eye taking in at one view every object around, has no ſource for variety afterwards.

It was about ſix in the evening when we arrived at Saliſbury, and being Sunday, the ſhops were all ſhut, and every thing appeared to diſadvantage. However, as a city, it is but a ſhabby place, and was it not for the Cathedral, with the wonders of Stonehenge, I ſhould ſuppoſe no one would be led here by motives of curioſity. The ſtreets are ill paved, and that famous current of water paſſing through them, which the inhabitants pride themſelves ſo much upon,

upon, carries with it a very inelegant appearance.

Saliſbury, ſituated in a valley, about a mile to the ſouthward of Old Sarum, ſtands on the confluence of three rivers, the Avon, the Nadder, and the Willey. The Cathedral is one of the moſt elegant and regular gothic ſtructures in the kingdom. At the time we viſited this place, it was undergoing great alterations. Orders had been iſſued that no perſon ſhould be admitted to ſee it. This was a great diſappointment to us, as we had long ſpeculated upon the hopes of ſeeing Saliſbury Cathedral. I was at a loſs how to act, but thinking our beſt method would be to make immediate application to one of the Canons, I diſpatched Jeremy for that purpoſe. In a ſhort note, I ſtated our ſituation to Mr. K——k, and that gentleman, with much civility, not only gave us his permiſſion to viſit the Cathedral, but alſo conducted us himſelf, and pointed out every object worthy our attention. To thoſe who have viſited the cha-

pel of King's College, in Cambridge, all the wonders of other Gothic buildings, however ſuperb or different in their ſtructure, fade away. The Cathedral at Saliſbury is undoubtedly an aſtoniſhing piece of architecture, but ſo very ſlight in its conſtruction, that the architect ſeems rather to have conſidered what he *could*, than what he *ought* to do. A building may be too light, as well as too heavy, in its *contour*. It is built in the form of a lantern, with a ſpire in the middle, having nothing but buttreſſes, and glaſs windows on the outſide, without any wall. The croſs iſle is inexpreſſibly beautiful. From the center of the roof, which is one hundred and ſixteen feet high, riſes a beautiful ſpire of free ſtone, four hundred and ten feet from the ground, ſuppoſed to be the talleſt in the kingdom. The outſide is magnificent, and adorned with beautiful ſimplicity and elegance. The curious old tradition, concerning this Cathedral, which ſince the days of Biſhop Poore, its founder, from the

year 1219, to 1791, has been delivered through centuries to the preſent hour, ought not to be omitted.

" As many days as in one year there be,
" So many windows in one church we ſee;
" As many marble pillars there appear,
" As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
" As many gates as moons one year do view,
" Strange tale to tell, yet not more ſtrange than true."

The ſpire, with its tower, reſts ſolely upon four pillars. Theſe have verged conſiderably from their perpendicular, which has cauſed the people of Saliſbury to ſtrengthen them with an additional arch. It is, however, moſt probable, that the ſpire has remained in its preſent ſtate from the time of its firſt ſettlement, and is likely to continue ſo for ages. Great improvements are now carried on within the Cathedral, conducted by the ingenuity of Mr. Wyatt; and thoſe who have ſeen it in its former ſtate, will hardly recognize the original, diſguiſed in its new form. The altar piece is removed; a new organ is given by the King, and a fine painting of the reſurrection, executed

by an artiſt at Birmingham, in ſtained glaſs, is about to be erected in the eaſt window, over the altar.

When the King came to viſit this Cathedral, two intrepid fellows had ſeated themſelves upon the croſs of the ſpire, with flags in their hands. His Majeſty, walking in the cloiſters, was ſuddenly ſurpriſed with the old ſtave of "God ſave great George our King!" coming, as it were, from the clouds. Looking up, he eſpied theſe daring adventurers maintaining their ſtation, upon the pinnacle, in a high wind, with colours flying, and bellowing forth, "ſend him victorious," in a degree of vehemence, that would have ſtrained the very lungs of a Stentor. Such an unuſual inſtance of loyalty, did not fail of the deſired effect, his Majeſty ordered them both to be rewarded. The manufactures of this city are flannels, druggets, ſciſſars, &c.

From Saliſbury we made an excurſion to

WILTON,

famous

famous for its carpet manufactory, but being preſſed for time, were unable to inſpect it. Our whole object was to procure a ſight of the two greateſt curioſities the country affords, and theſe are, Stone-henge and Wilton-houſe. The latter is the ſeat of the Earl of Pembroke. It was founded on the ruins of a ſequeſtered Abbey, towards the end of the reign of Henry the eighth, but not finiſhed 'till many years after. No expence has been ſpared, no ingenuity wanting, to render it the moſt ſuperb edifice in England, as well as the moſt magnificent repoſitory of ſtatues, buſto's, paintings, &c. that any individual in this kingdom can boaſt of. To attempt a minute deſcription, would not only be abſurd, but on my part impoſſible. The catalogue has already ſwelled to a volume, and that too, of ſuch a ſize, as would put to flight all my endeavours to particularize. At the ſame time, it may not be improper to mention a few of thoſe antiquities, which ſtruck me as being the moſt remarkable. As we advanced before the *façade* of the houſe, our attention was

was caught by a beautiful column of white Egyptian granate. The ſhaft is of one piece, and weighs between ſixty and ſeventy hundred weight. On the top, which is about thirty two feet from the ground, ſtands a fine ſtatue of Venus, the ſame that was erected before the Temple of Venus Genetrix, by Julius Cæſar. A Corinthian capital, and a baſe of white marble have been added to it; and ſince it fell among the ruins of Rome, it has never been erected until it was brought here. On the lower fillet of this column, are five letters, which having the proper vowels ſupplied, make *Aſtarte*, the name by which Venus was worſhipped among the ancient eaſtern nations. In one of the niches of the pedeſtal, is an uncommon fine ſtatue of Venus. She is repreſented as picking a thorn out of her foot, and it is really impoſſible to convey an idea of the inimitable turn of her body, and the expreſſion of pain in her countenance. The porch leading to the veſtibule, was built by Hans Holbein. In a paſſage beneath the tower of the great gateway, is a ſtatue of Shakeſpeare

Shakeſpeare. The attitude is the ſame as that in Weſtminſter Abbey; the inſcription differs, being taken from Macbeth.

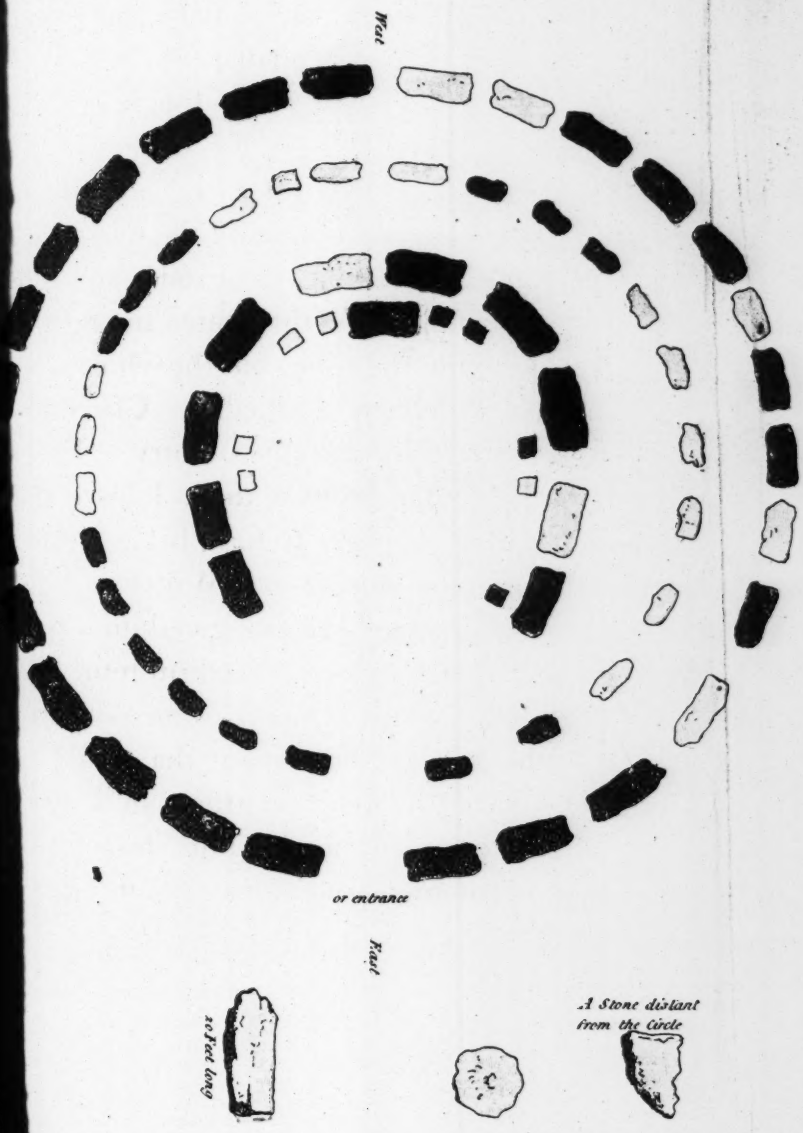
" Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player
" That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
" And then is heard no more."

The geometrical ſtaircaſe is beautiful, and is at the ſame time a curioſity, it being the firſt of the kind erected in Britain. Of the paintings, I think no one equalled a whole length of Democritus, by *Spagnolet*. There was ſomething of ill-nature and contempt, expreſſed in his ſarcaſtic grin, beyond any thing I ever ſaw. Beneath a glaſs caſe in one of the rooms, is an exquiſite piece of ſculpture. It repreſents the rape of the Sabines, and is executed in one entire block of marble. Great part of Wilton Houſe was built under the direction of Inigo Jones. The grounds about it are remarkably fine. The river Willey is formed into a canal before the houſe, and over it is erected that beautiful ſtructure, the Palladian

dian Bridge, which ſo juſtly excites the admiration of its numerous viſitants. The proſpects from the houſe are delightful; the objects conſiſt of the garden, the river, the bridge, the water-fall, a piazza, the front of the ſtables by Inigo Jones, a wood in the park upon a hill, the engine-houſe with two ornamental fronts, the cold-bath, and upon it a compleat caſt of the fine ſtatue of Antoninus at Rome, an arcade, and at a diſtance, riſing over the water among the trees, not only the ſpire, but the whole weſt front of Saliſbury Cathedral, Clarendon Park, with the adjacent country. From this paltry inſignificant outline, I leave the peruſer of theſe pages to form his own opinion, as to the wonders of Wilton. I am neither willing nor able to give him a better, and muſt beg leave to inform him, that the whole of my remarks were collected from the curſory obſervations that could be made during a ſhort excurſion in a ſorry Saliſbury gig. To form a juſt idea of this magnificent muſeum, a man muſt viſit it himſelf; to give any adequate deſcription of it,

Plan of Stone henge on Salisbury Plain.

A Pallan



Diameter of the outward Circle 111 feet.

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it, he muſt be poſſeſſed of taſte, learning, and ingenuity. He muſt be maſter of his own time, and permitted to examine it at his leiſure. Nothing muſt be repreſented in a haſty manner, nothing omitted. The whole is juſt, regular, and great; conducted with ſpirit, and combined with ability. You may conceive then, reader, what an undertaking a true repreſentation would prove.

From Wilton we went to

STONE-HENGE,

and notwithſtanding the rebuffs of the rain and the wind, had ſpirit enough of the antiquarian to venerate and admire this ſtupendous monument of our forefathers. In the middle of a barren plain, where hardly a tree is viſible, or any veſtige of human habitation, theſe gigantic pillars of ſtone preſent their aged boſoms to the aſtoniſhed ſpectator. How they could be brought here, and when brought, how placed in the regular geometrical order, in which they

now ſtand, is miraculous. It has ſuffered much from the rude hands of barbarians; much from length of time, and more than all, from the prying fingers of curioſity, which has induced many to dig, and injure the foundation. The general opinion, with regard to this enormous fabric, is, that it was a temple built by the Druids, for the exerciſe of their religious functions, or for aſtronomical obſervations. Antiquaries have puzzled their heads for ages, in deciding upon the probability of their different aſſertions.* They have meaſured the angles of the

* In a work by Inigo Jones, intitled, "*The antiquities of Stone-henge, on Saliſbury Plain, reſtored,*" publiſhed after the death of that celebrated architect, by Mr. John Webb, in the year 1655, after much reaſoning, and a long ſeries of authorities, he concludes at laſt, that this ancient and ſtupendous pile, muſt have been originally a Roman Temple inſcribed to Cælus, the ſenior of the Heathen gods, and built after the Tuſcan order. Mr. Jones's ſcheme, however ſupported by learning and argument, did not yet give a general ſatisfaction. His notion was warmly attacked by a Dr. Walter Charleton, in a Treatiſe called *Chorea Gigantum*, which was publiſhed in 1663, and here the Doctor is very poſitive, that this extraordinary monument was erected by the Danes. This brought on a controverſy, which left the world as much in darkneſs as ever.

the trilithons, and taken the length, breadth, and thickneſs, of the impoſts; they have deſcribed, with wonderful accuracy, the exact diameters of the circular ranges, and in ſpite of the † tradition, which threatens with deſtruction the author of ſuch an undertaking, they have aſcertained the preciſe number of the ſtones. The ſyſtem of the ſtructure being finally delineated, they proceed to account for its appearance, by aſcribing it to the devout labours of the Druids. But how ſhall we account for the methods which they purſued to raiſe it? In a country, without a ſtone quarry, where did they procure the ſtones? allowing, what

 ſome

† The common people about Stone-henge entertain a notion, that no one could ever count the number of the ſtones, as they now ſtand; and that, ſhould any one ſucceed in this attempt, inſtant death would be the conſequence of his temerity. Sir Philip Sidney, in his ſonnet of the wonders of England, ſeems to agree in opinion with the firſt part of this aſſertion, as he ſays,

—Near Wilton ſweet, huge heaps of ſtone are found,
But ſo confus'd that neither any eye
Can count them juſt, nor reaſon reaſon try,
What force brought them to ſo unlikely ground.

ſome ſuppoſe, that they are a ſpecies of Purbeck marble, by what means were they brought from that peninſula? or adopting the opinion of others, reſpecting their being dug at Anbury, can we ſuppoſe that machines were found in the neighbourhood of Marlborough for the purpoſe of conveying them, conſtructed by a people totally unacquainted with the mechanical powers? for my part, I am a little of our valet Jeremy's opinion, who exclaimed upon the firſt view of this place, that "*It muſt have been a tedious great waggon, to bring ſuch ſtones over Saliſbury Plains!*" Every idea one forms of Stone-henge, is faint, except thoſe we receive upon the ſpot, in the contemplation of its awful chaſms and ſtupendous features. It conſiſts of two circular, and two oval ranges of rough ſtones, having one common center. The outer circle contains a diameter of one hundred and eight feet. In its original ſtate, it conſiſted of thirty upright ſtones, ſeventeen of which are ſtill erect, and ſeven more lying on the ground, ſome whole, and others broken. The upright ſtones are from eighteen

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to twenty feet high, from ſix to ſeven feet broad, and about three feet thick. Theſe are placed at regular diſtances from each other, and joined at the top by impoſts, with tenons, fitted to mortices, for retaining them in due poſition. The inner circle is about eight feet from the outer one, and conſiſted of forty ſtones, nineteen of which ſtill remain, eleven erect, and eight upon the ground. Between theſe two circles, is a walk of about three hundred feet in circumference. During the reign of Henry the eighth, ſome labourers dug up a tin plate at Stone-henge, on which ſeveral uncouth characters were engraven. Antiquarians have long lamented the loſs of this valuable relic. The labourers, ſuppoſing it of no value, deſtroyed it, and thus vaniſhed the only gleam of light that ever has, or perhaps ever will, appear to explain the real origin of this remarkable fabric. For a conſiderable diſtance round Stone-henge, are ſeen burrows of earth neatly covered with turf, ſurrounded at the ſame time by a ſmall foſſe, and raiſed into the ſhape of a bell. Such of theſe as have been opened, contained

contained human bones, aſhes, inſtruments of war, &c. In that which Dr. Stukely opened, was found, among other things, the jaw and collar bone of a human figure entire; it was ſuppoſed to have been a female, by the trinkets, &c. buried with it. A javelin found at the ſame time induced this learned antiquary to ſuppoſe, the perſon buried had been a heroine, and, from other circumſtances, that ſhe was fourteen years of age. The trinkets conſiſted of a variety of amber and glaſs beads, of different ſhapes and colours, together with a bodkin, round at one end, and pointed at the other.

From Stone-henge we returned over thoſe dreary plains to Saliſbury; and in the morning took poſt chaiſes for Weymouth. In our way we paſſed through

BLANDFORD,

a large populous town, ſituated on the banks of the river Stour, and ſurrounded by delightful meadows, and well cultivated fields. Alſo

DORCHESTER,

DORCHESTER,

famous for health and beer; the principal town in Dorſetſhire, and remarkable for its antiquity, having been one of the winter ſtations of the Romans, and uſed, after their departure from Britain, by the Saxons, who defended it for a conſiderable time againſt the Danes. In the neighbourhood of Dorcheſter, are ſeveral remains of Roman antiquity. Amongſt others, part of a noble amphitheatre, a wall which incloſes the town, a camp, and their highway, entering the town on the weſt, called Iknening Street. After leaving Dorcheſter, the road gradually deſcends to

WEYMOUTH,

the view of which, as you approach it, is very fine. The proſpect conſiſts of the town, ſituated in a low, but agreeable ſpot, commanding at the ſame time the ſea, and a diſtant view of the Iſle of Portland. Weymouth is a little, narrow, dirty place, ill-paved, and irregularly built. The new

ſtreet, called the Eſplanade, is well ſituated, and facing the ſea, has a handſome appearance. It reſembles that part of Brighton which wears the ſame aſpect. Was it not for its bathing place, and the late viſits of the King, few would reſort to Weymouth for the pleaſure it affords. It has, perhaps, the fineſt ſhore for bathing in the whole world. A fine clear ſea, with a beautiful carpet of white ſand gradually declining, invites even the moſt timid to the luxury of the water.

A little to the ſouth of Weymouth, is the peninſula of

PORTLAND.

It is commonly called an iſland, but without juſtice, as it is connected with the main land, by a large bank, or breach of ſmall ſtones, thrown up at different times by the violence of the ſea. We made an excurſion over the whole of this little ſpot, in one of thoſe jolting vehicles, ſuſpended upon ſprings, but in other reſpects like a common

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common cart, which are conſtructed for the purpoſe of conveying ſtrangers round the peninſula. It is ſeven miles in circumference, and has within it ſeven villages. The ſtone here, ſo well known by the name of the place, is exceeding hard, and the whiteſt of any in England. St. Paul's, the Monument, Weſtminſter-Bridge, &c. were built with it. The whole of this place appeared to us like one continued rock of ſtone, riſing from the ſea. The poor people of the villages brought out pewter diſhes, containing a variety of natural curioſities. They are dug in the quarries, and conſiſt chiefly of pebbles, petrefactions, ſpiral ſhells, and a ſpecies of ſtone, ſo exactly reſembling ſugar-candy, that ſtrangers are often deceived by it. We entered the immenſe quarry from which the ſtone is dug. They firſt ſeparate it by gun-powder, and afterwards ſhape it into cubic blocks, of three or four tons weight. Theſe are moved with an uncommon degree of labour, on ſledges, and drawn by horſes to the ſea. From thence they are

ſhipped off to different parts of the kingdom. To ſee what a horſe is able to perform, one ſhould pay a viſit to Portland. It is really incredible what they are inured to in this place. I ſaw a horſe, as is often the caſe in the neighbourhood of the ſtone quarries, faſtened behind a block of four tons, which he was endeavouring to ſuſtain by leaning back upon his haunches. If it was not for this precaution, the ſtone, in deſcending a hill, would ſometimes overwhelm both the driver and his team. The poor beaſt was no ſooner placed there, than he ſquatted upon his hind quarters, and for half a mile, in proceeding down the hill, continued to ſlide on, exerting his utmoſt ſtrength in keeping back the load which the reſt were drawing forwards. So great is the exertion uſed upon this occaſion, that few horſes ſupport it for any length of time, and the uſual conſequence is, that the animal founders and dies. From the quarries we came to the light houſes, two edifices, which have been erected by a liberal contribution, for the guidance of veſſels on this

dangerous coaſt. One of theſe coſt, in building, two thouſand pounds. It riſes in a cylindrical column of Portland ſtone, to the height of ſixty or ſeventy feet. At the top are placed a number of the patent lamps, each arranged in ſuch a manner, between a reflector and a lens, as to throw a powerful light to an immenſe diſtance. There is before every lamp a lens of glaſs, convexed outwardly, five inches and a half in thickneſs, and twenty inches in breadth. Theſe alone coſt fifty pounds each. The reflectors are of copper, concave, and plated with ſilver, which has a very high poliſh. Over the entrance, at the bottom, is a marble ſlab with this inſcription.

" FOR THE DIRECTION AND COMFORT
OF SEAMEN;
FOR THE BENEFIT AND SECURITY
OF COMMERCE,
AND
FOR A LASTING MEMORIAL
OF BRITISH HOSPITALITY
TO ALL NATIONS,
THIS LIGHT HOUSE WAS ERECTED,
&c. &c. &c."

Proceeding in our jolting machine, we came to a hole about five feet wide, which ſent up a noiſe like "the ruſhing of mighty waters." Here our guide ſtopped, and alighting ſaid, "This is Keeve's hole; moſt people call it a great curioſity." I approached the edge to examine it, and looking down, ſaw the ſea at a great diſtance below me, daſhing and foaming over huge fragments of ſtone. Deſiring to be more acquainted with a phænomenon, apparently ſo extraordinary, I addreſſed myſelf to our guide, and aſked him if any perſon had ever deſcended into the hole. He ſaid that no gentleman had ever ventured, but that the boys of the iſland frequently did, and the general opinion was, that a ſubterraneous cavern, originating from the ſea, proceeded through the whole iſland. By ſtepping from one fragment to the other, I contrived to deſcend below the roof of the cavern. Here, ſeated upon one of the moſt prominent points of the rock, I had an opportunity of contemplating

contemplating a ſpectacle ſo truly awful and ſublime, as to beggar every power of deſcription. Impelled by the ſame motives of curioſity, many may have ventured to explore it, as I did; but I am confident the ſame reflection aroſe from the view of it. That it is one, among the ſtupendous features of nature, which can only be conceived by thoſe, who contemplate its beauties on the ſpot; and in all attempts to depicture it, whether by the pencil, or the pen, however lively the delineation, it muſt fall ſhort of the original. And this is one of the firſt emotions which a traveller feels, in beholding the magnificence of nature—a conſciouſneſs of the impoſſibility of retaining, or relating, the impreſſions it affords: inaſmuch, as it is beyond the power of mechaniſm, to give to inanimate matter the glow and energy of life. I found it to be indeed a cavern, not as our guide had deſcribed it, proceeding through the whole iſland, but ſuch as amply repaid me for my trouble. Winding from its entrance, into the

the heart of the ſolid ſtone, it forms ſo large a cavity, that ſhips, in ſtreſs of weather, have put into it for ſhelter. From the peculiar advantage of my ſituation, I beheld at the ſame time the whole of this wonderful place; from the prodigious arches which form its mouth, unto its utmoſt extent behind. The ſea guſhed in with a force, that threatened to overwhelm me in its foam, and ſubſiding among the rocks, roared in rough ſurges below. Vaſt maſſes of ſtone had, from time to time, fallen among the huge pillars that ſupported the roof, and by the ponderous chaſms, which every where appeared, many more ſeemed to tremble, and menace a terrible fall. I looked around me with aſtoniſhment, and felt what an inſignificant little mite I was, creeping about among the fearful and wonderful works of God. I could have remained for hours in my ſubterranean abode. A reverie, which would have continued unbroken, until put to flight by the ſhades of the evening, ſucceeded to the aſtoniſhment I was at firſt thrown into.

into. But in the world above I had companions of a more reſtleſs nature, who ſoon rouſed me with their bawling, and by a ſhout of impatience ſnapped the thread of my meditations.

The ſoil of Portland affords rather an unpleaſing aſpect. With hardly a mark of fertility, or the grateful features of wood and paſture, the whole ſpot appears bleak and barren. The poor, though well provided for in other reſpects, experience a great ſcarcity of fuel. Neceſſity has, however, taught them to ſubſtitute the dung of cattle in its ſtead. They apply it wet to the walls, and the ſides of their houſes, where it adheres until it is fit for uſe, when they collect it together, and burn it, as the poor in other parts of England conſume their peat.

Returning to Weymouth, we dined, and took a poſt chaiſe to

BRIDPORT,

a low,

a low, unhealthy, antiquated, borough town. It is mentioned ſo far back as the reign of Edward the Confeſſor. Our ſtay here was as ſhort as we could make it, ſince we found no allurements, either of nature or of art. Jeremy, having met with ſome rebuffs, either from his grace, the waiter, or his highneſs at the bar, betrayed his impatience to get forward, by his eagerneſs in aſſiſting the poſtillion. "How now, Jeremy!" ſaid I, "you are more alert than uſual!" "The maſter's eye, ſir, makes the horſe fat! I loſt a leather ſtrap at Weymouth, and as this ſeems to be a rum place, I'll take a ſquint at the length of their fingers, for fear the trunk ſhould go too."

From Bridport we came to

AXMINSTER,

famous all over Europe for its carpet manufactory. I was ſurpriſed to find ſuch a little, paltry place, the origin of ſo much magnificence. The manufactory is all the property

property of one man. The work is chiefly done by women. We ſaw forty of theſe employed; the pattern lays before them, and with their fingers they weave the whole. This they execute with great quickneſs, and it is amuſing to obſerve how faſt the moſt elegant deſigns are traced out by the fingers of old women and children. They were then employed in weaving a large carpet for Lord Harewood, late Mr. Laſcelles, which was to coſt one hundred and forty pounds. A workſhop is alſo building, ſolely for the purpoſe of making a ſingle carpet for the Empreſs of Ruſſia.

Leaving Axminſter, we proceeded to

HONITON,

and deſcending a hill into the town, had for a mile and a half, one of the fineſt proſpects in England. Indeed, from the great richneſs and fertility of the country, Devonſhire abounds in beautiful proſpects. Honiton is populous and flouriſhing. The manufactory of ſerges is carried on here to

a conſiderable extent. By this means, the poor of every age, and ſex, find employment, and the whole wears an appearance of induſtry and frugality. A ſtream of clear water paſſes on each ſide, through all the principal ſtreets, a circumſtance of eſſential utility to the inhabitants, and ſhould they be ſubjected to a ſimilar calamity, which befel them by fire, above forty years ago, the dreadful effects of it might be, in ſome meaſure, avoided.

After leaving Honiton, we reached

EXETER,

about four o'clock in the afternoon. This city, the capital of the county of Devon, is large, airy, and capacious. One ſtreet in particular, is of great extent, being near a mile in length, and at the ſame time broad, and well furniſhed with ſhops. Trade, in every form, looks briſk at Exeter, and was it not for the vile manner in which it is paved, few cities would rival it. It appears by one of the arches of the ſouth gate, that

Exeter

Exeter was firſt built by the Romans. At different periods, a variety of Roman antiquities have been found in the city and its environs. The Cathedral, like moſt of our ancient edifices, was built by different prelates, at different times. It is a gothic ſtructure, dedicated to St. Peter. The manufactories of Exeter are confined to the woollen trade, and vaſt quantities of ſerge, cloth, &c. are exported from this place to different parts of Europe. The amount of their exportation has been eſtimated at a million ſterling, which alone would render it a city of importance. Travellers meet with little or nothing worth ſeeing here. A Cathedral with a painted window, an extenſive terrace with fine proſpects, are all that would detain the curious. The method of loading horſes here, is ſingular. One hardly ever ſees a cart; but the town is filled with poor half ſtarved ſteeds, bending beneath immenſe loads of bricks, hay, cabbages, faggots, &c. I myſelf ſaw a horſe, with near four hundred weight of bricks piled upon his back; and it is uſual to ſee

one poor ſteed moving ſlowly along, beneath a column of hay, ſufficient to load a cart. A number of genteel families have fixed their reſidence here, which in the old tour of Great-Britain, by De Foe, Richardſon, &c. is ſaid to be the origin of a tradition, " that two things are found in Exeter, which ſeldom meet any where elſe, trade and gentility."

After we left Exeter, we paſſed through

CHUDLEIGH,

a conſiderable market town, and

ASHBURTON,

dedicated almoſt ſolely to the woollen trade, and came to

IVY BRIDGE,

a ſingle houſe, for the accommodation of travellers, ſituated moſt romantically on the banks of a river, whoſe name I have forgot, but I believe it to be the Aune. This ſingular

ſingular current of water, preſents one continued cataract, falling among huge rocks and pebbles, and from its origin, until it diſembogues itſelf in the ſea, its channel is fretted with rock work. After a ſhower, or during heavy rains, it ruſhes foaming over its ſtony bed, with a roaring noiſe, and bringing along with it ponderous maſſes of rocks, they are heard to ſtrike againſt one another, with a report like that of a cannon. I lamented that I had not a more perfect view of this river. It was near midnight when we reached Ivy Bridge, and being preſſed for time, I was obliged to creep along its banks, and explore it by moonlight. Even this pleaſure would have eſcaped me, if it had not been for Jeremy, who not being ſo attentive to the *length of their fingers here*, as at Bridport, or not ſo anxious for the welfare of his *leather ſtraps*, had ſtrolled, while the horſes were getting ready, to poke about, for what he deemed *Cowroſities*, and returned eager to communicate his diſcoveries. All the country about Ivy Bridge, is uncommonly beautiful; at leaſt,

leaſt, from the obſervations I was enabled to make, by the light of a full moon, and a clear ſky, I had not ſeen any where, ſetting aſide the wild romantic ſcenes in the Iſle of Wight, a country ſo richly diverſified as this.

We paſſed through the town of Plymouth to the

DOCK.

It may perhaps appear ſingular, that I ſhould thus paſs negligently over Plymouth, and proceed immediately to the deſcription of a place, which is entirely the offſpring of the other. The reaſon is this, the town of Plymouth, although rich and populous, does not afford that excellent accommodation to ſtrangers, which is met with at the Dock. They are two places entirely ſeparated and diſtinct from each other. The dock-yards, ſtore-houſes, and other offices belonging to the royal navy, are ſituated about two miles diſtant from Plymouth. By this means has been formed, by gradual

increaſe of inhabitants, what might be ſtiled *a new edition of Plymouth*, in every reſpect more ſumptuous and inviting than the original. We found here a handſome town, well built, paved, broad and elegant. It is larger than Plymouth, and in the peculiar beauty of its ſituation, far exceeds it. A ſmall arm of the ſea ſeparates it from

MOUNT EDGECUMBE,

the beautiful reſidence of the Earls of that name. A ferry is formed at this place, which we croſſed on the morning after our arrival. They ſay his Majeſty was not much pleaſed with Mount Edgecumbe, in his late viſit to that delightful ſpot. With all due deference to our Sovereign's taſte, it might be wiſhed, that in this inſtance, at leaſt, his opinion had been ſuppreſſed. When I ſay his Majeſty was diſpleaſed and diſappointed in his excurſion to Mount Edgecumbe, I would only infer, that from the general report, he ſo expreſſed himſelf. Nothing here is forced, nothing formal.

nature

Nature reigns ſupreme, wild, ſimple, and frequently contracting her features to a frown, aſſumes an appearance, grand, ſublime, and awful. Wherever you walk, the winds bring odours. Around you extends romantic ſcenery, continually varying, and ever beautiful.

> " Nor God, nor Goddeſs, great or ſmall,
> " That dwelling his or her's may call;
> " I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

ſaid the poet Lyttleton, in a happy moment of conception, and celebrated Mount Edgecumbe, as formed for a union of benignant beings. Lord Valletort, the only ſon of the Earl of Edgecumbe, has contributed much to the improvement of the place, and ſtill continues, with great delicacy of taſte, to add new beauties to the ſcene. The pleaſure ground is formed into a circumference of five miles; this affords a delightful ride, which will ſoon be extended to eight miles. Myrtles flouriſh here like native ſhrubs; orange trees, citron, and lemon, are ſeen in the natural ſoil, and exotics, of every ſpecies, live

live in the open air, and proſper as in a green houſe. From various eminences, you have extenſive proſpects of the ſea, of Plymouth, of the dock yards, the town of Stonehouſe, the Iſland of St. Nicholas, Drake's Iſland, the ſhipping, the light-houſe upon the Eddyſtone rock, and all the country round. The houſe is ſmall, when compared with the grounds around it. The apartments appear contracted, but the furniture and the ornaments are elegant and well ſelected. In the hall, there are a number of beautiful pillars, which, with a variety of poliſhed tables, and other ſpecimens of the marble of the country, were dug from quarries in the neighbourhood of Plymouth.

It is uſual, in this part of the world, to ſee women employed in the management of the ferry-boats. We were conducted, on our return to the dock, by two of theſe nautical females. From the ſkill which they evinced in feathering the oars, and their dexterity in managing the ſails, I do

not ſee why his Majeſty's navy might not be ſupplied, upon emergencies, with theſe aquatic amazons. Can any one ſay what the effect would be? It would at leaſt, in this experimental age, be an important attempt at improvement. Our ſeamen, when engaged by the ſide of their favourite *Suſans*, might exert themſelves with additional vigour, both from the fear of being excelled by women, and haply for the preſervation of thoſe they love. At any rate, it appears that many a female, who plies a bench of oars at Plymouth, would adorn our navy full as much as the ranks of our army are diſgraced, by a number of effeminate figures in ſcarlet, whom one ſees daily, bepowdered, and perfumed, armed cap-a-pee for the parades.

At Plymouth Dock there are poſt chaiſes always ready, in the ſtreets, which ſtand for hire, like the hackney coaches in London. On the evening of the next day, we went in one of theſe to

PLYMOUTH,

in

in order to obtain a more perfect idea of that place and its inhabitants. It is a large old town, built upon an irregular plan; its ſtreets are narrow, confined, and crowded. Like other ſea ports, it is populous, and has the uſual appendages of dirt and noiſe. It is ſaid to contain as many inhabitants as the City of Exeter. Its port, which conſiſts of two harbours, capable of containing one thouſand ſail, has rendered it one of the chief magazines in England. It is defended by ſeveral forts, mounted with near three hundred guns, and particularly by a ſtrong citadel, erected in the reign of Charles II. before the mouth of the harbour. This town, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, ſuffered great inconvenience from the want of freſh water. It is now well ſupplied by a ſpring, which riſes at the diſtance of ſeven miles, the water of which was brought here at the expence of Sir Francis Drake, who was a native of this place. The inhabitants conſiſt chiefly of tradeſmen, as the more genteel families reſide at Dock, Stonehouſe, and in the environs. The ſhipping, veſſels of

trade, &c. are brought to the very heart of the town, ſo that a perſon might, with eaſe, leap from their prows into the ſtreets.

Returning from Plymouth on foot, I contrived to loſe both my way and my companion. I found myſelf aſcending the ſummit of a ſteep hill, commanding a grand extenſive proſpect of the ſea, Drake's Iſland, Stonehouſe, Plymouth, and Dock. While I was gazing about, to ſee what courſe I ought to take, I obſerved, upon the ſide of the hill, an old gentleman, in a muſing poſture, leaning upon his cane, and apparently indulging himſelf in the contemplation of the ſurrounding ſcenery. Fortune could not, thought I, have thrown a better perſon in my way, to extricate me from this dilemma. "Sir!" ſaid I, approaching him, "be kind enough to tell me the neareſt way to Dock. I came from Plymouth, and have miſſed the road." "I perceive you have, ſaid he, and if, as I ſuſpect, you are a ſtranger to this place, it is lucky you have ſo done. We reckon our walks

walks around this ſpot, the fineſt in the world, and excepting the views from Mount Edgecumbe, this is the beſt we have. You are now upon Stonehouſe Hill. Commercial ſpeculations confine me during the week to other contemplations, but on a Sunday, I conſtantly viſit this terrace, to enjoy the beauties of the ſcene before us. When I was younger, I uſed to aſcend to that point above us, in order to extend my view. You appear to be of an age for climbing, and if you have curioſity enough to lead you to the top, you will be amply repaid for your trouble." I took the old gentleman's advice, and ſeating myſelf upon the ſummit of the hill, found how neceſſary it was for a traveller now and then to loſe his way. Thoſe who day by day purſue the beaten track, turning neither to the one ſide, nor the other, and anxious only to perform their journies with expedition, had much better be ſeated in a chimney corner at home. They neither diſcover the beauties of their country, nor enjoy them, when chance throws them in their way. The

characters of human life have no variety for them; their views are ſelfiſh, and all their endeavours tend only to the moſt convenient methods of vegetation.

At the bottom of the hill ſtood the neat little town of Stonehouſe. On one ſide Plymouth, on the other Dock. Around me extended the vaſt ſurface of the waters, with its veſſels floating, as if, in the ſecurity of conqueſt, and diſplaying their pendants proudly to the wind. At a diſtance Mount Edgecumbe, peeping from its tufted groves, ſeemed the reſidence of ſome tutelar deity. A little ſpot, like a fairy iſland, appeared to float upon the waves. The evening became ſerene and mild. The marine band was playing in the barracks below, while the ſoft notes of the muſic, ſeemed to ſwell in the air, and vibrate upon the calm expanſe of the ſea.

"Scylla wept, and chid her barking waves into attention,
"And fell Charybdis murmured hoarſe applauſe."

The

The evening gun, like a clap of thunder, all on a ſudden reminded me of the time I had ſpent here. "Tis all mighty fine, ſaid I, but it would be ſtill finer, if I had leiſure to dwell upon its beauties. They will certainly ſuppoſe me loſt," ſo bidding adieu to this enchanting ſpot, I ran down the hill, and in a ſhort half mile, with a ſtraight road, blundered and loſt my way ſo often, that I found it abſolutely neceſſary, if I wiſhed to reach the King's-Arms that evening, to forget Mount Edgecumbe, the Fairy Iſland, and think no more either of Scylla's barking waves, or the murmurs of Charybdis.

By a letter of recommendation to Commiſſioner Fanſhaw, we obtained permiſſion to viſit the dock yards, ſtorehouſes, &c. And this we had ſome difficulty in procuring, for a report became prevalent at this time, that ſix incendiaries had been landed in England, ſent by the Empreſs of Ruſſia, expreſsly for the purpoſe of firing the docks. The ridiculous ceremony being over, of writing

writing our names and the place of our abode in the porter's folio, where every one is left at full liberty to chriſten himſelf according to his own fancy, we proceeded to the breakfaſt table of the Commiſſioner; and from thence to the inſpection of the docks. We found every thing here nearly upon the ſame plan, and conducted in the ſame manner as at Portſmouth, only upon an epitomized ſcale, and the whole is formed into ſo regular a ſyſtem, the place itſelf wearing an appearance ſo compact and neat, that it carries with it an air of improvement: as if Portſmouth had afforded the outline in modelling the docks at Plymouth, and thoſe defects which are obſervable in the former, were omitted in the latter. There is here a wet dock and a dry dock, with a baſon two hundred feet ſquare. They are hewn out of a mine of ſlate, and lined with Portland ſtone. The dry dock is formed after the model of a firſt rate man of war; and the wet dock will contain five firſt rates. In this place there are conveniences of all kinds, both for building and

repairing ſhips; and the whole forms as compleat, though not ſo large an arſenal, as any in the kingdom. The country abounds with that ſpecies of ſlate rock, upon which the yard ſtands. Thoſe who are acquainted with the nature of this ſtone, may readily conceive what amazing labour and expence are requiſite in forming a place of this nature; much more, one ſo compleat as that of Plymouth. We ſaw a fine ſhip building here, which is to be named the Cæſar. It is conſtructed upon a new plan, after a French model, having eighty guns, and only two decks. A great convenience will reſult from this form of the ſhip, as it often happens, that in rough weather, an eighty gun ſhip, with three decks, cannot open her lower ports.

SECTION THE SECOND.

"THAT jade memory," ſays Gray, is "ten times worſe than a lead pencil!" Half a word fixed upon, or near the ſpot, is worth a cart load of recollection. His advice to travellers is ſo particularly ſtriking, that I cannot refrain from introducing it. "When we truſt," ſays he, "to the pic-"ture that objects draw of themſelves on our "mind, we deceive ourſelves; without accu-"rate and particular obſervation, it is but ill "drawn at firſt; the outlines are ſoon blur-"red; the colours every day grow fainter, "and

" and at laſt, when we would produce it to " any body, we are forced to ſupply its de- " fects with a few ſtrokes of our own ima- " gination." Want of time and opportunity has left a large blank in my common-place book, and I am now neceſſitated to recognize events, in ſome meaſure obliterated by preſent occurrences, and return to the ſcenes which are gone, when I ought to be remarking thoſe which are before me.

Having croſſed the ferry from Plymouth to Mount Edgecumbe, we entered the county of Cornwall. A gentleman accoſted us, on landing, and introduced himſelf to us as a Lieutenant in the navy. He had faſtened his portmanteau behind our chaiſe, and begged permiſſion to ſee it conveyed to Truro, as he underſtood our rout lay that way. In return for this indulgence, he would favour us with his company in the chaiſe, and pilot us part of our journey. What need we had of a pilot, I was afterwards to learn; but ſeeing ſomething more than uſually eccentric in this volunteer, we

conſented, and hoped to derive a little amuſement from the adventure. Our companion ſoon became ſufficiently communicative; he had travelled over the whole globe; knew every thing, and every body. Our company ſuited him of all things; we were exactly the men he liked; he would never quit us, and would take care we ſhould not be impoſed upon. The Cavalier, who ſupped with Gil Blas, often came to my recollection; I hardly knew what to make of our friend, but we reſolved to humour the ſcheme, and mark the event. At Leſkard we dined; the bill diſpleaſed our pilot; he was ſuddenly enraged, and ſwore he would proſecute the people; ſtamped, cracked his whip, and made a great noiſe, when all at once, hearing the chaiſe was ready, he flew to ſeat himſelf, and left us to pay the bill quietly. As we drove off, "Well gentlemen," ſaid he, "I ſee you are reſolved to be cheated, and by G—d, I will never leave you 'till you are more acquainted with the world." Then ſwearing at the poſtillion for not doing his duty, and kicking

kicking, and hallowing, 'till he was tired, he called for his horſe, ſaying, "He would no longer ride, when ſuch a ſcoundrel drove, and wiſhed us a pleaſant journey."

We were congratulating ourſelves upon this unexpected delivery, when our valet, with his hair on end, ſeated himſelf in the chaiſe; "Well, Jeremy, what's the matter?" "The Lord deliver you both from that fellow, I'm ſure he's a highwayman, and he will get you to gambling!" We laughed at his honeſt ſimplicity, and were comforting ourſelves at having got rid of this troubleſome genius, when, as the chaiſe drove into Leſtwithiel, behold our peſt of a pilot, all duſt, without his horſe, and his hat off, hallowing in the middle of the ſtreet, "A chaiſe waits for you, gentlemen! and I have taken care to have a proper perſon to drive it!" We got into it, and drove off at a vehement rate, once more leaving our pilot. We had not proceeded five miles, before a deep groan from Jeremy announced his appearance again. He came

gallopping by, flogging our horſes, and d—n-ing our driver, for not doing his duty. All the way to St. Auſtle, we were amuſed in this manner, and occaſionally with loud quarrels between our pilot and poſtillion. After leaving St. Auſtle, it grew very dark, the night became gloomy and tempeſtuous, and nothing was wanting to render our ſituation truly diſmal, but the proſpect around us, which we were told was a wide and barren moor, rugged, black and deſolate. Suddenly the chaiſe ſtopped; our pilot preſented himſelf at the window, and demanded one of our piſtols, to defend himſelf from ſome highwaymen, which he ſaid he had obſerved upon the reconnoitre for plunder. I gave him the piſtol, contrary to the advice of our valet, who on his knees intreated that I would not be ſo imprudent. "He will ſhoot us, and rob us, ſir! as ſure as you are born!" "Let him try firſt, ſaid I, Jeremy," and taking the other piſtol, I cocked it, and felt determined to fire at him the inſtant he attempted to interrupt us. For three or four miles we proceeded in this

this uncertainty; at length, ſuddenly advancing before the horſes, he fired his piſtol in the air. Jeremy fell down, bawling, to the bottom of the chaiſe. I let down the window. "In G—d's name, Sir! what are you doing?" ſaid my companion and myſelf, both in the ſame inſtant. "Don't be alarmed gentlemen! I would not for the world make you uneaſy, what I did, was merely for the ſake of trying your piſtols, and I muſt ſay they are not worth twopence!" "Sir, ſaid I, they anſwer our purpoſe, to prevent us from interruption, and to intimidate ſcoundrels." "And, Sir, ſaid my companion, be kind enough to return that which you have borrowed, ſince you ſeem to have as little occaſion for it as we have for your company,—Sir, we wiſh you a good evening!"

—Fortunately for us, he took the hint, and we ſaw him no more. Thus ended an adventure, ſo ſingular, and ſo unpleaſant, that I could not refrain from giving it a

place among occurrences of a very different nature,—not ſo much with a view of affording amuſement, as with a hope of furniſhing a caution to ſucceeding travellers, which may prove of ſervice to them in ſimilar ſituations.

After this long digreſſion, or rather, after this detail of the mad actions of an eccentric tar, it is neceſſary to give ſome account of the country we paſſed through.——As you enter the county of Cornwall, from Plymouth, every object wears the rugged aſpect of penury. But with all this appearance of the moſt miſerable poverty, like a rich miſer in a threadbare coat, it poſſeſſes immenſe hoards of treaſure. Wide proſpects of barren heath, extenſive plains without a hedge or a buſh, ſtone walls, bleak hills, and a rocky ſoil covered with looſe fragments of ſtone, make up the general complexion of Cornwall. I never ſaw a country whoſe features were ſo unpleaſant, and ſo inhoſpitable. Sometimes one meets with a ſmall

a ſmall ſpot of cultivated ground, but it is as rare to ſee any thing pleaſing upon the face of the country, as it is in Devonſhire and Somerſetſhire, to meet with any thing but picturesque and beautiful ſcenery.

The next town we paſſed through was

SALTASH.

Situated on the declivity of a ſteep hill, not more than three miles from the dock of Plymouth. The harbour will receive ſhips of any burthen, and the inhabitants carry on a conſiderable trade in malt and beer. They alſo furniſh the inhabitants of Plymouth dock with almoſt all the neceſſaries that are ſold at Market; for they chuſe rather to go by water to Saltaſh, than by land to the town of Plymouth, becauſe proviſions are much cheaper at Saltaſh than Plymouth, and becauſe the boat, without any additional expence, brings home what they buy.

From Saltaſh we proceeded to

LESKARD.

This town, ſeated upon a hill, is ſaid to be one of the largeſt and beſt built in Cornwall. In the reign of James the Firſt it conſiſted of little elſe than the ruins of ancient buildings, the veſtiges of former greatneſs. It is ſaid to carry on a conſiderable trade, with the neighbouring towns, in boots and ſhoes, and to ſpin conſiderable quantities of yarn for the clothiers of Devonſhire.

We next came to

LESTWITHIEL.

In the laſt age, veſſels uſed to bring manufactures and commodities of various kinds to this place. It then boaſted a great degree of popularity—and was in a very flouriſhing ſtate. However, that is not the caſe at

preſent, for the river Fawy, on which it ſtands, is ſo choaked with ſand, that it is no longer navigable. Its trade conſiſts in woollen manufactures. Leſtwithiel contains nothing worth a traveller's notice, except he deems the ſpire of the church a curioſity. For my part, I admire the methods by which modern ſcribblers ſwell their works to a voluminous form. One, who ſhall be nameleſs, thinks it worth mentioning, that Leſtwithiel "has a church, with a ſpire, the "only one, except that of Helſton, in the "whole county!" And yet this man has publiſhed his two volumes quarto—who wonders at it?—Being ſo minute, he might have added,—That weeds are found to flouriſh prodigiouſly in the church yard; the only one, in Cornwall, where they thrive in ſuch abundance!——In the evening we arrived at

ST. AUSTLE,

Of which I have nothing to inſert but the name, and proceeded through

GRAMPOUND,

A market town, conſiſting only of one ſtreet, to

TRURO.

This town is ſituated in the centre of the county, near the conflux of two ſmall rivers, which almoſt ſurround it, and form a large wharf, with a commodious quay, for veſſels of one hundred tons. The ſtreets are regular, and the church, a large Gothic building, is not inferior to any in the county. Although Truro gives place to Falmouth, it is a town of ſuch conſiderable importance, that it may be reckoned the capital of Cornwall.—The ſea flows quite up to it, entering at Falmouth harbour, and extending eight miles up the country to Truro. The firſt object that ſtrikes a ſtranger's attention in viſiting this place, is the tin which lies in the ſtreets, and round the market houſe. It is ſhaped into large blocks of about twelve or thirteen guineas value, and theſe are brought here to be ſtamped or coined.

From thence they are exported to different places, and the exportation of tin and copper ore forms the chief article of trade in Truro. They have here a good theatre, and the inhabitants live in ſo genteel a ſtyle, when compared with thoſe of other towns in Cornwall, that the *pride* of Truro is one of the by-words of the county. Between this town and St. Michael are mines in abundance, of tin, lead, and copper ore. They have alſo diſcovered a ſilver mine, but I could not find that it was of much value.

It is theſe ſubterranean treaſures which render this country and its inhabitants of ſo much conſequence to the nation. Men have ſaid, and I believe with truth, that the Corniſh miners, and their adherents, will dictate even to the miniſter himſelf. They know their own importance, and convert it to material advantage. The people of Truro, I have before mentioned as ranking themſelves ſomewhat higher than the reſt of their neighbours in their mode of living, and their more poliſhed ſociety. At the houſes,

houſes, even of tradeſmen, a gentleman is noticed in proportion to the ſums he will venture at cards. Some officers of the thirty third, who were quartered here, and from whom we received every mark of civility, informed me that they will play to any amount, and are offended if you offer to ſtake leſs than half a guinea for a point at whiſt.

The naturaliſt will find in Cornwall a larger field for philoſophical diſquiſition than can be met with in any part of England or Wales. Here he may indulge himſelf in endleſs experiments. Curioſities of every kind, numberleſs productions, both of nature and of art, preſent themſelves in abundance. He has here an opportunity of penetrating into the very bowels of the earth, of exploring her inward receſſes, and ſearching into her ſecret caverns. It would far exceed the limits of ſuch a circumſcribed work as this, to enter upon a detail of the vaſt variety of antiquities, minerals, foſſils, ſoils, plants, manufactures, lakes, caverns, with

with a long *et cætera*, in addition to the liſt of curioſities which would engage the attention of philoſophers. I can only lament my inability to be more minute. I paſs lightly over ſuch topics, and preſs forward to a ſeries of new objects, hoping to cull from every one ſome ſmall ſhare of amuſement and information for my readers,

——apis matinæ,
More modoque,——

being well aware, that was I to enter minutely into every ſubject, folios would be inadequate to the taſk.—

Of foſſils, the moſt remarkable in this county are trees of various kinds and ſizes, that are found at a conſiderable depth below the ſurface of the earth.

Of their antiquities, the moſt remarkable are thoſe ſimple monuments, which conſiſt of ſingle ſtones, not only uninſcribed but unhewn. Other monuments there are compoſed

poſed of two, three, or more ſtones, arranged ſometimes in a ſtrait line, and ſometimes in a circular one. Stones are frequently found in heaps, and now and then three or four large flags or thin ſtones, are ſtill ſtanding, cap'd with a much larger ſtone. On almoſt every plain throughout Cornwall, as well as on the tops of hills, is a moſt ſingular appearance, formed by thoſe artificial heaps of earth, or ſtone, which are called barrows.* Theſe are monuments of the remoteſt antiquity, and often of the higheſt dignity. They were originally intended for the more ſecure protection of the remains of the dead, though afterwards they were raiſed to anſwer other purpoſes. Barrows are found in moſt countries, but in Britain, and the Britiſh Iſles, they are very numerous; occaſioned by the practice of the Druids, who burnt and then buried their dead.

In the Corniſh tin mines have been often found

* The word *Barrow* ſeems to come from the Saxon word *Byrigh*, from which the Engliſh word *bury* is alſo derived.

found gems or precious ſtones. Theſe are generally ſo ſmall as not to be properly viewed but by a microſcope. Among theſe may be mentioned ſome very high coloured Topazes, and ſome of a paler yellow colour. Rubies have been met with of various ſhades, from a pale red to a deep carbuncle. Various ſorts of chryſtals, ſome colourleſs and others of different hues, are alſo found in and about the mines. Marble of a coarſe kind is very common in Cornwall; they mend the roads and face their houſes with it. Frequently it appears mixed with ſpar and different ſorts of granite. The minerals found in this county are ſo various that, according to the judgment of foreigners, no county exceeds it for variety and plenty.—But of all the Corniſh foſſils, which are mineral only, and not metallic, that called mundic is in the greateſt plenty. It is almoſt every where intermixed with tin, lead, and copper; and is ſometimes found making a vein by itſelf, without any metal near it. This is called by ſome pyrites; though it is better known to

naturaliſts by the name of marcaſite. Mundic is thought to be a compoſition of arſenic, ſulphur, vitriol, and mercury.

Moſt of the metals in Cornwall are found in veins, or fiſſures, and their contents are called loades. The ſides or walls of theſe fiſſures, do not always conſiſt of one and the ſame kind of matter, nor are they equally hard, for though one ſide of the fiſſure may be a hard ſtone, the other is ſometimes a ſoft clay. In general it happens, nevertheleſs, that the walls are harder than the loade they incloſe. They are often perpendicular, but much oftener decline to the right or left as they deſcend. The courſe of the great fiſſures is generally eaſt and weſt, though in ſome places they have a north and ſouth direction. The larger fiſſures have many ſmaller branches, like the boughs of a tree, which at length terminate in threads.

Of all the metals, tin is the lighteſt, yet does it in this place merit our early notice,

it being the moſt valuable production of the county. As to the antiquity of the Corniſh mines, nothing certain can be ſaid; but there is reaſon to believe the Phœnician colonies of Spain traded here ſeveral hundred years before Chriſt. Theſe were long the principal tin mines in the world, 'till about the middle of the thirteenth century. A tinner of this county, being diſobliged by Richard Earl of Cornwall king of the Romans, went into Germany and found the ſame metal, teaching the Saxons how to diſtinguiſh, ſearch for, and dreſs their tin. The quantity however is ſmall, and the expence of raiſing and carrying it by land very great. On the Malabar coaſt, in the Eaſt Indies, tin hath been lately diſcovered and brought into Europe. It has been ſaid that tin has been diſcovered in ſeveral parts of the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, but the working is neglected, becauſe they have richer metals. Yet the Corniſh tin is ſtill allowed to be the beſt in the world.

Tin is found either collected and fixed, or looſe and detached.—In the firſt caſe it is either

either in a loade, or floor, or interſperſed in grains, or bunches, in the natural rock. In the diſperſed ſtate it is either in ſingle ſeparate ſtones called ſhoads, or in a continued courſe of ſuch ſtone, called the beuheyl, or laſtly, in a pulverized ſtate. Of the loade notice has been already taken, and the floor is a horizontal layer of the ore; but it is not ſo often found in this manner as in a loade. The floors are many fathoms deep, and frequently rich; as, for inſtance, the ſtupendous ſpecimen at Paris Mountain, in the Iſle of Angleſey. Sometimes the ſame ore is a perpendicular loade for ſeveral fathoms, and yet at length extends itſelf into a floor. Theſe, however, are not only the moſt expenſive, but the moſt dangerous, becauſe they require very large and ſtrong timbers to ſecure ſeveral paſſages of the mine. If this is neglected, it may happen to ſink in, as did formerly the ground at Bal-an-uun, for a large compaſs, and buried all the men below within its reach.

The run of a loade of tin is frequently diſcovered by the barrenneſs of the ſurface of the

the ground, and the want, or weakneſs, of the graſs in a particular furrow. But the ſureſt indication of tin, found in cliffs and caverns, is where the loades lying bare to the depth of ſome fathoms, its ſeveral ſtages may be eaſily examined.

No one is allowed to ſearch for tin when and where he pleaſes, without the permiſſion of the lord of the manor. Except upon a waſte or common, where he may mark out the bounds, obſerving the legal forms, and ſearch for tin.

When the loade is found, the miner muſt firſt diſpoſe of the barren rock and rubble; diſcharge the water, which abounds more or leſs in every loade, and laſtly raiſe the tin. Various engines are required in the management of the mines, but of all thoſe hitherto invented, the ſteam engines are the moſt powerful. Theſe are now erected in almoſt every place of this ſort; there is hardly a coal pit in England, that does not uſe them to drain the water from the works.

When

When the tin ore is obtained, it is carried to the ſtamping mill, and there pulverized by lifters falling on it, which receive their motion from an axle-tree turned by a water wheel. Being thus pulverized, it is then filed through a driddle, or grate, and afterwards waſhed, to ſeparate all the particles of earth, ſtone, &c. from the pure ore.

The tin being dreſſed, it is carried in ſacks upon horſes, or mules, under the general name of black tin, to the ſmelting houſes, where it is aſſayed, and melted in a reverberatory furnace, with a fire of pit coal, brought from Wales. When melted it is produced from a hole punched in the bottom of the furnace, and conveyed in a liquid ſtate into quadrangular moulds of ſtone, containing about three hundred and twenty pounds weight of the metal, and the block, as it is then called, is carried to the coinage town. At the coinage towns the officers aſſay it, by breaking off a piece of about a pound weight from the under part of the block. If they find it well purified, they ſtamp the face of the

the block with the impreſſion of the ſeal of the dutchy, which authorizes the owner to ſell it. This ſtamping the tin with a hammer is called coinage. Five towns are appointed for this purpoſe, and they are Leſkard, Leſtwithiel, Helſton, Penzance, and Truro.

I have here introduced as accurate an account, as I can furniſh, of the whole proceſs relating to tin, from the firſt diſcovery and digging of the ore, until the blocks are ſhipped off to their different deſtinations. I ſhall now proceed to ſay a few words on the ſubject of copper, of which metal there are ſome very rich mines in this county.

Copper is ſometimes found depoſited on the ſides of fiſſures, in thin films, which are nothing more than the ſediment of waters proceeding from ſome copper loade. It is at other times met with in ſpots and bunches irregularly diſperſed. Veins of copper are often ſeen in cliffs, where they are laid bare by the ſea. But the moſt encouraging leader

leader to copper is called *goſſen*, which is an earthy, crumbling, ruddy, ochreous ſtone, like the ruſt of iron. The ores of copper are of various colours. The moſt common are braſs colour, green, blue, and grey. When it is richeſt it aſſumes a uniform lead colour, and is then worth from fifty to ſixty pounds a ton. Copper ore riſes much more beautiful in its appearance than that of tin, and is more eaſily perceived. Tin riſes in an opake body, like grey ſand ſtone; ſometimes it appears in dark ſpots. Its richeſt form is a black chryſtallization or diamond, fretted upon the rock.

The moſt perfect copper ore is the malleable, which, from its purity, is called virgin ore. This is found in ſmall quantities in all the conſiderable copper mines.

With regard to the digging, there is no great difference between the copper works and thoſe of tin. But the method of dreſſing, or preparing the metal for ſale, is very different. There are belonging to the copper

copper mines, overſeers, called under-ground captains, who are appointed to ſuperintend the labouring miners, to ſee all the richer ſort of ores kept together in the bottom, and afterwards raiſed as unmixed as may be. The beſt is broken ſmall, with hammers, or brought away to the adjacent bucking mills, where they bruiſe it on a rock, with a ſhort bar of iron, and carry it to the heap of beſt ore. The beſt ſmall ore is waſhed and ſifted into a tub, as near the ſhaft as poſſible. In ſhort, the different ſorts of ore are broken and raiſed, ſized, waſhed, ſtamped, and ſorted into particular heaps, for about one tenth part of the whole produce when ſold. The price is according to the qualities of the ores; and the agents for the copper companies of Wales and Briſtol, who reſide at Truro and Redruth, attend to ſample the ore, in conſequence of which, after aſſaying it, the value of each pile is determined. After this it is ſhipped off to the above places, to be melted and refined.

There are alſo lead mines in Cornwall, though not ſo conſiderable as thoſe in Derbyſhire. Small quantities of gold and ſilver have been found there at different times, but not in ſuch plenty as to make it worth their while to ſearch further for either of theſe metals.

Soon after my arrival at Truro, I viſited ſome of the moſt conſiderable mines in its neighbourhood, and ſelecting that of Poldeis, which is the oldeſt, the largeſt, and I believe the deepeſt in England, went to the bottom of it.

When you declare your intention of deſcending with the miners, the captain, as he is called, takes you into a room, and equips you in a woollen ſhirt, trowſers, night cap, and jacket. As for ſtockings, it is uſual not to wear any, and agreeable to the advice of the experienced miner, we deſcended with our legs bare. They then tie old ſhoes to your feet, fit for the purpoſe, and having accommodated each perſon

with a candle in his hand, and half a pound more ſuſpended from his neck, he is declared compleatly equipped, and conducted to the mouth of the mine. It requires a good ſtrong ſtomach, and a large portion of curioſity, to go through all this. For beſides the fatigue and toil in the mine, the cloaths they give you are as greaſy as ſweat can make them, ſmell abominably, and are often ſtocked with a republic of creepers. Should any one be induced, hereafter, to explore theſe regions of darkneſs, I would adviſe him to prepare, at leaſt, a woollen ſhirt, and a pair of trowſers, that he may avoid thoſe unpleaſant ſenſations, which ariſe in every man's breaſt, when compelled to have recourſe to a miner's wardrobe.

Theſe preliminaries being adjuſted, we began to deſcend. A miner went firſt, to ſerve as a guide, and to caution us againſt the danger which frequently ariſes from the broken ſtaves in the different ladders. Jeremy followed the miner. After Jeremy,

came my companion and myſelf; and laſt of all the captain, giving us this comfortable aſſurance, "That if we made a ſlip, or a ſingle falſe ſtep, or looked either to one ſide or the other, we ſhould be ground to atoms in the ſteam engine, or daſhed to pieces in the mine." The deſcent reſembles a large well, with an immenſe machine, for the purpoſe of draining the mine of water, continually in motion all the way down. Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, receives annually ſome thouſands from the county of Cornwall, for the uſe of them. I had not time to examine theſe uſeful machines, therefore ſhall not attempt a minute deſcription of them. In this mine there was a very curious one, which, with a ſmall power at the top, by perpendicular ſhafts, paſſing down the ſame aperture, worked in two directions, and drained the mine north and ſouth at the ſame time.

We continued to deſcend by ladders, which were from four to five fathoms in length, and being ſoon wet through, weak from

from want of proper reſpiration, and half ſtifled with the fumes of ſulphur, began to heſitate whether we ſhould proceed or not. Curioſity got the better of our fears, and we went on. Had I known what we ſhould endure, I never could have attempted ſo much as I did. I had no idea of the difficulty and danger attending ſuch an undertaking, and only wonder that accidents are not more frequent among the miners, who run up and down theſe ſlippery places like lamplighters, ſinging and whiſtling all the way.

At about eighty fathoms depth we came to a vein of copper ore, where two ſorry wretches were buſied in the proceſs of their miſerable employment. With hardly room to move their bodies, in ſulphureous air, wet to the ſkin, and buried in the ſolid rock, theſe poor devils live and work for a pittance barely ſufficient to keep them alive; pecking out the hard ore by the glimmering of a ſmall candle, whoſe ſcattered rays will hardly penetrate the thick darkneſs of the place. Thoſe who live on earth in affluence, and are continually murmuring

muring for additional comforts, would ſurely, if they ſaw theſe ſcenes, be happy with what they have. I took a pick-axe and worked, and putting a ſmall piece of the ore in my pocket, "This, ſaid I, ſhall ſerve as a memento of a leſſon I received in the bowels of the earth; and may I think always of the comforts of life, as I do at this moment." Proceeding in our deſcent, we reached at length the bottom of the mine, and ſtood one hundred and thirty fathoms below the ſurface of the earth.

Thus far we had ſeen a mine of copper, but in this place is contained a vein of tin alſo, and a communication is dug from the copper to the tin. Through this we crawled upon our hands and knees, ſometimes ſprawling upon our bellies, over wheel-barrows and ſtones, pick-axes and hammers. This we found was trifling, to that which we encountered afterwards, for we croſſed over into a rapid ſtream whoſe waters ruſhed abundantly over us, as we crawled along in a ſpace juſt ſufficient to admit us upon all fours. Jeremy poured forth his ejaculations

tions, and concluding all was over with him, vowed, "If he eſcaped this time, it ſhould be his own fault if he was ever caught ſo near the old gentleman again!"

After you leave the ſurface, you no longer meet with clay or mould, but a hard ſharp ſtone, in which the loads of ore run. Thoſe of copper and tin run from eaſt to weſt, thoſe of lead from north to ſouth; and this never varies, except now and then the miners meet with what they call croſs loades of ore, in contrary directions. Theſe hardly ever extend far, and like the branches of a tree, generally terminate in a point.

When the ore is dug, it is conveyed up in baſkets, through perpendicular ſhafts, to the ſurface. The day we went down, it happened to be a holiday for the miners, of which they have many in the year, and of courſe very few were at work. Theſe holidays they call *grace days*, by which they mean ſurface days, as they call the ſurface of

of the earth *grace*, *graeſs*, or perhaps *graſs*. It is very difficult to underſtand what they ſay, and our captain, who kept bawling out his precaution all the way down, might as well have held his peace, ſince not one of us could comprehend a ſyllable of his jargon.

Working our way in a direction from north to ſouth, we came at laſt to the ſhafts of the tin mine. Here we ſaw, as before, two figures, that hardly wore the appearance of human beings, ſinging at their work. We found it exceedingly difficult to pay them a viſit, as we had to deſcend by a ſingle rope down a chaſm, never broader than a chimney, until we reached the loade where the miners were employed. The proceſs is exactly the ſame as that uſed in the copper mine, the only difference in either is in the colour of the ore.

Having perfectly gratified our curioſity, and having wandered, until we were weary, among theſe diſmal caverns we began to aſcend again. Before we reached the top, I found myſelf

myſelf ſo faint, I ſhould not have been able to proceed, had it not been for the water from the ſteam engine; which although very diſagreeable in the beginning of our deſcent, we found very refreſhing upon our return. It falls over every part of your body like a ſhower of rain, and when the heat of the mine combines with the fumes of ſulphur, to fatigue and oppreſs you, is the only remedy that can be procured.

A different paſſage from that which we uſed in deſcending, conducted us once more to the welcome ſpectacle of day light; after having been upwards of four hours, from five in the evening until paſt nine, buried in the bowels of the earth. I wiſhed much ſome one of our acquaintance could have beheld us, as we approached the light. I would have defied my own parents to have diſcovered whoſe child I was. It would take two days, at leaſt, to go over the whole of this mine, we were contented in having viſited the bottom of it. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the luxury one feels in breathing again the freſh air, and waſhing with cold

water, after theſe ſubterranean excurſions. The heat of a mine is exceſſive, and the deeper you go, the warmer becomes the air. The miners are quite naked when engaged at their work, and they told me, that the change of climate, and the revolutions of winter and ſummer, were not to be perceived at that great depth.

My next viſit was dedicated to the ſmelting houſes. I ſaw the proceſs by which the tin ore is rendered into ſolid metal. But as I have before treated upon this ſubject, any further explanation would not only be tedious, but needleſs.

We were now entirely ſatiated with ſubterranean ſcenery, and with all the wonders of the Corniſh mines. Accordingly we broke up our encampment at Truro, and haſtened by a road which extends ſouth weſt from that town, to

PENRYN.

This is a neat pleaſant place; the ſtreets

are in good order, decently paved, and the houſes are well built. The inhabitants appeared to be chiefly taken up with the pilchard fiſhery. They catch, cure, and export theſe fiſh, and make them a very conſiderable article of trade. The ſea enters in a creek, and flows cloſe to the town. It has a good quay, and a commodious Cuſtom-Houſe. The old ſtory of the actors at Penryn, is known almoſt to every one, but ſince it is a remarkable circumſtance, I will not quit this article without relating it.

In the reign of James the firſt, a company of ſtrolling players, at Penryn, were engaged one night, during a very late hour, in the repreſentation of a battle on the ſtage. They were juſt ſetting Sampſon upon the Philiſtines, and ſounded their drums and trumpets upon the occaſion. At this inſtant, a party of Spaniards, who had privately landed the ſame night, were marching to attack the town. Upon hearing the alarm, they apprehended a diſcovery was made, and fled with precipita-

tion to their boats, firing only a few ſhots, by way of bravado. Thus were the townſmen delivered from an impending danger, by the accidental repreſentation of a play.

We made a very ſhort ſtay at Penryn, and immediately after leaving it, proceeded to

FALMOUTH.

This celebrated ſea port town is by far the moſt conſiderable place in the county. Its ſpacious harbour is not only commodious but ſafe, having a deep channel, and a bold ſhore, ſecured from almoſt all winds by winding creeks and riſing hills. It is but of late years that this town has become well known; which is chiefly owing to its excellent harbour having been made one of the ſtations for the royal navy, and the packet boats ſailing from hence. For the defence of it King Henry the Eighth erected two ſtrong caſtles, St. Maws ſituated on the eaſt ſide, and Pendennis on the weſt. The caſtle of Pen-

Pendennis is ſituated on an eminence, formed by the ſea into a Peninſula. It is large and well fortified; the works having been conſiderably augmented by Queen Elizabeth. A garriſon is uſually kept here; in time of war always. It held out long for Charles the Firſt, but after a cloſe ſiege was compelled to ſurrender to the parliament forces. When we arrived at this place, the inhabitants were buſied in the Pilchard fiſhery; they carry on a very conſiderable trade in that article. From Falmouth a road extends in a ſouthern direction fourteen miles to

HELSTON.

It is ſituated on the river Low, and has a good harbour belonging to it, at which many of the tin ſhips take in their lading. The town is populous, conſiſting chiefly of four ſtreets, which interſect each other in form of a croſs, like thoſe in the city of Chicheſter, and through each ſtreet flows a ſtream of water. In the center of the town ſtands the market

market place; there is alſo a Guildhall, with a neat church, the ſteeple of which ſerves for a ſea mark. In the neighbourhood of Helſton are to be found many of thoſe barrows which I mentioned before as forming a conſpicuous figure in the liſt of Corniſh antiquities. Such of theſe as have been opened afforded urns containing the bones, aſhes, warlike inſtruments, and reliques of the dead. In ſome, however, there are no urns, but in or near the centre are round or ſquare pits, containing black greaſy earth. In others there are neither urns nor little repoſitories inſtead of them, but human ſkeletons, without any ſign of their having paſſed through the fire.

In places where they were eaſily collected, the barrows are compoſed of ſtones, which are ſeldom larger than one ſoldier might eaſily carry. In other places they were formed with earth. Beſides theſe plain barrows, there are others which ſhew greater art; they being ſurrounded with a ſingle row of ſtones, forming the baſe, or with a ring

ring and foſſe of earth. Many have a large flat ſtone on the top, and ſome a pillar, with now and then an inſcription, but oftener without. The barrows intended for private perſons, were placed near public roads; but the ſepulchres of common ſoldiers were generally on the field of battle. On St. Auſtle's Downs, in this county, the barrows lie ſometimes two, three, and even ſeven in a ſtrait line. Their ſize is various, but generally large, in proportion to the quality of the deceaſed, or the vanity of the ſurvivors.

This way of burying under tumuli, was ſo univerſal, that it is not eaſy to decide by what particular nation any barrow was erected; unleſs ſome criterion within it determine the uncertainty. Thus we may form ſome conjecture from the materials and workmanſhip of the urn, the cell that contains it, or from coins, or inſtruments of war or domeſtic life, which may accompany the bones. All conjectures are vain, where theſe

are

are wanting, or where no articles are found of a ſimilar nature as a baſis for ſuppoſition. If, however, it be true, that the Saxons and the Danes had left off burning their dead, before their arrival and ſettlement in this iſland, we may then ſafely conclude, that all the barrows in Cornwall, and perhaps in other parts of the Britiſh Iſlands, containing urns or aſhes, muſt be either Britiſh or Roman. They cannot well be attributed to the Grecian or Phœnician traders, owing to their diſtance from the ſea; and of theſe ſuch as have no coins or pavements underneath, or elegance in the workmanſhip of the urns, or choice of materials in which the urns were made, or Roman camp, or Road, near, or in a line with them, were probably not Roman. It is indeed difficult to diſtinguiſh the Britiſh barrows from thoſe erected by the Saxons and Danes; yet ſuch as contain human ſkeletons, are, for many reaſons, more likely to belong to the two laſt nations than the firſt.

We

We proceeded, after leaving Helſton, by a road that leads north weſt, through

MARKET-JEW,

a mean inconſiderable place, little frequented, and hardly worth the few words by which I have noticed it. As we approached Penzance, we were ſuddenly ſtruck with one of the moſt remarkable ſpectacles in the whole county.

We beheld a mountain in the middle of a beautiful bay, ſpreading its broad baſe upon the glaſſy waves, and extending its proud ſummit high above the waters, with an air of uncommon dignity. It ſhoots up abruptly from the ſea, and terminating in a point, preſents an object of uncommon grandeur. Its rugged ſides are broke with rocks and precipices, diſplaying a moſt beautiful contraſt to that pleaſant proſpect of fields and villages which ſurround and encloſe the bay. As the ſea ebbs and flows it is alternately either an iſland or peninſula. It is called

St. Michael's Mount. At the top of it is a building reſembling a church, the ſeat of Sir John St. Aubyn. The moſt ſkilful architect could ſcarcely plan a ſtructure which would better adorn the mountain, or be more adapted to the ſhape of the hill on which it ſtands. The tower of the church is almoſt in the middle of the whole building, and riſes from the center of the mountain's baſe; terminating the whole as a cone does a pyramid. The church, bells, and parapet walls, ſpread themſelves round the tower, ſo as to cover the area or ſummit of the hill. Enlarging itſelf gradually from the building downwards, the hill ſwells into a baſe of a mile in circumference. It ſtands near the center of a delightful piece of water, and making the moſt remarkable figure in any part of its circuit, gives it the name of Mount's Bay. We viſited the exalted reſidence of the Baronet before-mentioned, who may truly be ſaid to dwell—"in the moon's neighbourhood."—It is remarkable on no other account but its ſtupendous ſituation, which is ſo very high, that from the tower

tower we could ſee half acroſs the channel. Formerly it was uſed as a garriſon and fortified accordingly. Charles the Firſt confined the Duke of Hamilton in this very place, who was afterwards releaſed by the parliament forces. In earlier periods a priory of Benedictine Monks ſtood here, founded by Edward the Confeſſor, and until the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion it ſerved for the purpoſes of religion only.

At the bottom of the mount are docks for ſhipping, &c. with a few ſcattered houſes, probably the reſidence only of artificers employed in building the ſmall veſſels which are made here.

PENZANCE

is the laſt town of any note weſtward, towards the Land's End. This is a place of conſiderable conſequence in this part of the world. Its ſtreets are paved, its trade flouriſhes, it is populous, and is the reſidence of many Corniſh gentlemen. We ſaw

here a tin mine worked in the ſea. It is ſituated about half a mile from the ſhore. The tin is found in a hard rock, and appears in ſmall black ſpots mingled with the ſtone. They are only able to work it five months in the year; and we were told that during the laſt ſeaſon the owners cleared five hundred pounds. They have a curious cuſtom of conducting their fiſheries here, which I ſhall relate exactly as I obſerved it.

I was walking one fine evening upon the walls, when I obſerved a number of ſeafaring men, gazing earneſtly over the parapets, as if watching with eagerneſs the approach of ſome object at ſea. I joined them, and endeavoured to diſcover what they were ſo intent upon. For ſome time I remained quite ignorant of the cauſe of their watchfulneſs. At length a confuſed murmur among them directed my attention to a diſtant part of the bay, and I beheld a thick black cloud ſuddenly breaking thro' the green ſurface of the water, and as quickly diſ-

diſappearing. In an inſtant they all ſhouted, "A ſchool! a ſchool!" and running to their boats, immediately put out to ſea. In a ſhort time they returned ſo laden with mackarel, that I concluded ſome of their veſſels would certainly ſink before they could diſpoſe of their cargo and bring it to land. It would wear an appearance of improbability if I was to mention the vaſt draught of fiſh that were taken that evening. I was informed that this frequently happened when they were fortunate enough to diſcover a ſchool, as they called it; and that it would be perfectly needleſs to go out to ſea, for the purpoſe of taking mackarel, without this previous obſervation of their arrival. During the pilchard ſeaſon, they conduct their fiſhery after the ſame method; and when the happy intelligence is ſpread, that a ſchool is obſerved, the bells are rung, bonfires lighted, feſtivity reigns, and the inhabitants indulge themſelves in every demonſtration of joy.

From Penzance we went to

THE LAND'S END,

and ſtood upon the extreme point of that part of this iſland, which, at the diſtance of three hundred miles from the metropolis, extends ſouth-weſt into the ſea. From this ſpot you command at once the entrance to the great channel, and the Briſtol channel. It is an aſtoniſhing ſight. The moſt immenſe rocks lie ſcattered up and down, piled upon each other, as if the fables of old had been realized, and the giants of Etna had burſt from their ſepulchres to heap theſe ponderous maſſes, in horrible confuſion, againſt the pillars of heaven.—The ſea, in vehement fury, daſhed its rough ſurges againſt their craggy ſides, and diſcloſing the black viſages of at leaſt a thouſand breakers, that frowned half-concealed among the waves, betrayed the terrors of a place which had proved ſo often fatal to the ſhipwrecked mariner. The Iſlands of Scilly appeared at a diſtance through the thick gloom that enveloped

veloped them. The ſea fowl ſcreamed among the cliffs. The clouds were gathering up apace, and the wind, as it broke through the chaſms of the rocks, in ſhort convulſive blaſts, predicted a terrible ſtorm. It began already to howl, and the vaſt ſurface of the ocean ſwelled into a foam. I know not a ſpectacle more awful than a ſtorm at ſea, but if I wiſhed to place a ſpectator in a ſpot, from which ſuch a ſcene would appear more terribly ſublime than uſual, it ſhould be upon the ſtupendous promontory which preſents itſelf in this remote corner of our iſland.

Other things called off our attention from theſe ſtriking objects. We haſtened from hence, and were conducted to the Logan Rock, an immenſe ſtone of one hundred and fifty tons, poiſed in ſo exact and critical a manner upon another ſtone below it, that it moves with the leaſt touch. The rocking ſtones, or logan ſtones, as they are called in Cornwall, are not peculiar to this county only; other parts of our iſland afford ſimilar curioſities

ſities. Some of theſe are to be ſeen in the north of England, and in different parts of Europe they have been found both natural and artificial. On the iſland of St. Agnes, in Scilly, there is a very remarkable ſtone of this kind. It is ſupported by a rock which is ten feet ſix inches high, forty-ſeven feet in circumference, and touches the ground with no more than half its baſe. The rocking ſtone reſts on one point only, and is ſo nicely poiſed that two or three men can move it. It is eight feet ſix inches high, and forty-ſeven in the girt, and has a large baſon eleven feet diameter, and three feet deep at top. I would recommend it to all travellers who viſit the Land's End, to make an excurſion among the Scilly iſlands.* We were prevented by tempeſtuous wea-

* There are about one hundred and forty-five iſlands which go by this name, all lying in a cluſter, to the weſt of Cornwall. They contain about one thouſand inhabitants. The Phœnicians traded here for tin, and ſo great is the antiquity of their traffic in this way, that we find them mentioned by the Greeks, under the title of Κασσιτερίδες, or the tin iſlands. The Latins called them *Sigdeles*, *Sillinæ*, and *Silures*, from whence came the Engliſh words, *Sylley*, *Sulley*, and *Scilly*.

weather from having ſo much ſatisfaction. Trifles would not have impeded us, but as, without a ſkilful pilot, it is at all times dangerous to explore theſe ſeas, during ſtormy weather it becomes, of courſe, impracticable. I have ſaid, that there are ſtones of the logan ſort to be met with in other places, but at the ſame time I may venture to ſay, from all I have ſeen myſelf of that kind, or read, or heard of, I know not a more ſingular one than that which I am deſcribing. It ſtands at Caſtle Treryn, a promontory, conſiſting of three diſtinct piles of rocks, near the ſouthermoſt point of the Land's End. On the weſtern ſide of the middle pile, in a very elevated ſituation, lies this immenſe ſtone, ſo evenly poiſed, as I have ſaid before, that a hand, nay a finger, may move it.* And

* Many of theſe logan ſtones have baſons at the top of them, which receive the rain water; alſo channels, conveying it from one to another, into a principal receptacle. It is ſuppoſed that the Druids made theſe baſons ſubſervient to their purpoſes when they predicted future events, or tried the innocence of ſuſpected criminals, by the mobility or firmneſs of the ſtone. If they choſe that the logan ſhould be

what is ſtill more ſingular, not any force, however applied, in any mechanical way, can remove it from its preſent ſituation.

be eaſily moved, no art was required; but if, on the contrary, it was their intention, then no ſmall degree of ſtrength ſhould ſtir it, they had only to fill one of the baſons at the extremity with water, or rather, to ſtop the opening at which it diſcharged itſelf, and permit it to remain filled; when this was effected, their purpoſe would be completely anſwered; for the center of gravity being thus removed to a conſiderable diſtance from the point where it was when the baſon was empty, it muſt neceſſarily follow, that the difficulty of moving it would be greatly increaſed, and perhaps would then defy the influence of any human force.

Mr. Maſon, in his Caractacus, act ii, ſcene 6, has introduced the very ceremony I am alluding to.—Modred, ſpeaking of the Logan Rock, thus addreſſes Vellinus and Elidurus—

——————————— Thither youths
Turn your aſtoniſhed eyes; behold yon huge
And unhewn ſphere of living adamant,
Which, poiſed by magic, reſts its central weight
On yonder pointed rock: firm as it ſeems,
Such is its ſtrange and virtuous property,
It moves obſequious to the gentleſt touch
Of him whoſe breaſt is pure;—but to a traitor,
Though ev'n a giant's proweſs nerv'd his arm,
It ſtands as fixt as Snowdon———

It

It was on a holiday, not long ago, that a vaſt number of miners and peaſants aſſembled together for the purpoſe of hurling this prodigious rock into the ſea. Every effort was exerted, and all their force applied to no purpoſe. The vaſt orb moved as if to mock their toil, but ſtill retained its equilibrium. The people beheld it with aſtoniſhment; they concluded it was retained by ſupernatural agency, and returned venerating the ſtone.

Thoſe who are hereafter to viſit this place, and have not yet beheld this almoſt miraculous ſpectacle, will rejoice that it ſtill keeps its center, and reſiſts every effort to move it. Yet if it was to fall I much wiſh to be a witneſs of its overthrow. So huge a maſs precipitated, like the ſtone of Siſyphus, and rolling with prodigious ruin from precipice to precipice, over rocks into the ſea, muſt afford a very ſtriking ſpectacle. The proſpects around it are very grand; they wear a complexion ſomething ſimilar to the ſcenery at the Land's End.

It is more than picturesque—It is bold—it is gigantic—it is awful!

There is a singularity even in the composition of the stone both about this place and at the Land's End. It exactly resembles the tin ore which is dug from the marine mine at Penzance. I am not sufficiently skilled in these matters, to say of what nature the stone is, but it contains a number of little black spots, so very like those of tin, that I immediately enquired of the miners, why they did not convey it to the smelting-houses. They assured me it had not a grain of tin in its composition;—whether this is true or not, I leave to be decided by those who are better versed in these subjects, and more interested in such researches.

All the country about the Land's End, like the rest of Cornwall, is miserably barren. The poor, as in the Isle of Portland, chiefly burn horse and cow dung; and I declare I saw, when I visited the mine of Poldeis, an old woman hobbling after our horses in

in hopes of a little fuel from their excrement. The meaneſt town in Cornwall boaſts of its mayor and corporation. They relate a ſtory of a corporate town, which, upon ſome great occaſion, had to ſearch for its mayor, and found him thatching a barn. The language of the common people is a groſs mixture of the ancient Corniſh with bad Engliſh. It is neither one thing nor the other; a kind of Olio, and often as incomprehenſible as the Erſe or the Celtic. In my way to the mines, I called one day at the cottage of an old woman, and aſked her to ſhew me the way. Her reply to my enquiries was abrupt and brief—

"Nan!"

I ſaid no more, concluding the poor woman was deaf, and was calling to her maid or daughter to anſwer me. After waiting ſome time in ſilence, and finding no one appeared, I myſelf, in a louder key, bawled out, Nan!—At this the old woman was ſo frighted, ſhe hobbled away as faſt as

as ſhe could, leaving me in full poſſeſſion of her cottage. When I returned home, I told my tale, and got laughed at for my ignorance. The poor woman ſaid, Nan? a contraction of Anan, that is, "What do you ſay?" But any one would have ſuppoſed, both from her tone of voice and her attitude, that ſhe was calling to a third perſon to ſet us right.

The Corniſh tongue is a dialect of that, which till the Saxons came, was common to all Britain, and more anciently ſpoken in Ireland and Gaul; but the inhabitants of this iſland being driven into Wales and Cornwall, and from thence to Brittany in France, the ſame language, for want of intercourſe, became differently pronounced, ſpoken, and written; and in different degrees mixed with other languages, ſo that at this time the inhabitants of Cornwall and Wales, do not underſtand each other. Until the time of Henry the Eighth, this language was ſo generally ſpoken in Cornwall, that in the latter part of that King's reign,

the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, were firſt taught in the Corniſh tongue. After this the people of Cornwall, mixing gradually with the Engliſh, their language declined, and it is now never uſed in common converſation. Indeed ſo difficult is it to meet with the pure Corniſh, that a gentleman,* who made a tour through the country, in purſuit of it, found but one old woman, near ninety years of age, who could ſpeak it, and but two other old women, who could underſtand her.

Taking our leave of the Land's-End, we returned through Penzance to

REDRUTH,

a town lying in the midſt of the mines, and made populous by the reſort of the tinners. And from Redruth we came to

ST. MICHAEL,

a borough without a market, conſiſting of about thirty houſes, inhabited by poor people,

* The Honourable Daines Barrington.

ple, who have neither trade nor privilege, except that of ſending two members to Parliament. Weary with the unfertile features of Cornwall, we preſſed forward to more pleaſing ſcenes, and paſſed through

ST. COLUMB,

a ſmall market town, pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of a ſmall river, to

BODMIN,

a large borough town, conſiſting of one long ſtreet, and formerly a place of more conſequence than it is now. It has been eminently concerned in two rebellions. Perkin Warbeck collected his forces here, 'till he thought himſelf in a condition to attack Exeter. And in the reign of Edward the ſixth, one Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, was put to death for his activity in aſſiſting an inſurrection of the men of Devonſhire and Cornwall. I mention this, merely to introduce the manner of his execution,

cution, which will ſhew to what a pitch of cruelty men were carried, even at ſo late a period.

Sir Anthony Kingſton, was Provoſt Marſhal of the King's army. This wretch, on his coming to Bodmin, ſent orders to the Mayor, for a gibbet to be erected in the ſtreet, oppoſite his own houſe, by the next day at noon. At the ſame time he ſent his compliments, letting him know that at that time he would dine with him, in order to be preſent at the execution of ſome rebels. The unſuſpecting Mayor obeyed the command, and at the time appointed, provided an entertainment for his gueſt. Kingſton put about the wine, and when he obſerved the Mayor's ſpirits were exhilerated, aſked him if the gibbet was ready. Being told that it was, with a wanton and diabolical ſneer, he ordered him to be hanged upon it. Among other unhappy perſons, whoſe miſtaken zeal had drawn them into this rebellion, was a miller. This man's ſervant had ſuch an affection

for him, that hearing his maſter was to die, he generouſly came to Kingſton, and intreated to ſuffer in his ſtead. The horrid wretch coolly told him, in reply to his petition, that ſince he liked hanging ſo well he ſhould not be diſappointed, and inſtantly ordered them both to be tied up. We paſſed the night at Bodmin, and the next morning paſſed over the moſt dreary country I ever ſaw, not excepting even the road from Royſton to Cambridge, until we came to

LAUNCESTON;

and in the neighbourhood of this town, were pleaſed to obſerve again, the grateful veſtiges of fertility and verdure. It is now populous, and the reſidence of many families of rank. The ruins of the old Caſtle form a fine object, as you enter from Bodmin. It was once a fortreſs of conſiderable ſtrength and importance, indeed in ſome meaſure it might have been ſtyled the bulwark of the county. It is ſituated

on

on a riſing ground, about a mile and a half from the banks of the river Tamar.

The laſt place we viſited in Cornwall, was

NEWPORT.

This town we paſſed through after leaving Launceſton, which place it ſeems ſo connected with, that one may be called the ſuburbs of the other. Its privilege of ſending two members to Parliament, is the only diſtinction I know of, which prevents them from being included as one and the ſame place. Soon after leaving Newport, we croſſed over the Tamar, and re-entered Devonſhire. This river, which ſeparates the two counties, riſes about three miles from the ſea coaſt, in Moor-Winſtow, the moſt northern pariſh of Cornwall. It iſſues from the ſummit of a Moor, and receiving many ſmall ſtreams in its courſe, after flowing forty miles in a direction nearly ſouth, forms the harbour of Hamoze, and there making

two large creeks on the weſt, St. John's and Millbrook, and one on the eaſt, called Stonehouſe Creek, it falls into the ſea.

As we left Cornwall, the country began to wear a new face, and form a delightful contraſt between the rugged aſpect of a barren ſoil, and the rich ſcenery of Devonſhire. We paſſed through

LIFTON,

an inconſiderable town, yet almoſt as much worth notice as

OAKHAMPTON,

or Ockington, a place ſupported entirely by its high road, and a ſmall manufactory of ſerge. As ſoon as we left this town, we verged towards the north part of the county, and quitting the Exeter turnpike, proceeded over one of the worſt roads we had yet encountered, in a poſt chaiſe, with four horſes, whoſe drivers told us, we might think

think ourſelves well off that they condeſcended to conduct us at all, and were dragged through

HATHERLEIGH

and

TORRINGTON,

to

BARNSTAPLE.

Hatherleigh gave birth to a very extraordinary genius, one Jaſper Mayne, an eminent poet and divine, of the ſeventeenth century. A legacy of this man's, to one of his domeſtics, may perhaps be thought worth relating. He had an old and faithful ſervant, who for many years had humoured all his maſter's caprices, and with great fidelity had ſmoothed his paſſage to the grave. To this man he bequeathed a large trunk, and on his death bed delivered the key, ſaying

ing, " Stephen, my lad, take this! it opens the trunk I have left for you, in which you will find ſomething to make you drink, when I am no more!" The doctor's eyes were no ſooner cloſed, than his ſervant paid a viſit to the trunk. The key was applied, the lid opened, and diſcovered, to the eager eyes of the aſtoniſhed valet, *a red herring!*

At Barnſtaple we ſaw the ſilk mills, a moſt exquiſite piece of mechaniſm, by which means labour is rendered ſo extremely ſimple, that boys and girls conduct with eaſe, the chief part of the work. One wheel puts the whole in motion, and, what is admirable, any part may be ſtopped without diſcompoſing the reſt. The proceſs appeared to be merely as follows. The ſilk, as it is wound from the worms, appears of various colours, according to the difference of diet. In general, however, the ſilk receives but two diſtinct ſhades, orange and white, for it does not often happen, that the ſame collection of worms are fed in a different

different way. Theſe colours are ſeparated, and wound upon reels; the reels are given to the ſpinners, who, as they are ordered, unite for different purpoſes two, three, or more threads together. It is then carried to the laſt room, where it is again wound into hanks, which are twiſted up, and packed off to the looms,

Barnſtaple is a very neat reſpectable place. Its ſtreets are well paved, and its houſes are of ſtone. It has a bridge of ſixteen arches over the river Taw. Trade flouriſhes among the inhabitants very rapidly, and its markets really appeared more crowded than even thoſe of Covent Garden, in the heighday of ſpring. The poet Gay, was born either in Barnſtaple, or very near it He was educated at the ſchool there, and from thence bound apprentice to a ſilk mercer in London. From Barnſtaple we came to

SOUTH MOLTON,

rich in the production of ſerge, ſhalloon, &c. and to neat

TIVERTON,

TIVERTON,

which, excepting the city of Exeter, boaſts of more popularity, more extenſive manufactories in woollen, and alſo of being larger, than any of the inland towns in Devonſhire. But the greateſt glory of Tiverton is the free ſchool, founded by Peter Blondel, a clothier of this place. It maintains eight ſcholars at the two Univerſities, which are elected from it, and placed at Baliol College Oxford, and Sidney College Cambridge. Entering Somerſetſhire, a county abounding with pleaſing views, and peculiarly happy in its rich diſplay of verdure and fertility, where agriculture ſeems to ſmile among the trees, and promiſe its bleſſings to induſtry, we proceeded on our journey through

WELLINGTON,

with its large church and little hoſpital, its pots and its wool, and came at the end of a fine

a fine evening, to the very handſome town of

TAUNTON.

This is one of the moſt populous boroughs in the kingdom. The ſtreets are ſpacious and handſome, the inns good, the markets well ſupplied, and affording plenty of articles; in ſhort, it offers a very inviting reception for all travellers of every denomination. The manufactories employ many thouſand perſons in the fabrication of all woollen ſtuffs, for the weaving of which, eleven hundred looms have at one time been employed in this place. We ſlept at Taunton, and having ſpent the chief part of the next morning in ſtrolling about the town, proceeded afterwards through

BRIDGEWATER,

a port ſituated at the diſtance of twelve miles from the Briſtol Channel, upon the

river Parnet, by which ſhips of two hundred tons may come up to its key. It is one of the moſt conſiderable towns in the county, and carries on a very extenſive trade, both foreign and domeſtic.

" Aliquando dormitat Homerus."

There are three words for you, reader, to chew upon—what think you, are they miſapplied. I have waded along, trudging many a weary mile in ſearch of amuſement for you, and having dragged you through ſeveral dull pages, ſet you down, at laſt, to reſt yourſelf in

WELLS.

The fact is, from the moment I left the Logan rock, until this hour, I have met with nothing worth writing about. But as I well know how inconſiſtent it would be, with the uſual mode of travelling ſcribblers, to bring you, by a ſudden jerk, from the Land's End to the City of Wells,

without beſtowing a ſyllable upon the places intervening, I contrived to hurry you, full ſpeed, through Redruth, St. Michael, St. Columb, Bodmin, Launceſton, Newport, Lifton, Oakhampton, Hatherleigh, Torrington, Barnſtaple, South Molton, Tiverton, Wellington, Taunton, and Bridgewater, paving my way with a word here, and a remark there, merely to avoid a blank in my itinerary. Leaving you therefore in full view of the Cathedral, and at leiſure to take breath, I ſhall withdraw to my repoſe, and hope to riſe in the morning with ſpirit to reſume my pen, and inclination to renew my converſation with you.

SECTION THE THIRD.

BON jour! ami lecteur—are you ready to proceed? *Eh bien! Allons!*

There are many things which occur in the progreſs of a tour, and which one ought to ſee, not ſo much for the pleaſure the view of them affords, as for the fame of ſaying one has ſeen them. Of this number, I think, is the Cathedral of Wells; which, with all its antiquity, would not induce me to viſit that city, if it did not lay in the road to Bath. And yet ſhould any one

one obſerve, in a large company, that he had been at Wells, and did not viſit the Cathedral, four out of five would exclaim, "Not ſee the Cathedral? Oh Goth! oh Vandal!" ſo prevalent is the deſire of boaſting that one has ſeen every thing. But however to prove that, in this inſtance, I was neither a Goth nor a Vandal, it is neceſſary I ſhould give ſome account of what I really did ſee.

The front of this Cathedral, which has been built upwards of five hundred years, is the firſt object which ſtrikes the attention. Such a profuſion of imagery, ſuch an exuberant diſplay of carved work, ſo embodied with cherubim and ſeraphim, mitredom and martyrdom, kings, demigods and devils, is a ſpectacle more unique, than I ever met with before, or ever deſire to ſee again. Thus much for its exterior, and of the interior little need be ſaid; except that it is well ſwept and white-waſhed, and contains a curious antique clock, and a painted window. The palace is reckoned one of the

the handſomeſt in the kingdom: it is fortified with walls, and a moat. On the ſouth ſide it wears very much the appearance of a Caſtle. The cloiſters, adjoining to the church, are ſpacious, and the Chapter-Houſe, like many other edifices of the ſame nature, is a rotundum, ſupported by one pillar in the middle.

As for the founders of the Cathedral, with all due reverence to that venerable part of our progenitors, who dedicated their devout labours to theſe ancient monuments of their liberality and zeal, I paſs over them with reſpectful brevity; not from any wilful inattention of my own, but becauſe my readers, whoſe intereſt I moſt covet upon theſe occaſions, will not be the better pleaſed with me, for introducing to them his Majeſty King Ina, or the right reverend Fitz Joceline, with a long account of that Monarch, who in the year ſeven hundred and four, built the Cathedral, and his ſucceſſor, the Biſhop, who afterwards repaired it.

The

The Cathedral being ſeen, nothing elſe remains to detain travellers. The ſtreets of Wells are broad, and the buildings rather handſome than otherwiſe. But it would be nugatory to heſitate a moment in deſcriptions of ſtreets or buildings, while we are in the vicinity of that pattern of all neatneſs, that miſtreſs of elegance, the city of

BATH.

Its numerous viſitants were diſperſed when we arrived. Its parades were empty, and its throng removed. But although the ſeaſon was over, for pleaſure and diſſipation, we had the more leiſure to contemplate. Its edifices, its public rooms, its baths, its ſtreets, are beyond any thing the world can parallel of a ſimilar nature. The ſituation of the city, and the view, as you approach it, is delightful. A range of hills encircle it in the form of an amphitheatre, and in a beautiful valley, upon the banks of the Avon, ſtands the city itſelf. I ſhall not pre-

preſume to enter upon a minute detail of all its churches, hoſpitals, and cuſtoms, nor of its curioſities, whether ancient or modern. The few remarks I am enabled to make, will at all times be found ſufficiently trifling. Such as they are, I wiſh to confine them, in general, to ſubjects which are not quite ſo well known as the hiſtory of cities and towns. A place ſo often deſcribed as Bath, admits of no room for novelty. Abler hands have ſatisfied the world in this reſpect; and one's ear aches with hackneyed fables of King Bladud, and his leproſy, his hogs, and his ſprings; and with dull old ſtories of the good things which Beau Naſh ſaid to the ladies near a century ago.

There is no doubt but that the city of Bath owes its origin entirely to its ſalubrious waters. From doubtful ſources we derive a tradition, that long before the birth of our Saviour, and conſequently before the coming of the Romans, its admirable hot ſprings were celebrated for the cure of numerous diſeaſes. From theſe uncertain accounts,

accounts, we form ſome conjecture of the origin of Bath, and the diſcovery of its ſprings. However, very little is known with regard to thoſe who firſt found out the uſe of them, and that little is involved in obſcurity. This however, is certain, that for ages paſt, a vaſt reſort of people, whoſe diſorders could be either removed or alleviated by the waters, has been occaſioned by them. Both the city of Bath, and the adjacent country abound with theſe ſprings, which are both hot and cold. In ſome places the hot and cold ariſe very near each other; in one place within two yards, and in others, within eight or nine of the main bath. It is remarkable, that theſe hot ſprings are always the ſame, for the longeſt and heavieſt rains neither make them diſcharge more water, nor the drieſt ſeaſons occaſion their diſcharging leſs. Hence it is evident, that theſe waters are not diluted, and their mineral virtues weakened by rains; neither are their virtues heightened, nor is the water made ſtronger by dry weather.

Of theſe ſprings, that called the croſs bath, from a croſs formerly erected in the middle of it, is of a gentle and moderate warmth, and a perſon may endure to ſtay much longer in it than in any of the others. It is encloſed with a wall, covered by James Lee, Earl of Marlborough; on the ſides of which are ſeats, and at the ends galleries for muſic and ſpectators, under which are ſlips or rows of ſmall dreſſing rooms, one of which ranges is for the gentlemen, and the other for the ladies; who being dreſſed in linen habits, go together into the water, the men keeping on one ſide, and the women on the other. In the middle is a marble pillar, adorned with curious ſculptures, erected at the expence of the Earl of Melfort, in compliment to king James the ſecond and his queen, and in memory of their meeting here. This bath fills in ſixteen hours.

The hot bath, which is ſo called from its being much hotter than the croſs bath, is fifty-eight feet and a half diſtant from it. This

This bath has a well, the water of which, not only ſupplies its own pump, but is conveyed by pipes to the pump in the croſs bath, though the latter alſo has a ſpring, whoſe water is milk warm.

The king's bath, which is much the largeſt, is accommodated with many dreſſing places, ſome of which are appropriated to the men, and others to the women, both of whom bathe in linen ſhifts and drawers. There is here a ſpring ſo hot, that they are obliged to turn moſt of it away, for fear of heating the bath too much; however, the heat of the hotteſt ſpring is not ſufficient to harden an egg. Before this bath there is an handſome building, called the pump room, well known as the reſort of all thoſe who meet to drink the Bath waters, or to ſee one another, or merely for the purpoſe of lounging.

I cannot be reconciled to that method which is here purſued, of pouring down hot water by the quart, whether in health or

not. The pumpers aſſure you, that it riſes from the very mouth of the ſpring, and is conveyed to them by pipes, before it reaches the bath. This may be all true, but ſince we are ſo much guided by the eye, in what we eat and drink, and fancied filth is almoſt as bad as filth in reality, I think a better plan might be adopted, and one more accordant to the delicate nerves of invalids, than the preſent mode of drinking the Bath waters; ſetting aſide the indecency of expoſing to public view, all ages and ſexes, ſmoaking pell-mell beneath the windows of the pump room.

"So while little Tabby was waſhing her rump,
"The ladies kept drinking it out of the pump."

A new edifice is however erecting, and I believe for the purpoſe of a drinking room. This evil may then perhaps be remedied, which might be effected with the greateſt eaſe, as it is only altering the ſituation of the windows.

The Queen's Bath has no ſpring of its own, but is ſupplied by water from the king's. There

There is alſo a bath for thoſe afflicted with the leproſy, and none but thoſe who have that diſeaſe, or ſome other of the ſame nature are allowed to uſe it. The poor who bathe in it are ſupported by the town, and by the contributions of thoſe who enjoy the benefit of the other baths. It is made by the overflowing of the Croſs Bath.

The ſeaſons for drinking the bath waters are the Spring and Autumn. The firſt begins with April and ends in June. The Autumn ſeaſon begins with September and continues till December. In the Spring, Bath is frequented chiefly by invalids, but in the Autumn, at leaſt two thirds of the Company conſiſt of thoſe who viſit this place for the pleaſure it affords. Amuſements of every kind are met with in abundance, and in ſome ſeaſons there have been no leſs than eight thouſand perſons at Bath, beſides its conſtant inhabitants.

The buildings in Bath have a degree of elegance which no other city can boaſt. This

This is owing to the great plenty of ſtone which is found in the neighbourhood, with which the chief part of the city is built. It is dug from the quarries in Clarton Downs, where the races are kept, and brought from thence by machines invented by that public ſpirited, generous, and ingenious man, whom Pope has immortalized in his "Man of Roſs," and who will be remembered as long as Bath endures, for his liberal contributions to the ſupport of that city, and for the relief of the poor. Mr. Allen gave all the ſtone uſed in erecting the infirmary—a noble ſtructure, capable of receiving one hundred and fifty patients, who are admitted from all parts of the kingdom.

Among the edifices which add ſo much to the beauty of Bath, is that elegant quadrangle called Queen's Square, enriched with columns and pilaſters of the Corinthian order. On one ſide is a fine chapel, and in the center is an obeliſk ſeventy feet high, which, as the inſcription imports, was erected by Richard Naſh, Eſq; in grateful remembrance of the honours

honours conferred on this city by the prince and princeſs of Wales, in the year 1736, when they lodged in this ſquare. In that near the Abbey church, called Orange Square, is a monumental ſtone, in compliment to the Prince of Orange, whoſe health was reſtored by the Bath waters, erected by the ſame perſon.

The new edifices, which compoſe Queen's Square, Chandois Buildings, the North and South Parade, King's Mead Square, Galloway's Buildings, and the Circus, (a noble circle of magnificent buildings, beautifully fronted with ſtone, with a fine circular area in the middle, encompaſſed with paliſades of iron) were all built after the plans of that celebrated architect Mr. Wood. An ingenious author, and one to whom I am indebted for the greateſt part of this account of Bath, obſerves that it far exceeds London in regularity of building, and in being proportionably a much finer city. "The moſt criticiſing eye," ſays he, "muſt allow, that "the Circus is truly beautiful, and orna-

" mented to that juſt degree of elegance,
" which, if I may be allowed the expreſ-
" ſion, lies between profuſion and ſim-
" plicity."

The Creſcent, an elegant ſemicircular range of buildings, would, if Bath could boaſt no other edifice worth our attention, claim a particular ſhare of admiration. I do not know how far my taſte may be called in queſtion, when I ſay, I cannot but prefer the Creſcent to the Circus; for ſetting aſide the pre-eminence it receives from its form, over the ſtiff and formal cut of a circle, its ſituation, as fronting a delightful proſpect of a fine country, would alone induce me to give it the preference. There is a ſameneſs in the Circus, which may not perhaps be perceived by thoſe who view it merely as a fine piece of architecture, but muſt be felt by others who are doomed to reſide in it. The effect is not ſo in the Creſcent; there is, to uſe an expreſſion of Gray's, ſomething ſo *rus-in-urbe-iſh* in the whole of it, that I would chuſe a houſe in that edifice, when com-

compared with one in the Circus, with full as little heſitation, as I would prefer apartments in the front of Wilton Houſe, to the dull monaſtic chambers in the firſt court of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The Cathedral, at Bath, is a ſmall, but noble ſtructure, and the inſide of the roof is neatly wrought. The Theatre is large and elegant. In ſhort, the buildings of this city are magnificent, and in a grand taſte; the ſtreets are large, well paved, and clean; the market place is ſpacious and open; the grove, the ſquares, and the parades afford the moſt agreeable promenades.

The remains of Roman magnificence, their baths and ſudatories, and many antique ſpecimens of very auguſt ſtructures, are ſtill viſible. The wall with which the city was formerly ſurrounded, is ſtill eaſily traced. Thus Bath may be ſaid to afford a univerſal ſcope for every thing that is deſirable. The man of pleaſure, may be here ſatiated with amuſement; the philoſopher, may analyze its

ſalubrious ſprings; the antiquarian, may purſue his reſearches till he wearies himſelf with conjecture; the man of letters, will find ample repoſitories of genius; the poet, endleſs ſubjects to exerciſe his wit; the painter, may delineate the features of beauty, or pourtray the luxuriant variety of landſcape; and, laſt of all, the dejected invalid, may reſtore to its wonted tenour the ſhattered ſyſtem of a broken conſtitution, and, by rouſing his debilitated nerves to their accuſtomed tone, revive his health and renovate his ſpirits.

About Bath, the country on each ſide the Avon, is very hilly and uneven; theſe hills form a moſt beautiful proſpect, although they are of little advantage to their poſſeſſors, being neither fertile in herbage nor timber. In general the ſoil conſiſts of rocks, which lie near or quite up to the ſurface. The fruitfulneſs of the vallies, however, entirely makes amends for the barrenneſs of the hills, and they are generally employed in paſture.

There

There is perhaps no part of the world, ſetting aſide the infernal purlieus of St. James's, where gaming is carried to ſo high a pitch as at Bath. This is owing, in great meaſure, to that ſwarm of dæmons, who under the general name of *black-legs*, or *ſharpers*, infeſt all places of public amuſement. In Bath one is never ſecure from the inſidious deſigns of theſe indefatigable harpies. They infeſt the rooms, the promenades, nay, inconſiſtent as it may ſeem, the very churches are not free from the profanation of theſe vermin. The highwayman, who openly demands his plunder, is a hero to reptiles ſuch as theſe. What is our police? Where are our magiſtrates? in the name of equity and honour, why ſleeps the rod of juſtice? when ſcoundrels with white hairs, I had almoſt ſaid, venerable villains, are ſuffered to patrole our ſtreets, arm in arm with the flower of our nobility, whom they pillage at their leiſure, under the aſſumed and ſpecious maſk of gentlemen.

BRISTOL.

lay next in our route, a city long renowned for dirt and commerce. Here the traveller finds renewed all the throng and buſtle of the metropolis. Buſy faces, crowded ſtreets, carts, coaches, ſmoke, and noiſe, repreſent ſo exactly the hurry and confuſion of London, that it requires a very ſlight exertion of the fancy to imagine one's ſelf abſolutely in the Strand.

At firſt ſight we are apt to wonder why Briſtol poſſeſſes the convenience of hackney coaches, and ſo elegant a city as Bath has no other mode of conveying its inhabitants from place to place but by ſedan chairs; a ſubſtitute ſo very inferior. The reaſon ſoon preſents itſelf. At Bath there are few places in which a coach can enter; its parades, its by-courts, and allies, in which many genteel families reſide, are ſo formed that nothing of this ſort, except chairs, can be admitted.

Briſtol is no leſs than ſeven miles in circumference; it contains above thirteen thouſand houſes, and one hundred thouſand inhabitants. It is ſituated between two rivers, the Avon, and the little river Frome. It is ſaid to be partly in Glouceſterſhire and partly in Somerſetſhire, becauſe it ſtands upon the north and ſouth ſides of the Avon, but being a county of itſelf, it properly belongs to neither. Theſe parts of the city are connected by a ſtone bridge over the Avon, and the uncommon diſplay of veſſels, on each ſide of this bridge, whoſe maſts, like a crowded foreſt, extend as far as the eye can reach, afford a convincing proof of the opulence of Briſtol, and its dignity in trade.

The quay is one of the moſt commodious in England. It is half a mile in length, and is ſeen thronged with merchants of all nations, and laden with productions from every quarter of the earth.

The

The cathedral, on the college green, is a Gothic ſtructure, adorned with the effigies of ſeveral of the kings of England. There is nothing in the building worth notice.

Queen's Square, adorned with rows of trees, forms a pleaſing promenade for the citizens: In the center of it is an equeſtrian ſtatue of King William the Third.

The manufactory of glaſs is carried to a great extent in Briſtol; this a traveller will eaſily perceive from the vaſt number of cones which are ſeen ſmoking in different parts of the city.

The royal exchange is worth ſeeing. It is about two thirds as large as that in London, and is built in the ſame manner.

The theatre is a very good one; I wiſh I could ſay as much of the performers. There is now and then one or two tolerable actors to be ſeen, who come from London during the ſummer, but in general the ſtage is

is ſupplied with the ranters from Bath, who are very indifferent actors.

One of the hackney coaches conducted us two ſhort miles from Briſtol to the

HOT-WELLS.

From the houſes on each ſide of the road, all the way, a perſon would ſuppoſe it was merely a continuation of the city; but a very ſhort reſidence proves that they are as diſtinct and different as it is poſſible for two places to be, which are ſo near each other.

The Hot-wells, like Bath, has been formed by the virtue of its ſprings. The waters are not of the ſame nature; I believe they are uſed for very different purpoſes, but as to the effect they are ſaid to produce, or the properties which diſtinguiſh each of theſe mineral fluids, it is not my preſent intention to determine.

Of all the watering places in this kingdom, there is perhaps no one more pleaſing

than the delightful village which is here formed for the reception of its viſitants. Its ſcenery has more glowing colours, and I believe preſents bolder ſtrokes of the *picturesque*, than can be found in any other part of England. The Avon winding through precipices, whoſe ſides, almoſt perpendicular, ſhoot up to a prodigious height, interrupted and broken with rocks, ſeems as if it had ſtole a paſſage through one of thoſe ſtupendous chaſms which nature leaves after her moſt violent revolutions. Thus, immured as it were by an earthquake, it flows ſilently along, while trees which have forced their roots through the craggy interſtices of its banks, wave their proud arms high above its ſurface.

The beautiful foſſil, called Briſtol ſtone, abounds in great plenty upon the banks of the Avon and among the rocks in the neighbourhood of the hot-wells. The houſes which have been built, for thoſe families who reſort to this place, are formed into a village above the wells, which is called Clifton.

Clifton. It is near this place that theſe ſtones are found in the greateſt quantity. Thoſe dug from St. Vincent's Rocks, are of the cryſtal kind; ſome of them are perfectly clear and colourleſs, and others a little inclining to white; but of theſe laſt there are very few. They are naturally as well poliſhed as if they came from the hands of a lapidary, and many of them ſeem fit to be ſet in rings without any further trouble, except that of ſeparating them from each other. They are found in large quantities, in the cracks of rocks, and cavities of ſtones, but chiefly in thoſe of iron ore. The poor people, the wives of the labourers who dig the ſtone for building the houſes at Clifton, and the ſhops near the pump-room, all ſell theſe ſtones. They will aſk extravagant prices for good ſpecimens of it, and the chief part of that which is the moſt common they ſend away to embelliſh grottos, for which purpoſe they are very proper, as they have a poliſh that will laſt for ever.

Theſe ſtones riſe in a great variety of forms in different places, and the cluſters

of them are yet more curious in their appearance. About Clifton they reſemble table diamonds, but where the pyramids ſtand upright they have the appearance of roſe diamonds. In ſome places alſo about Clifton, where they are very ſmall, ſhort, and numerous, they have ſo many angles, and the light is ſo variouſly reflected, that they appear like cluſters of ſmall brilliants, ſet by a jeweller. In the neighbourhood of King's Weſton, the cluſters riſe higher, and are more irregular, yet have an elegant appearance. Some ſhoot up like the hinder teeth of a calf, and others like the ſpires and turrets of old cathedrals. In ſome there ſeem to be little hairs, in others white ſpecks, in many bubbles of air, and in others drops of water. Thoſe that are pure and clear, and ſuch as are ſlightly tinged with colours, are exceeding hard, and will bear a ſtrong fire without alteration; but thoſe that are flawed, or otherwiſe imperfect, cannot bear this trial, for they will crack, or turn white in the fire.

Wherever

Wherever there is a crack between the ſolid parts of a ſtone, or wherever there is a cavity in a lump of ore, theſe cryſtals are to be found. They generally adhere to the rock or ore at one end, but this is not always the caſe, for ſome adhere to the ſtone by one ſide, and theſe are pointed at both ends. They are commonly compoſed of a column or ſtem of ſix ſides, and terminate in a point like a pyramid that has alſo ſix ſides. The ſmall ones are tinged with various colours much more frequently than the larger.

We dedicated one morning, during the time allotted for our continuance at the Hot-Wells, for an excurſion to King's Weſton. If any one ſhould ſucceed me in the route I have taken, I would ſtrongly recommend a ride to this place. All that renders it worth viſiting is the uncommon beauty of the proſpects around it. On one ſide, looking towards Briſtol and Bath, the eye commands an extenſive range over the moſt delightful country the imagination can conceive, cultivated to the higheſt de-

gree, and forming a rich diſplay of almoſt every thing that can render a landſcape beautiful. By changing the ſituation, and looking in a contrary direction, the Briſtol channel, the river Severn, and the oppoſite ſhores of Glamorganſhire, with all the ſouthern coaſt of Wales is preſented at one view. I hardly know ſo beautiful a ſpot, nor do I believe one can be found in England combining a greater variety of ſcenery.—

Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt,
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim, with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees.

Milton.

The ſeaſon for drinking the Briſtol waters continues from April to September, during which time this place is much frequented. There is a very good pump-room, and the amuſements are carried on upon the ſame plan as at other watering places.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

WE now directed our courſe towards the Severn, intending to croſs into Wales by the new ferry. Some officious friend favoured us with his advice upon this ſubject, and I was ſilly enough to be perſuaded it was good. Leſt others ſhould be alſo miſled, and, by following our example, loſe the opportunity of ſeeing Tintern Abbey, with the gardens of Chepſtow, I beg leave to inſert a few lines of admonition.

There are two paſſages over the Severn, one called the Auſt, the other the New Ferry. There is not a doubt but that the former is the proper paſſage, and for the reaſons I have mentioned; but as the tribe of innkeepers and

poſtillions, intereſted in favour of each other, employ all their ingenuity as beſt ſuits their own purpoſes, I would caution every perſon againſt paying the leaſt attention to any ſcheme they deviſe, and particularly ſo when it interferes with a plan already arranged.

From the Hot-Wells we came through a beautiful country to the New-Paſſage Houſe upon the banks of the Severn. There are no ſmall boats kept at this place; but when paſſengers arrive too late for the larger veſſels, they light a bundle of ſtraw, the ſmoke of which gives notice to the people on the oppoſite ſhore, that ſome perſons are waiting to croſs over. We took the opportunity of dining while this ceremony was going forward, and beheld from our window a charming proſpect of the Severn, bordered with the rich paſtures of Wales, whoſe meadows, riſing from the banks of the river, preſent a diſtant but inviting ſpecimen of the country. Upon the ſhore we found vaſt numbers of beautiful white pebbles, apparently a ſpecies of alabaſter, which ſeems to abound in this country. We were told that the inhabitants of

of Worceſter convey away large quantities of theſe pebbles, which are uſed in their manufactories of China ware.

Our boat ſoon made its appearance, manned with four ſtout rowers, who conducted us three miles acroſs this beautiful piece of water, which, although as yellow as the Avon at Briſtol, nevertheleſs like that river preſents ſuch beautiful ſcenery on each ſide of it, that unmindful of its colour we glide over its muddy waters with delight.

Landing at a place called Black Rock, we entered the county of Monmouth, and formed no bad preſage of the cleanlineſs and comfort of theſe Cambro-Britons from the neatneſs of our inn, and the homely hoſpitable deportment of our landlady.—But as it will happen, that the manager of travelling excurſions muſt now and then call off his attention from the ſurrounding ſcenes, to contemplate things of leſs importance, ſo I found at this place, that, if I regarded the ſafety of our luggage, I muſt depend more upon my own diſcretion, and not ſo much upon

upon the bewildered brain of our blundering valet. To him all was ſurpriſe and amazement. Every new ſcene opened a new ſyſtem of gaping and enquiry, and loſt as he was among the wonders around him, we might have deemed him a lucky mortal in having been ſo fortunate as to retain his head upon his ſhoulders.

Our dreſſing-caſe contained numberleſs little neceſſaries, without which it would not be eaſy to proceed. I had often cautioned him againſt dropping this box and our trunk from his liſt of *mementos*, and had as often been aſſured that nothing was more impoſſible *as he had nothing elſe to think of.* However, at landing, we wiſhed to get our flutes out of the trunk. "Well, Jeremy, where is the key?" "In the dreſſing caſe." "And where is the dreſſing caſe?" With a moſt profound ſhake of his head, thruſting both his hands into his breeches pockets, then into his coat, then into his waiſtcoat, he caſt a look of ſcrutiny towards the boat, and from the boat over the river

to

to the oppoſite ſhore, and from thence, in a direct line towards Briſtol, then back to the inn where we dined, and from the inn to the boat again, breaking out at laſt with a moſt pitiful exclamation, "By Jingo, the dreſſing caſe!" recollecting that it was exactly eleven miles on the other ſide the water, ſtanding upon a little ſquare table in the cloſet adjoining my bed room at the Hot-Wells.

The paſſage over the Severn is, from the great rapidity of that river, rendered often unpleaſant and ſometimes dangerous. The number of ſand banks, and ſharp black rocks, which are diſperſed in different places, make it neceſſary to have a good pilot upon theſe occaſions. Our landlady entertained us, at ſupper, with the ſtory of a melancholy accident that happened, a few years ago, to a party who were endeavouring to croſs the Severn at a time when the weather was unfavourable.

A ſudden guſt of wind took off the hat of a gentleman, and conveyed it away, in an

oppoſite direction, when the boat was half way over. The gentleman inſiſted that the waterman ſhould put about and endeavour to recover it. They aſſured him that it was as much as their lives were worth to riſk ſuch an attempt. The other paſſengers remonſtrated with him, but in vain; the gentleman continued inflexible, and finding all his entreaties were to no purpoſe, he ſuddenly ſeized the helm, and endeavoured to turn the boat. In the ſtruggle this occaſioned, the helm got a wrong twiſt, and the boat inſtantly filled and went to the bottom. The hat was afterwards found, when it appeared that the owner had cogent reaſons for his inconſiderate conduct, as ſeveral bills were ſecreted in the lining of it.

Various other accidents have been occaſioned in this paſſage; ſome, from the diſturbance ariſing in theſe veſſels when cattle are unmanageable, others, from the ignorance of the watermen who undertake the guidance of the paſſage boats, and many, from the turbulence of the paſſage itſelf, which

which is often greater than one would expect to meet with in a place of this nature.

The next morning, bending our courſe weſtward towards Milford haven, we came to a piece of Roman antiquity, about two miles from Black Rock. It is a curious teſſelated pavement, and is ſituated in the middle of an orchard, in the little village of

CAERWENT.

This Moſaic pavement is a remarkable ſpecimen of Roman elegance; and from its high ſtate of preſervation, ought by no means to be neglected by thoſe who wiſh to notice things worthy of obſervation.*

* Mr. Wyndham thus ſpeaks of this Moſaic pavement, in his tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales.—"The "original level is perfectly preſerved, and ſcarcely a ſtone "is miſſing from it. If we conſider this uncommon pre- "ſervation, added to the exactneſs and elegance of the "compoſition, I ſhall not be afraid to aſſert, that this "antiquity need not to yield the palm to any teſſelated "work that has been diſcovered, either on this, or on the "other ſide of the Alps. In my own opinion, it is equal "to thoſe beautiful pavements, which are ſo carefully pre- "ſerved in the palace of the King of Naples at Portici."

A labourer, about ſeven years ago, was digging a hole in the orchard for the purpoſe of planting an apple tree. About twelve inches below the ſurface of the earth he met with this pavement, and, aſtoniſhed at the circumſtance, communicated the diſcovery to the owner of the eſtate. Fortunately for the curious the proprietor* happened to be a man of taſte, and poſſeſſed too great a regard for the works of his forefathers to deſtroy ſo precious a relic for the ſake of a pippin. The ground was cleared away, the rubbiſh removed, and a ſhed erected over the place, to defend it from the injuries of the weather and the plundering curioſity of the common people. It is well ſo much precaution was uſed, or, like the brazen plate at Stonehenge, we ſhould have heard of the diſcovery and deſtruction of it at the ſame inſtant of time.

It appears to have been the floor of ſome magnificent apartment belong to the Romans,

* Mr. Lewis, of Chepſtow.

mans, and in the pattern of the workmanſhip is not very unlike one of our Axminſter carpets. It is compoſed of ſmall cubic pieces of ſtone, or marble, none of which are larger than common dies. They conſiſt of four colours, blue, white, red, and yellow; which are varied and diſpoſed according to the pattern of the pavement. The diſcovery of this piece of antiquity has induced the poor villagers to make further reſearches, and accordingly they have dug from their gardens, their fields, and the banks of the public road, a number of copper coins, with now and then a few ſquare tiles, ornamented with antique figures and Roman inſcriptions. I made enquiry after theſe, and with difficulty procured about thirteen ſmall pieces, which, although apparently of leſs value than an Engliſh farthing, they had already learned to appreciate with all the ſpirit of antiquarians.

Caerwent, although now an obſcure miſerable village, was a conſiderable ſtation during the periods of Roman greatneſs. Until lately it had nothing but the fragments of

of its ancient walls to manifeſt its former magnificence.

As for the æra, in which this pavement originated, we may reaſonably conclude that it was made during the time Agricola commanded in Britain. From Tacitus we learn that he was the firſt general, who, by introducing the luxuries and refinements of Rome, endeavoured to meliorate the ſavage manners of the ancient Britons.

In the neighbourhood of Caerwent, the traveller begins to obſerve the features of that delightful ſcenery which ſo ſtrongly marks the landſcapes in South Wales. The country becomes inexpreſſibly beautiful, adorned with culture, and diverſified with vegetation. We left Caerleon on our right, and paſſed on to

NEWPORT;

not from any wilful neglect on our ſide, but becauſe we were ignorant, at that time, of

its poſſeſſing any curioſity whatever. This was owing to our want of a proper guide through the country. Mr. Wyndham's excellent account of his tour is become exceedingly ſcarce; we were not able to procure even a ſight of it, at the commencement of our tour, nor was it until our return to London, that we were fortunate enough to meet with it, when, after much difficulty, and more entreaty, we obtained a copy of that valuable work.

Caerleon was once a Roman city of great fame, and conſiderable eminence. Many remains of its ancient magnificence are ſtill extant. As it lies ſo contiguous to the route every one ſhould purſue, in a journey through South Wales, and is remarkable for its antiquities, I would caution all thoſe who come after me, againſt ſuch an omiſſion as ours. I cannot help wiſhing, upon theſe occaſions, that a word or two was added, now and then, to the finger board of a directing poſt, ſignifying, that ſuch and ſuch things were to be ſeen by turning to the

the right or to the left. Surely this is worth the attention of a pariſh officer, when he conſiders, what no perſon of his ſtamp deem beneath their notice, that by this means will be occaſioned an influx of money within the ſphere of his own prerogative—But to return.

Newport is a town of ſome conſequence in this part of the world. We met with two things here for the firſt time; the natives ſpeaking Welſh in common converſation, and that delicious fiſh the *Sewin*, which is not found any where but in Wales, and which the inhabitants are very proud of. The ſewin is exactly like a large trout, and I believe differs from that fiſh only in its ſuperior flavour. At firſt I concluded that it was young ſalmon, which they were ſo fond of ſending to our table, but was ſoon convinced of my miſtake, by finding the ſewin mentioned, as the peculiar pride of this part of Wales, by one of our early Engliſh writers.*

* Daniel de Foe.

Newport

Newport is ſituated upon the banks of the Uſk, and has over that river a wooden bridge, of ſuch a ſtupendous height, that no one can paſs it without fear. It is floored with boards, that are all left looſe, on account of the immenſe ſwell which ſometimes takes place in this river, when it riſes to the height of ſixty or ſeventy feet, and would blow up the bridge, if this precaution was not uſed, of leaving the boards unfaſtened.

The ſhell of the old caſtle, with which Newport was formerly ſtrengthened, is almoſt entire; it ſtands on the brink of the river.

We proceeded from Newport to

CAERDIFF,*

* After leaving Newport, the traveller will uſe his own diſcretion, whether or not it is more expedient to make a circuit by the caſtle of Caerphilly, and the Pont-y-Prîdd, ending afterwards at Caerdiff, or to purſue the route we followed, by going from Newport to Caerdiff, and making it the amuſement of one day, during his ſtay there, to viſit thoſe places.

the largeſt town between the paſſage over the Severn and Swanſea. It is ſituated on an extenſive flat, near the mouth of the Taeffe, and, as a Welſh town, is both handſome and populous. But what renders Caerdiff a place of importance to travellers is, its fine old caſtle, the property of the Mountſtuarts, who, by marrying a branch of the Windſor family, became poſſeſſed of a number of theſe Welſh ruins.

It was in this fortreſs that Robert, the eldeſt ſon of William the Conqueror, ſuffered twenty-ſix years of impriſonment. After numberleſs viciſſitudes, this unfortunate prince was caſt into confinement, by Henry the firſt; and afterwards William the ſecond, determined to equal his brother Henry in unnatural cruelty to Robert, deprived him of his eyes. We were introduced to the black tower, and ſaw the very dungeon in which he lingered out his days.

Lord Mountſtuart is now employed in fitting up a great part of the caſtle for the reception

e Devil's Bridge near the great Fall of the Monach.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ception of his family; and, from the appearance it already makes, this antique ſtructure promiſes to become a magnificent abode.

A ſubterranean paſſage, the old bugbear of all caſtles, is ſaid to continue from this place to a priory at ſome diſtance; and, what added a little to the veracity of the ſtory, the perſon who conducted us over the ruins, aſſured me, that he had ventured to explore it himſelf, as far as he could proceed, but that finding his candle go out, and the damps become exceſſive, he returned, and ſince that time, the entrance has been buried with rubbiſh.

Making an excurſion from Caerdiff into the more interior parts of Wales, we came to

CAERPHYLI,

a town conſiſting of a few ſtraggling cottages, emboſomed amidſt mountains, whoſe rude and barren ſides have not a mark of

cultivation. About two miles before we reached this place, aſcending the ſummit of one of theſe hills, we were amuſed with a fine proſpect, extending as far as the eye could reach; and which our driver aſſured us, as they always do of a fine ſight, was not to be equalled in Wales. The point of view is under the broad arms of an aſh tree, where ſome old Briton has invitingly conſtructed a turf ſeat, for the benefit of travellers.

The grand objects, although diſtant ones, are, the Briſtol Channel winding to the right as far as Swanſea, where it opens to the Iriſh ſea, and the oppoſite ſhores of Somerſet and Devon. In an extenſive vale below, the town of Caerdiff, with its caſtle, and all the country around it, ſpreads before the view.

Caerphyli affords one ſolitary alehouſe for the accommodation of ſtrangers. It ſeems almoſt improper to dignify this place with the name of a town; it reſembles more the irregular

BRITISH
MUSEUM

gular aſſemblage of huts, which one would expect to meet with among the hottentots, or a body of the wild Tartars. The arrival of a poſt chaiſe ſpreads conſternation among the inhabitants; they aſſemble together uneaſy and aſtoniſhed, and demand of each other in a volley of gutturals, *whether the Pope or the French are coming among them.*

But ſince it is neither to ſee the town of Caerphyli, nor to alarm the natives, that ſtrangers penetrate theſe remote wilds, the condition of the former, or the apprehenſions of the latter, are little to the purpoſe. They will find here a curioſity that will amply compenſate for bad roads and worſe accommodations.

The caſtle of Caerphyli, is another of the antique edifices belonging to the Mountſtuarts. It is eſteemed as being the largeſt caſtellate ruin in Europe; and is ſaid to have been built four hundred years before the birth of Chriſt. I am inclined to doubt the latter part of this intelligence, as it is found-

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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ed ſolely upon conjecture. A diſcovery I made myſelf, will prove the great antiquity of the caſtle, although it will throw very little light upon the origin of it.

Lord Mountſtuart has frequently employed labourers to dig in different parts of the caſtle, in hopes of finding coins, or ſome other relics of antiquity. The guide, whoſe buſineſs it is to ſhew ſtrangers the caſtle, told me, this had always been done to no purpoſe. I ſaid I was not ſurpriſed at it; ſince it is almoſt impoſſible for an ignorant labourer to diſtinguiſh any thing of this ſort from the rubbiſh he throws away. The old Welſhman would not allow this, and replied with ſome tartneſs, "*What, hur think poor people ſuch fools, hur not tell monies from dirt? Dirt very common—monies very ſcarce.—Got pleſs hur! not ſo ſcarce but hur knows monies when hur ſees it, inteed!*" This was exactly what I ſuſpected—they dig for a Roman obolus with the ſame impatience which they would feel in ſearching for a heap of Engliſh gold freſh from the mint.

Unleſs they ſee ſomething riſe from the ſpade, glittering and fine, away goes the reſt, with a *Got pleſs hur, dis is not monies, 'tis dirt!* As a proof of this, I produced ſome of the coins I had collected at Caerwent, and laying them on a heap of new mould and rubbiſh, which the labourers had thrown up in their reſearches, aſked the keeper of the caſtle, if he perceived any thing worth taking notice of? "*No, hur ſees nothing but dirt.*" "Not ſee any thing, ſaid I, why theſe are the very coins your maſter has ordered you to ſearch for." "*Odd living,*" ſaid the old man, "*What be they Quines—why hur has got one o'they, and here it is!*" Upon this he produced a ſmall Roman copper coin, which he ſaid had been dug up, about two months before, in one of the courts of the caſtle. I wiſhed very much to obtain it, but finding that it was one of the long ſought *Quines*, the old man would ſooner have parted with his life; although, five minutes before, he heſitated whether, or not, he ſhould reſign it to the rubbiſh among which he found it. I perſuaded

ſuaded him, however, to let me take the impreſſion in wax, but from the very imperfect ſtate of the coin itſelf, I cannot hazard a conjecture as to the date of it.

I think this circumſtance may be allowed to paſs as a proof of the antiquity of Caerphyli caſtle; for ſuppoſing this ſpecies of coin to have been current no longer than the Romans were in Britain, this edifice muſt have been in its vigour before the year three hundred and eighty-eight, as they left this iſland a ſhort time before that period.

The caſtle of Caerphyli is two miles in circumference. It had formerly thirteen drawbridges, and as many towers, and ſeems to have been a moſt admirable fortreſs.

But that which renders it peculiarly remarkable is a tower, which, either from accidental decay, or from the ſhock of an earthquake, has been ſeparated from the main wall, and impends eleven feet from its baſe. This is eſteemed as great a curioſity as the cele-

celebrated leaning tower of Piſa, in Italy. Mr. Wyndham is of opinion that part of the preſent building was conſtructed in the year 1221; the ancient caſtle having been razed in 1217. The moſt noble part of the ruins is included within the inner moat. The hall ſtrikes the ſpectator with aſtoniſhment; excepting only the roof, it ſtill continues perfect. It is nearly a double cube of thirty-five feet and a half, the length is ſeventy-three feet, and the height, before the floor became covered with earth and rubbiſh, was thirty-five feet. Its beautiful Gothic windows, its cluſtered flying pillars, which project from different ſides of the room, and from which ſprang the vaulted arch of its roof, give an uncommon charm to that juſtneſs of proportion for which it is ſo celebrated.

The Engliſh language is as little underſtood at Caerphyli, as among the mountains of Merioneth. We found but one perſon in the whole place who could ſpeak it, and of his fluency I have given a ſpeci-

men, for it was no other than the keeper of the caſtle, the indefatigable *Quine-Collector* for Lord Mounſtuart.

When we had concluded our walk among the ruins, and finiſhed a dinner of three courſes, eggs, bacon, and cheeſe, we purſued our route to the

PONT-Y-PRÎDD,

that beautiful bridge, which attracts the notice and wonder of every body, and which Europe, nay the whole world cannot parallel.

It is compoſed of a ſingle arch, thrown over the Taeffe in the lighteſt manner poſſible. This arch is the ſegment of a circle, whoſe chord is 140 feet. It was built by a methodiſt preacher, one William Edwards, a common maſon of Glamorganſhire. This man ſtipulated with the county, and for a ſtated ſum undertook to erect a bridge at this place acroſs the river Taeffe. The

undertaking was hazardous in the extreme, as the great rapidity and violent force of that river had hitherto put a ſtop to every proceeding of that nature, and had carried every thing before it. Notwithſtanding all theſe difficulties, Edwards finiſhed his firſt work, and erected a bridge of three arches. This was of ſhort duration; the ground, in which the foundation was laid, proved unfavourable, and ſoon convinced the architect, that, even if the floods ſpared his work, the inſtability of its baſe would ſoon be the cauſe of its fall. The work was ſcarce finiſhed ere the rains came, the river ſwelled, and overwhelming every obſtacle to its fury, ſwept away the bridge. Edwards, undaunted by diſappointment, beheld with compoſure the remnant of his labours, and perceiving how futile it was to oppoſe any work againſt the prodigious violence of the Taeffe, firſt conceived the noble deſign of throwing a ſingle arch over this ungovernable ſtream. This he accordingly compleated; but the crown of the arch being very light and thin, was quickly forced upwards by the heavy preſ-

ſure of the butments, which were neceſſarily loaded with an immenſe quantity of earth, that the aſcent of the bridge might be practicable.

Undiſmayed by repeated ill ſucceſs, Edwards renewed his labours with additional vigour, and boldly dared to improve upon his work by the execution of a *chef d'œuvre* in architecture. He removed a large ſhare of weight from the butments, and conſiderably leſſened the remaining preſſure by forming through each of them three cylindrical tunnels. By this means his purpoſe was completely effected; the tunnels anſwer all the end propoſed in them, and add a lightneſs and elegance to the ſtructure, which ſeems ſuſpended in the air above the reach of the moſt violent floods, and bids defiance to the utmoſt rapidity of the river.

If the artiſts of remoter periods had left the remains of ſuch an arch to be diſcovered by modern amateurs, what a fuſs would

would have been excited to aſcertain the architect! What volumes would have been written by contending parties, to determine the time of the builder, and ſtamp the æra of his labours! Prodigious *Bruce* might have added one more volume to his maſs of lies, and curſed the preſs with new lumber to prove the credulity of his countrymen. The *luminous hiſtorian*, whoſe affected pen hath glittered through "the dim light of "legend and tradition, of conjecture and "etymology," whoſe eaſy tranſitions from every topic, however diſtant, to his favourite creed, have alarmed, but not convinced, mankind, might from ſuch a relic deduce a new ſyſtem of infidelity, ſome more ingenious libel upon Chriſtianity.

It is foreign to my preſent purpoſe, or elſe, perhaps, it would be amuſing to trace, even in imagination, the various and diſcordant opinions which might ariſe, if the remains of ſuch a work had been diſcovered among the ruins of Greece or Rome, but

"Vir-

"Virtutem *incolumem* odimus."

The Cambrian architect emerged from his native mountains, left this monument of his exquiſite taſte and genius to vie with the fineſt works of antiquity, and then retired, unnoticed and unknown, to his former obſcurity.

As I fear the reader is already ſufficiently ſatiated with my encomiums upon honeſt William Edwards, and his bridge, I beg leave to lead him to a curioſity of a different nature. It is to be found about a mile further upon the banks of the Taeffe. The whole river falls about fifteen feet among broken rocks and precipices, and although an epitome of a caſcade, has been conſtructed by nature in ſo ſingular a manner, that no one would think his time thrown away if this ſpectacle alone had coſt him a journey from Caerdiff. Whenever there is a cavity among the rocks, or any part of the river, undiſturbed by the caſcade, the water appears as clear as cryſtal. Before its fall

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it flows over ſmooth tablets of ſtone, and ſlabs of a cubic form, but ſo regular and even in their ſurfaces, that they appear like an immenſe work of art. This does not at all diminiſh from their pictureſque beauty; for they are ſo irregularly diſpoſed, and bordered on each ſide by ſuch a luxuriant diſplay of mountains, woods, and precipices, that it is not poſſible to form an idea of ſcenery more romantic.

On one ſide, looking down, I beheld a circular baſon, formed by nature with the greateſt nicety and evenneſs; in which large trout, young ſalmon, and ſilver eels, ſeemed to frolic like Chineſe fiſh in a vaſe of clear water. A ſingular circumſtance has been here obſerved to take place, which would perhaps be doubted, was it not for the indiſputable proof which I ſhall offer in confirmation of its veracity. It is well known that, wherever there is a fall of water, ſalmon will ſtem the torrent occaſioned by it, and endeavour to leap above the fall. This is ſo common among the rivers in Wales that

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the natives uſe it as an expedient for taking thoſe fiſh, and often create an artificial caſcade, where nature has denied one; they then place nets near the edge of the fall, and the ſalmon, endeavouring to leap above it, are caught in the attempt.

All this may be eaſily conceived; but it will create ſome degree of ſurpriſe when it is aſſerted, that, at the place I have been deſcribing, where there is no partial fall of water, no inſignificant drizzling of a paltry ſtream, but the impetuous precipitation of a whole river, the ſalmon actually aſcend to depoſit their ſpawn in the more undiſturbed waters above the caſcade, and perform a leap of fifteen feet perpendicular. It does not require a large ſhare of credulity to credit this account; a plain fact will fully demonſtrate the truth of it; for ſetting aſide the obſervations that are frequently made by thoſe who ſee theſe fiſh engaged in repeated efforts to aſcend, the circumſtance of their being actually taken above the caſcade, at no great diſtance from the ſource of the river,

ver, and in a part of it totally unconnected with any other ſtream, will put to flight every doubt that may be raiſed with regard to ſo remarkable a fact.

The Welſh have another method of taking ſalmon, in the neighbourhood of the Pont-y-Prîdd, and about the caſcade, which is in ſome degree ſingular. They erect ſmall platforms or ſtages againſt the banks of the river, which extend a little over the ſurface of the water. Theſe are uſed only in the night time, when the owners of them bring a lighted torch, and holding it over the river, the ſalmon are ſeen to aſſemble, with other fiſh, in large bodies collected immediately under the light of it. The fiſherman eyes the whole troop as they gambol below, and ſelecting the fineſt among them, takes his aim and plunges a harpoon into the deſtined victim, who is immediately brought to ſhore. The reſt are not the leaſt intimidated by the loſs of their companion, but continue their frolics as before. As ſoon as the fiſherman has re-adjuſted his

tackle, he makes another dart with his harpoon, and, if his aim is a good one, ſucceeds a ſecond time. In this manner ſeveral are caught in the courſe of the night, and they are generally of the largeſt ſort; for if the fiſherman is not fortunate enough to attract fiſh of a tolerable ſize, he is the leſs likely to ſucceed in his attacks upon them.

A curious circumſtance occurs at the caſcade, which the Welſh guides ſeldom omit ſhewing to ſtrangers. If a ſtick, or the bough of a tree is thrown down with the torrent, it ſinks for a conſiderable time, and at laſt is ſeen riſing in a diſtant part of the river, where the water appears very much agitated. This led the people to ſuppoſe, what I believe really to be the caſe, that the fall of water has in proceſs of time worn a paſſage under the rock; ſo that it ruſhes at firſt down a hole that has been formed in the ſtone, and, forcing its way out again, riſes at ſome diſtance from the place where it falls. To prove the truth of this, the maſter of the ale-houſe at Pont-y-Prîdd, with

with no ſmall degree of cruelty, threw a favourite old maſtiff, which from its fidelity he himſelf told me he valued at ten guineas, into the river, and forced him down the caſcade. The poor animal was hurried headlong with the torrent, but to the mortification of his maſter never roſe again. They have ſince that time thrown down branches and ſticks as before, which as conſtantly riſe after diſappearing; but the poor dog ſtill remains in his watery grave, nor has a ſingle part of his mangled carcaſe left the ſepulchre his ungrateful maſter aſſigned him for his ſervices.

We returned by a different route to Caerdiff, and paſſed along a road that extends moſt delightfully upon the banks of the Taeffe. The country, on each ſide of this headlong river, is richly diverſified with mountain ſcenery, whoſe ſides are mantled with trees, and made venerable by the thick foliage of the oak, whoſe aged branches totter over the craggy rocks that form the bed of this impetuous torrent.

LANDAFF

is pleaſantly ſituated on a gentle elevation; we ſoon arrived here after croſſing the river at Caerdiff; but upon a ſlight inſpection of the cathedral, found nothing to detain us; for, although an epiſcopacy, it is in reality a beggarly village. I am ſenſible that it is my duty to ſay ſomething reſpectable, at leaſt, of the cathedral. Such an heterogeneous mixture of architecture was perhaps never before ſo combined in one ſtructure. It is half ancient, half modern, half Norman, half Gothic, half magnificent, half abſurd. A chriſtian altar ſprouts from beneath the portico of a heathen temple, and uſurps the very body of the choir itſelf. The monuments deſerve a few minutes notice; they are worth ſeeing. There is one, in particular, of the Matthews's family, which has great merit. It is executed in poliſhed alabaſter, and is remarkable for the delicacy with which the head-dreſs, hair, and necklace, of a female figure, is delineated.

We

We made a very ſhort ſtay at Landaff, and came next to

COWBRIDGE,

a town conſiſting of one broad ſtreet, and remarkable for the number of caſtles in its neighbourhood. Indeed caſtles abound ſo much in Wales, that there is hardly a proſpect of any extent without ſome old ruin or ivy-mantled fortreſs as the principal object in the view. Theſe are, without doubt, highly ornamental, and the amateur of pictureſque beauty will find among them an ample ſcope for the powers of his pencil; but I think the common traveller, who truſts almoſt entirely to his pen, ſhould not be led away by a fine object *here*, and a broken wall *there*, if the accidental diſplay of light and ſhade upon the one, or of weeds upon the other, form the ſole article of curioſity. It has appeared to me that the world is weary of that word *pictureſque*, it is forced in upon every occaſion; nay, one gentleman, the grand maſter of landſcape, has contrived with

with the aid of a few muddy ſketches, to ſwell that word to a volume. It is for this reaſon, that I turn neither to the right nor to the left to viſit the mouldering fabrics of my fore-fathers, unleſs ſomething remains to be ſaid of them beſides the *picturesque beauty of their ſituation*.

The day, in which we left Cowbridge, proved ſo unfavourable that we could hardly ſee any thing of the country; and after we arrived at

MARGAM

we had to lament the loſs we ſuſtained in being prevented from paying that attention to the curioſities of the place which they ſo juſtly demand.

Margam Abbey is ſituated at the bottom of a high mountain, which is wholly covered with wood. It is now the property of Lord Talbot, and is a noble remnant of antiquity. The old Chapter Houſe is remarkably,

ably fine, and until theſe few years, it was in a ſtate of high preſervation. Part of the roof is now fallen in, and more will ſoon follow, unleſs care is uſed to prevent it. It really grieved me to ſee the abſurd method which is uſed to preſerve it. The leaſt precaution a man of taſte would uſe to preſerve ſo elegant a ſtructure, would be a covering of lead, or ſomething of the ſame nature, to protect the roof from the injuries of the weather. A precaution has certainly been taken, but will the reader believe me, when I tell him what that is—will he credit that a nobleman, poſſeſſed of one of the moſt elegant ſpecimens of light gothic architecture in all Wales, has ſpread over the roof of it, as the only ſecurity againſt the rains, *a paltry covering of oiled paper?*

When Mr. Wyndham viſited this edifice, in the ſummer of the year 1777, he took notice of this circumſtance, and has expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at it, in hopes of reſcuing this beautiful building from deſtruction.

ſtruction. It was then perfect, and had ſuffered no detriment from neglect, but ſhould he be induced to viſit it again, he will be mortified in viewing the change that has taken place.

The great ear of the chapter houſe, through which the Monks received petitions and confeſſions, is ſtill to be ſeen; but it is placed ſo near the floor, that the ſtouteſt layman of them all was reduced to the neceſſity of crouching upon his marrow-bones, when he had any thing to communicate to the ſecretary.

Part of the Abbey Church is ſtill kept up for the uſe of the pariſh. It is a Norman edifice, and is a fine ſpecimen of that ſpecies of architecture in its beſt ſtyle. The remains of the cloiſters, which led from the Abbey to the Chapter Houſe, are ſtill viſible. In the church we met with a curious Latin inſcription, in monkiſh rhyme, upon a brazen plate, which the Talbot family have placed there, in memory of an old

old and faithful ſervant, a huntſman, who died ſome time ago. There are beſides, ſeveral marble monuments of the Manſell family, who were the ancient poſſeſſors of this abbey.

The orangery, green-houſe and gardens, attract more viſitants to this place, than all the beauties which are to be found among the ruins. The largeſt orange trees in England flouriſh at this place—one in particular was of ſuch a ſize, as to admit me among its branches, where I ſeated myſelf with as much eaſe as in an apple tree. Indeed all the exotics grow to a prodigious ſize, ſo that one would imagine, from the appearance they make, that Lord Talbot had fixed his reſidence among the rich gardens of Marſeilles.

A new green-houſe, after the Doric order, is lately erected, for the reception of the fineſt plants I ever ſaw. This ſtructure is worth ſeeing; it is a noble building, but the ornaments on the outſide are injudiciouſly

ſelected. From the bull's heads in front, one would ſuppoſe it was intended for a Grecian temple, with the inſignia of the hecatombs; and yet the urns on the top deſtroy ſuch an idea, as there could be no greater profanation of the temples of the Greeks, than to have the aſhes of the dead expoſed upon their places of public worſhip.

Theſe are trifling inaccuracies, but they ought to be attended to by thoſe who expend large ſums of money in erecting edifices that are to remain in after ages as monuments, by which poſterity may judge of the taſte, grandeur, and ingenuity of their anceſtors.

The road from Margam to

ABERAVON

continues to wind under the mountains, affording the boldeſt features of landſcape, and paſſing cloſe to ſome large copper works, croſſes a ſtone bridge at this place, built

with one arch, by the maſon of Pont-y-prîdd. After this it leads to

BRITON FERRY,

where the ſcenery becomes uncommonly ſuperb, breaking forth into a rich proſpect of mountains, woods, and rivers, diverſified in the moſt beautiful manner the imagination can conceive.

Juſt above the ferry, is the ſeat of Mr. Vernon, ſituated on an elevation, in the centre of this enchanting view.

We rode along the beach for a few miles, after leaving Briton Ferry, and afterwards croſſed over the river Tavey to

SWANSEA,

which is ſituated upon its banks. Swanſea is a town of conſiderable importance in this part of Wales. It is remarkable for the convenience it affords to bathers, being

almoſt equal to Weymouth in its white ſand and beautiful ſhore. Many officers upon half-pay, invited by the cheapneſs of proviſions, make this town their place of reſidence. It carries on a conſiderable trade in coals, pottery and copper.

We went one day to a public breakfaſt at the bathing houſe, and were agreeably ſurpriſed by ſeeing the company ſtand up to dance as ſoon as the tables were removed. This is an eſtabliſhed cuſtom here, and we found it a very pleaſant ſcheme. All was mirth and good humour; the harp ſtruck up with a violin. I jumped up, as if by inſtinct, ſeized upon the ſprightly daughter of an ironmonger, and footed it away in my boots, like the reſt of the company, nor did we conclude our paſtime until the room became empty, and we were compelled to dance by ourſelves.

A few days after our arrival we hired an open chaiſe, and drove to Mr. Morris's coal mine. The method of exploring theſe ſubterranean

ſubterranean caverns, is here rendered far more pleaſant and expedient than thoſe we viſited in Cornwall.

The entrance is vaulted, and perfectly level, and continues ſo for about one hundred yards, when our guides made us turn off to the right, to a ſort of a ſtaircaſe, which they call the horſe-road. By this we deſcended to the depth of eighty fathoms, and came to a ſpacious area, where the miners were ſending up the coal in baſkets, through a ſhaft, to the vaulted level we had juſt quitted. It is there put into carts, with friction wheels, and drawn by oxen to the mouth of the mine.

It is pleaſing to ſee the eaſe and quickneſs with which theſe amazing works are carried on. If a ſtranger beholds the dark paſſage by which the horſes deſcend, who bring the coal from the place where it is dug to the ſhaft, he would indeed be aſtoniſhed, and unable to conceive how theſe animals can be taught to practiſe, without ſtumbling,

ſtumbling, and with facility, what he with care and attention, would find difficult to perform. Proceeding onward, we came to ſome miners, who were engaged in blowing up a part of the rock with gun-powder, in order to make a communication from one part of the mine to another. Still farther onward, about half a mile from the entrance, we came to the cutters, as they are called, a troop of poor miſerable black devils, working away their very lives amidſt ſulphur, ſmoke, and darkneſs.

All the paſſages in theſe coal mines are broad and low. The roof appears as ſmooth as the cieling of a drawing-room, but the fatigue of ſtooping as you proceed, becomes often exceſſive, and would prove intolerable, was it not for the relief that is occaſionally offered at intervals, by meeting with more lofty areas.

As you creep among theſe regions of darkneſs, the guide who precedes you, calls out, every now and then, deſiring you to

ſtand

ſtand cloſe. This happens when a load of coal is coming along the paſſage, which is heard at a diſtance, and if you ſtand cloſe to the ſide, you are ſure of being ſafe. The wheels are placed upon iron bars, which they receive in a groove, and theſe bars being continued parallel to each other, and at equal diſtances from one end of the mine to the other, they ſerve both as a guide to the cart, and by leſſening the friction, greatly diminiſhed the weight of the load. As ſoon therefore as the guide gives warning that a load is coming, you know by your diſtance from the parallel bars, how near the load will approach you.

It is curious to ſee one of theſe carts paſs. They are drawn by horſes, and if they are empty, the driver lays along in them, ſeizing his beaſt by the tail, which ſerves him as a rein to guide the animal round the different turnings and windings in the paſſages. It is really aſtoniſhing to ſee the horſes perform their work. They move ſecurely along, enveloped by total darkneſs,

darkneſs, never either ſtriking their heads againſt the roof, or miſtaking the road they are to go, or falling among the number of uneven places they meet with. Among others, an old blind horſe, who had been fifteen years a ſervant in the mine, paſſed by us. Our guide aſſured us, that he was ſo well acquainted with his work, that if left to himſelf, he would find his way through all the mazes of the mine.

We did not proceed more than half a mile under ground; but were ſufficiently fatigued with the excurſion. If a perſon has ſpirit and ſtrength ſufficient to explore the whole of this mine, he would have above three miles to walk in theſe gloomy abodes.

Their method of cutting the coal is ingenious, as it ſaves a great deal of labour. They firſt place ſtrong props of wood againſt the vein, and then cut out a ſmall quantity from the bottom, and from each of the ſides; the ſupporters are then removed, the whole maſs gives way, and

by this means, ſixteen or twenty tons of coal are frequently brought down at one fall. From the fall it is conveyed in carts by horſes, to a perpendicular ſhaft, through which it is ſent in baſkets to the level, and being again put into carts, is, as I have ſaid before, drawn from thence by oxen, to the mouth of the mine.

Emerging from theſe gloomy caverns, we afterwards went to

NEATH,

in hopes of ſeeing the beautiful houſe and grounds of Sir Herbert Mackworth, with the caſcade belonging to them, which although forced and artificial, would never be diſcovered to be ſo, by thoſe who are unacquainted with the place.

The famous fall of the Cledaugh, near the forges of Melincourt, we alſo wiſhed to ſee, and hired freſh horſes for that purpoſe; but alas! there ſeemed to be a fatality

attending upon our excurſions in this neighbourhood, for it rained ſo inordinately, we were confined to the inn. Sir Herbert's, of courſe, could not be ſeen, but the fall of the Cledaugh we were determined to viſit. When we came within a mile of Melincourt, we met a poſt-chaiſe with ſome gentlemen, who had been upon the ſame plan, and were returning much chagrined; by theſe we learned that there was no water, and as a caſcade without water is hardly worth ſeeking for, we were alſo compelled to return wet to the ſkin, dirty, and diſappointed.

One beautiful ſpectacle, however, we had the luck to meet with, on our return to Swanſea, and it came the more grateful, as it was unexpected. This aroſe from the ſmelting houſes, which in the middle of a heavy rain, and a dark night, diſplayed ſuch a glorious light, and ſo many beautiful colours from their aſhes which lay on each ſide of the road, that I ſhould not have regretted

regretted being wet through, if it was for the pleaſure of ſeeing theſe alone.

As the rain continued to deſcend in torrents, we thought it would not be a bad plan to call at one of theſe ſmelting houſes, and ſee the proceſs of ſmelting the ore of copper.

After the copper ore is dug from the mines in Cornwall, it is ſent to the ſmelting houſes in Wales, to be refined and rendered fit for uſe. This is owing to the convenience which ariſes in Wales, from the great plenty of coal in that country. Both coal and lime abound in ſuch vaſt quantities, that the Welſh farmers uſe it to manure their land. Almoſt all the cottages in Wales are white-waſhed on the outſide, which gives them a very neat appearance, and the operation is ſo cheap, that there is ſcarce a hut in the whole country, which is not regularly bruſhed over once in a month.

The ore of copper, when it comes in its raw ſtate from Cornwall, is firſt calcined, then mixed with a portion of lime, and ſmelted. Then it is calcined, and ſmelted again, and thus, after going through twelve or thirteen operations, it becomes perfect; but this depends, in great meaſure, upon the richneſs of the ore, as ſome will take a much longer proceſs, and infinitely more trouble and expence to be reduced to copper, than others. I procured a piece of ore in Cornwall, which when it roſe raw from the mine, ſold for ſixty pounds a ton; and often perfect copper, when it has been rendered malleable after all the operations of the ſmelting houſe, does not ſell for more.

The ſituation of Swanſea is agreeable, and its environs inviting. It is ſituated on a ſmall eminence between two hills, cloſe to the ſea.

Their pottery is well worth notice. It is the largeſt, and indeed the only one of any

any conſequence, in all Wales. The works are very extenſive, and although it was my ill fortune to viſit them at a time, when hardly any buſineſs was going forward, yet from the great attention and politeneſs of the maſter, I became acquainted with an outline of the proceſs, by which this beautiful ware is made.

They receive a ſpecies of white clay, in large balls, from the pits in Devonſhire. Theſe are pulverized and mixed with water. It then paſſes through a ſieve, finer than any cambric in the world. After this, it is united with the powder of calcined flints, and ſifted again. Being thus refined, it is placed in a long ciſtern, under which paſſes a ſtove, or furnace, conſtructed in ſuch a manner, that a flame is drawn from a ſmall body of coal fire, at the mouth of the furnace, and paſſes under the whole length of the ciſtern, to the diſtance of ſixty yards.

By

By this proceſs, the water becomes evaporated in ſteam, and leaves the pure clay behind. They then beat it with great care and attention, in order to extract every particle of air from the whole maſs; for ſhould it ſo happen, that by careleſſneſs or inattention, a bubble of air is left in the clay, it will expand by rarefaction in the oven, burſt, and deſtroy the work.

After it has been thus beaten, it is given to the potter. This man ſits at a wheel, ſomething ſimilar to thoſe by which the common earthen ware is made, and forms the different articles of their manufactory, with the moſt ſurpriſing quickneſs. From the potter it paſſes to the turner, where it is ſhaped with greater nicety, and formed in the ſame manner as the Tunbridge-ware is made. From the Turner, it goes to another artificer, whoſe buſineſs it is to put on lips, handles, &c. After this is done, a variety of hands have a ſhare in compleating it. The painter, the glazer, the enameller, the baker, &c. &c. &c. all have

ſomething to do with it before it makes its appearance in the warehouſe, where in beauty and elegance it vies with the moſt exquiſite productions of China.

The Town Hill ſhould not be neglected by a perſon who wiſhes to have a perfect idea of the ſituation of Swanſea, and the country round it. From this place you have a fine proſpect of the town, the ſea, the oppoſite ſhores of Devon and Cornwall, and alſo a proſpect of the Mumbles, two ſmall iſlands, lying on the right, which furniſh a ſecure haven for the ſhipping.

While we were at Swanſea, a melancholy accident happened in one of the principal families, which gave us an opportunity of being preſent at a Welſh funeral.

A young man, on his return from London, after a long abſence from his friends, died upon the road. He was very fond of driving, and had perſuaded the coachman of the mail to entruſt him with the reins.

A flock

A flock of ſheep met them, in paſſing which, either by accident, or want of ſkill in the driver, or from the horſes taking fright, the coach was overſet, and the unfortunate youth killed upon the ſpot. I was looking from the window of our inn on a Sunday evening, when ſuddenly I perceived an uncommon throng of people gathering in the ſtreet. I enquired the reaſon of this aſſemblage, and they informed me of the circumſtance I have juſt related, and that a hearſe, with the body of the young man, was now moving towards the church. My companion was eager to ſee the funeral, and we both ran to attend the ceremony. The crowd was amazing. From the gate of the churchyard to the church door, we had as much difficulty in forcing our way, as we ever found in gaining admittance to the theatre on a benefit night. Women ſcreaming, children crying, men ſwearing, dogs howling, cats ſqualling, formed a ſcene, of all others, the moſt unlike a funeral. The doors were at laſt opened; in we ruſhed,

and

and happy was he who could maintain his legs. The church became inſtantly filled, but what became of the body, or the clergyman, I never could diſcover.

Thus ended this motley ſpecimen of Cambrian interment. I have heard many ſtrange things of the Welſh, and expect to hear many more, "Their name," they ſay, "liveth for evermore," but of all their eccentricities, I defy any one to ſay of them, that "their bodies are buried in "peace."

From Swanſea we proceeded to

LLANELTHY,

through a wild country, where the little white cottages, ſcattered up and down, ſometimes at the foot of a ſteep hill, at others, ſmiling in a fertile valley, and as often hanging from the ſide of a rough mountain, formed a pleaſing picture of innocent and rural life

Llanidlos, and the beautiful vale of Towy, with its ruins, and Grongar Hill, immortalized by Dyer, all called us off, by a different route, after leaving Swanſea, but the inceſſant rains compelled us to proceed as we could; and indeed we deemed ourſelves fortunate in being able to gain ground at all, during a ſeaſon ſo unfavourable.

After we had paſſed Llanelthy, the ſky brightened for a ſhort time, and from Straddy Hill, we had one of thoſe perſpective landſcapes which ſtretch forth with ſo much redundancy in the rich paintings of Claude Lorrain. The road is cut in the ſide of a mountain, and down a bold deſcent you overlook a long tufted valley, which opens towards the river Penilaw. The village of Llanelthy forms one of the principal objects in the proſpect. The country all around this place is inexpreſſibly beautiful. A ridge of hills, at a diſtance over the water, bound the whole, at the bottom of which appear the copper works, ſending up a volume of ſmoke, which curling

curling in ſpiral wreaths above the ſummits of the mountains, add no inconſiderable object to the reſt of the ſcenery.

We paſſed an old caſtle at

KIDWELLY,

apparently in good preſervation, but the weather would not permit us to ſee it. This lowering atmoſphere continued to frown upon us, until we came within a few miles of Carmarthen; the clouds then began to break, the thick miſt which had ſo long enveloped us, diſperſed; the ſetting ſun again put forth his luſtre, and ſhooting his gaudy rays athwart a delightful landſcape, tinged all its outlines with crimſon. At this particular ſeaſon of the year, the proſpect of a rich country at ſunſet, does ſo exhilarate the features of nature, that ſhe ſeems conſcious of her rich attire, and her ſmiles beam rapture. This effect is heightened after a ſtorm, when the winds are huſhed, and the ſun breaks unexpectedly

through the gloom, with an effulgence that enlivens the whole face of the creation.

" If chance the radient ſun with farewell ſweet
" Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
" The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
" Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley ring."

MILTON.

We had not yet ſeen any part of the country more fertilized by cultivation, nor more abundant in woods and paſture than this part of South Wales.—And much as we wiſhed before, when aſſailed by inceſſant rains, to reach the end of our day's journey, we could not but feel a momentary regret, in exchanging the ſerene beauties of rural ſcenery, for thoſe unalluring receptacles of intemperance, the alehouſes of

CAERMARTHEN.

Perhaps I may be thought too cenſorious by my Welſh readers, in taking this liberty with their houſes of accommodation. But I conſider myſelf as writing to Engliſhmen, and

and would not incur their diſpleaſure by ſo groſs a miſrepreſentation as the dignifying any place of this ſort, which is to be found among the mountains of Cambria, with the title of *an inn*.

Caermarthen is famous for the birth of the prophet Merlin, who flouriſhed about the year four hundred and fifty. Conſidered as a Welſh town, it may be called handſome; it is ſituated pleaſantly on the river Towy, and is eſteemed the politeſt place in all South Wales. This, however, I cannot vouch for myſelf—the writers of other times, who have gone before me in this itinerary, all agree in celebrating the urbanity of the people at Carmarthen. At firſt I was puzzled to account for this ſingular unanimity of ſentiment, which a ſlight ſcrutiny has ſince unravelled. Giraldus Cambrenſis, who in company with Baldwin, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, penetrated the ſavage receſſes of the Welſh, ſo early as the year one thouſand one hundred and eighty-eight, for the purpoſe of preaching

ing the cruſade, firſt celebrated the refinement of Carmarthen. Finding, perhaps, that the precepts of his creed, and his legendary tales, were imbibed with greater facility, and more genuine ſuperſtition, by the people of that place, than by the reſt of the principality, he diſtinguiſhed them from their fellow barbarians, in an eulogium upon their manners. Camden caught the ſentiments of Giraldus, and a ſwarm of compilers, with De Foe and Richardſon at their head, followed implicitly *et verbatim* the principles of Camden. Writers of more modern date delighted to tread in the footſteps of their forefathers, and eſpecially, when by adopting the judgment of others, they were ſaved from the difficulty of forming any opinion of their own.

Caermarthen is no more than a common market town, one of ſome eminence in this country, but the reader muſt not be ſurpriſed, if, after all he has heard and read of *the politeſt place in all South Wales*, he ſhould viſit it, and be gratified with a *picturesque*

picturesque display of one entire street, formed by *mansions of mud*.

The walls of the old castle are still visible; it is of the Norman times. Castellate ruins are so abundant throughout Wales, that, as if they were the necessary appendages to every village and every town, one feels a disappointment whenever they happen to be missing.

Dogs are universally used, in this part of the world, as turnspits. We saw several at work. They swarm in the streets, and being the favourites of the kitchen, assume the complexion and appearance of their patrons, that of being most independently fat and dirty.

The sewin is found in great plenty at Caermarthen, some of which weigh thirty pounds.

The dress of the Welsh women is universally the same. They appear in large black hats

hats with broad brims, and the generality of the common people deſpiſe the uſe of ſhoes or ſtockings. They conſider theſe appendages as a uſeleſs piece of extravagance, and I often met Welſh girls upon the road, who were dreſſed for a viſit to their friends, in a clean white petticoat tucked above the knee, trudging along the hard road, barefooted, with their ſhoes and ſtockings under their arms.

The men are diſtinguiſhed alſo by their broad hats and bare feet; as for the difference of ſex, it would hardly be perceived in Wales if it was not for the criterion of the breeches, for labour ſeems equally divided between men and women, and it is as common to meet a female driving the plough, as it is to ſee Taffy ſeated at the milk pail.

Their ignorance is amazing. I never found a Welſhman who could give me information with regard to his country if my enquiries extended above ten miles from the

ſpot. However of their manners, their cuſtoms, and their character, I ſhall ſpeak hereafter, when I have ſeen more of their country and themſelves.

The ſubſtitute for coal, called culm, which is uſed in Caermarthen, as well as in other parts of Wales, ſtrongly marks that propenſity to *ſave* which is a leading feature in the characteriſtic of the people.

I was ſurpriſed to ſee a pail brought into the room, filled with balls of mud; as they at firſt appeared to us. Theſe they place regularly along the upper bar of the grate and as ſoon as they are heated they burn with great freedom. They give a great heat, but it is of too ſulphureous a nature to be borne long. I found the ill effects of theſe ſorts of fumes for ſome time after my ſubterranean excurſions in Cornwall, and not chuſing to ſubject myſelf to other experiments of the ſame nature, left the room before the point of ſuffocation had power to take place. The Welſhmen ſmile at this

affectation, as they ſtyle it, and, inured by habit, breathe the moſt noxious fumes with as much eaſe as the pureſt air. Foreigners often complain of the ſmell from an Engliſh coal fire, what would they think of a Welſhman's lungs, if they were ſeated a few minutes in a room where culm is uſed?

This compoſition is made from the duſt of ſtone coal, mixed with nearly an equal quantity of loam or clay; it is then formed with water into a conſiſtence of the ſame ſtiffneſs as ſtrong mortar; after this it is rolled into oval balls, and laid in the air to dry.

In a country, abounding with coal pits, where there is no ſcarcity of any ſort of fuel, one would not expect to meet with this œconomical preparation. The price of genuine coal, at Caermarthen, does not exceed threepence a buſhel; but the compoſt does not fetch half that price, and nobody underſtands better than a Welſhman the

tenor of the old adage, "*A penny ſaved is a penny got.*"

Upon the road from Caermarthen, by a long and gradual aſcent, we at laſt reached the ſummit of Brandy-hill, and from this ſpot had the moſt extenſive proſpect I ever ſaw. From one point of view we were able to command ſix counties, and proceeding a little forward, beheld almoſt as extenſive a ſcope on the other ſide. The country ſeemed fertile all about this place, although it did not afford that beauty which diſtinguiſhes the rich environs of Caermarthen. The exceſſive hazineſs of the weather prevented our ſeeing clearly the bird's-eye view that was ſpread before us; but we had reaſon to conſider ourſelves fortunate in being able to diſcern any diſtant objects, for I believe a day perfectly ſerene and clear affords a ſpectacle very unuſual in Wales. At

TAVERNSPITE,

a ſingle houſe, we changed horſes, and having

ing procured ſome dinner, proceeded immediately to

NARBARTH.*

An old caſtle, riſing from an eminence on the right hand, as you enter this place, affords a fine object for the pencil. We could learn no particular account of it, nor find any one who made it their buſineſs to ſhew it; but while my companion was arranging matters with the poſtillion, and ordering freſh horſes, I took our valet Jeremy with me and we ran to examine the ruins of its walls.

A per-

* It may be here neceſſary to inform the reader, that, if he chuſes, he may purſue a different route; and without viſiting Caermarthen, proceed from Kidwelly, over Caermarthen bar, and, by the caſtles of Llanſtephan and Laugharne to Tenby. Or, if he wiſhes to take Caermarthen in his route, as being the capital of the county, he may afterwards proceed to Tenby, and take thoſe caſtles, which are well worth ſeeing, in his way. But one thing ſhould be premiſed, namely, that he muſt not expect ſo good a road as if he followed my route from Caermarthen to Narbarth and Tenby.

A perſon more ſkilled in the legends of antiquity than myſelf might have found enough of this decayed fortreſs remaining, to have traced out its original features. I found much to admire, but little to comprehend; and conſidering it only as a piece of romantic ſcenery, was contemplating a turret that ſeparated from the reſt, ſeemed to contain at leaſt a dozen chimnies, all connected into one ſtack. All at once, Jeremy vaniſhed. I looked about for him for ſome time, and was pleaſed to find that even he could find ſource for amuſement among theſe tottering monuments of his progenitors. At length, to my unſpeakable ſurpriſe, I diſcovered my ſuppoſed virtuoſo giving eaſe to nature, in a ſnug corner among the ruins, and, with the moſt ſupercilious contempt for thoſe venerable veſtiges of antiquity, dedicating the ivy-mantled walls of Narbarth to the goddeſs Cloacina.

The

The road leading from Narbarth to

TENBY

is not diſtinguiſhed by any thing worth taking notice of, except that it leads to one of the moſt beautiful, moſt romantic, little ſpots perhaps in all Europe.

Tenby ſeems one continued heap of caſtellate ruins. You can hardly turn your eyes, but you behold ſome old wall, ſtair-caſe, or tower, belonging to a former fortification.

When the ſea overflowed the land of the Flemings, in the reign of Henry the firſt, they were permitted to come and people this part of the country. The fortifications of Tenby were built at that time for their uſe; and in caſe they were moleſted by the Welſh, they had an opportunity of ſending for aſſiſtance to Briſtol. This was the origin of theſe mouldering fabrics. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth they were repaired for

other

other purpoſes, as appears by the initials of her name, the date, and the year in which they were completed, engraved upon one of the ſtone walls.

It was alſo again repaired and more ſtrongly fortified for the cavaliers in the reign of Charles the firſt; and they ſtill ſhew the field in which Oliver Cromwell planted his batteries, when he demoliſhed it.

In the church, they ſhew a ſpecimen of the ravages committed by Cromwell's ſoldiers among their places of public worſhip. One of theſe ruffians, either by way of frolic, or miſtaking, from intoxication, a ſtone figure of a man kneeling, for a devotee in reality, fired his muſquet and ſhot the figure in the neck. The mark of the bullet is very viſible, both in the figure and upon the wall.

A gentleman, with his wife and two children, had hired a boat one morning for the purpoſe of putting the lady on board a ſloop, that

that lay off in the bay, bound for Minehead. I was deſirous of making a little excurſion upon the water, and hearing me expreſs myſelf ſo to my companion, they very politely invited me to join their party. The wind blew rather freſh, there was a great ſwell in ſea, and the waves ran higher than I had been accuſtomed to ſee them in the ſmall liſt of my marine adventures. I believe my countenance exhibited evident marks of uneaſineſs, for, as if determined to convince me what a land-lubber I was, whenever the boat mounted, or a wave larger than common aſſailed her, the little girls cried, "*Huzza! Here we go, mamma! Here we go, up! up! up! I wiſh it blew harder! Here we go again!*" In tacking about we ſhipped a ſufficient quantity of water to wet us to the ſkin. This was a new ſource of mirth; a loud laugh burſt from them all, each endeavouring to puſh his neighbour to windward, in hopes of getting him a ducking. I, being more awkward than the reſt, got completely ſouſed, and felt that I cut a very ridiculous figure among theſe volatile ar-

argonauts. The whole was new to me, and infinitely beyond what I either deſired or deſerved; but, ſince I had found women ſo perfectly undiſmayed by the terrors of the ſea, I endeavoured, by an awkward uſurpation of indifference, to convince them that I was ſo too. The lady, of all the women I had ever ſeen, was the moſt courageous. Her partiality to the water aroſe almoſt to madneſs. Finding how agreeable it was to be toſſed about at the mercy of the waves, and every now and then, immerſed by the fury of the ſpray, ſhe made propoſals to the ſailors, and offered to give them their own price if they would conduct her to Mine-head, ſixty Miles acroſs the Briſtol channel, in the open boat. Her huſband thought fit to remonſtrate againſt this ſcheme, and told her the riſk ſhe would encounter. She ſmiled at his apprehenſions, and hearing her daughter Mary, ſobbing behind her at the thoughts of her mother's danger, ſhe ſung the well-known ſtanza from "Poor Jack," which I thought was never more happily applied.

Why,

Why, I ſaid to our Pol, for d'ye ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weighed anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye;
Why, what a ſad fool you muſt be.
Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old Davy I ſhould go, my friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? all's a hazard! come don't be too ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For that ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft,
Will keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

When ſhe had pacified her little girl, and ſubdued the fears of her huſband, ſhe renewed her offers to the watermen, which they, after a ſhort heſitation, declined. Thus the intrepidity of a female was found to overbalance, if not the prudence, at leaſt the courage, of veterans. I own I was much aſtoniſhed; but it only ſerved to confirm me in an opinion I had before formed, and which I intruded upon the reader's attention, after my return from Mount Edgecombe; namely, that a ſociety of thoſe damſels, ſuch

ſuch as pilotted his majeſty's barge during a naval review at Weymouth, and ſuch as we often meet with, adapted for marine exploits and intereſted in the welfare of Britiſh tars, would upon emergencies lend aid and ornaments to our navy.

When we reached the ſloop, the captain informed us that the wind was ſo unfavourable he could not put out to ſea; therefore, after buffeting for two hours more with the wind and the waves, and with a child on each ſide of me ſtraining their lungs in all the death of ſea-ſickneſs, we once more gained *terra-firma*. I could never have uttered a more ſincere thankſgiving than eſcaped me upon quitting the boat. I took to my heels, fearful of being again caught *a-pleaſuring*, as the reſt of the crew ſtyled this ſtate of penance, and, eager to aſcertain the wide difference between relating an adventure, and being a party concerned in it.

Tenbigh is ſituated on a promontory which ſtretches forth into the Briſtol chan-

nel. At high water the ſea ingulphs it in ſuch a manner, as to incloſe almoſt a third part of it with the tide. It affords a very good harbour for the ſhipping. During the ſummer many genteel families reſide here; it is an excellent bathing place, and the country around it is beautiful. The lodging houſes are not built or fitted up in ſo elegant a ſtyle as thoſe at Brighton, but they have the ſame aſpect, towards the ſea, and are ſituated upon a cliff of much greater grandeur.

The views between Tenbigh and PEMBROKE, are beyond any thing that can be expreſſed. The diſtance is only ten miles, and all the way the delightful proſpect of the ſea on one ſide and a magnificent country on the other is without doubt far beyond any other land-ſcape in South Wales.

There

There is one point of view which I am particularly inclined to dwell upon, and which my pen is unable to delineate, although it may be more ſucceſsful in pointing out the ſpot for others to remark upon. It is that, where you command at one view the caſtles of Carew and Llantphey, with a diſtant proſpect of Pembroke, upon the ſhores of Milford haven. The village of St. Florence, with its white church and cottages, are among the nearer objects, and the mountains riſing in perſpective behind, as a remote limit to the whole, make this in my own opinion, a *perfect* landſcape. It combines every object that is neceſſary towards the formation of a fine proſpect, yet ſo much is the pencil wanting upon theſe occaſions, that it is impoſſible to do juſtice to ſuch ſcenery by verbal delineation.

The grand approach to Pembroke is from the water, and it is then only that its venerable caſtle is ſeen to advantage. The town is ſituated upon the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually aſcending to the

higheſt point, on the ſummit of which, at the edge of a bold abrupt precipice, ſtand the mouldering turrets of the caſtle; whoſe old walls are completely covered with ivy. It is founded upon the ſolid rock, trees grow nevertheleſs upon the walls, hang from the lofty battlements,

—— and whiſtle hollow as they wave.

AKENSIDE.

It is a Norman ſtructure, mixed with the early Gothic. The principal tower, which riſes to a great height, has even at this day its ſtone vaulted roof remaining. This fortreſs was built by Girald, conſtable of Windſor, the anceſtor of Cambrenſis.

The natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately under the chapel, and opens with a wide mouth towards the river. A communication from the cavern to the caſtle was made by a ſtaircaſe on the outſide of the rock, which led directly into the chapel. The

The ſtaircaſe ſtill remains, and alſo the walls of the chapel.

We were leaving Pembroke, when Jeremy came running breathleſs with ſpeed, to inform us, that the people had ſhewn him a great curioſity. We aſked him of what nature it was, but could learn nothing except that it was, "ſome miſchief done by Alderman Crumble; and that he wiſhed to know who this alderman was, as he verily believed the ſame perſon turned Canterbury Cathedral into a ſtable." He then lead us to the church, and pointed to a breach which had been made in the tower of it, by a cannon ball. The myſtery was now open—Alderman Crumble proved to be no leſs a perſonage than Oliver Cromwell, who had formerly placed his batteries againſt the church, which has not been repaired ſince, and ſtill wears the marks of his cannonading.

We hired a boat at Pembroke, to conduct us over Milford haven to the little harbour of Hubburſton.

This

This wonderful piece of water, that deſervedly attracts the notice of the whole world, appears like a vaſt lake, ſurrounded on all ſides with ſteep hills covered with verdure. It is one of the fineſt bays in Europe; affording ſuch plenty of water and ſuch excellent anchorage, that the whole navy of Great Britain might at once be contained within it, and moreover ride ſecure from every wind that blows.

Theſe conſiderations have long induced men to ſuppoſe, that a public dock would be eſtabliſhed here. In the year 1759, parliament took this under conſideration, and accordingly an act was paſſed for erecting fortifications at Peterchurch, Weſt Lanyon, and Neyland; not with a view to prevent the enemy's ſhips from advancing into the haven, for the mouth of it is much too large to be protected from either ſhore, but to ſecure the inward harbours, and to provide againſt diſtreſſes ſimilar to thoſe which befel the French ſhipping at St. Maloes and Cherbourg in the laſt war.

Lieu-

Lieutenant Colonel Baſtide, director of engineers, was appointed to ſurvey the works, and ten thouſand pounds was granted towards carrying them on. This plan was however never compleated, although a great deal was done, as the walls of the embryo fortification which ſtill remain can teſtify.

A plan is now in agitation, if it is not already begun, of having a town built upon one of the adjoining hills, with the ſtone which was brought for the fortifications, and it is to be called New-Milford.

We ſailed about for ſome time upon this magnificent lake, for I can give it no name more adapted to its appearance, and having almoſt encompaſſed the whole of it, landed at

HUBBERSTON.

This is one among the numerous harbours which are found on every ſhore of Milford

haven. It is in a flouriſhing ſtate, exporting corn, coals, and limeſtone. I ſpeak comparatively, when I ſay it flouriſhes; I would not lead future travellers to expect either accommodation or amuſement at this place, beyond what an alehouſe can afford for the one, or a combination of fiſhermen's huts ſupply for the other. Formerly it was a more miſerable hole than it is now; but ſince the eſtabliſhment of the Waterford packets, it has gradually improved. Two of theſe convey paſſengers from this port to Waterford in Ireland, which has proved of material advantage to the place. One of the packets had been ſo fortunate as to make twenty-nine trips in three months.

The diſtance from Hubburſton to Waterford is twenty-three leagues; but what makes this ſtation more convenient than moſt others, is, that the packets can ſail at any time of the tide, and with almoſt any wind, ſtorms alone preventing them.

Through

Through a country of no particular beauty, and chiefly remarkable for its flat campaign features, we came from Hubburſton to

HAVERFORD WEST,

a ſtrong well-built town commodiouſly ſituated by the ſide of a hill, on a creek of Milford haven, over which it has a ſtone bridge of ſome grandeur. The ruins of the caſtle are very large, and preſent a fine object to the approach from Narbarth.

It was evening when we arrived here, and as we did not intend to leave the place before the next morning, I ordered our ſupper, and went out with my companion to ſurvey the town.

We had proceeded but a few paces from the door, when I diſcerned on the oppoſite ſide of the way ſomething like a place of confinement; but ſo barricadoed, and ſo miſerable in its aſpect, that I conceived it to

be a receptacle for wild beaſts. Upon further inſpection, I diſcovered through a ſmall window, double grated, a man in a melancholy attitude, with a book in his hand. He was cloathed in the tattered remnants of a naval uniform, and as we obſtructed the light which glimmered through the grate upon the pages of his book, he ſtarted, and ſaw us. We were going to withdraw, when finding how much we were ſtruck with his appearance, he addreſſed us. "Gentlemen, (ſaid he) you ſee here an unfortunate officer of the navy, who, for a trifling debt, has ſuffered five months impriſonment in this abominable dungeon; without any ſupport but from the benevolence of ſtrangers and the uncertain charity of a few among the inhabitants, denied even water to gratify his thirſt, unleſs he can raiſe a halfpenny to pay for it, and condemned to linger here without a proſpect of releaſe."

We aſked him by what means he had incurred the debt, and how he became unable to diſcharge it.

He

He ſaid he was a Lieutenant in the navy, and formerly belonged to a King's ſhip, called the Trimmer. That he had been ſtationed with the reſt of his crew at Haverford. It happened one day that he was out upon a viſit, when his comrades hearing of ſome ſmugglers went in purſuit of them, and left him on ſhore. During their abſence, he had lived, he ſaid, as other gentlemen do in the neighbourhood. He had viſited them, hunted with them, and partook of the amuſements of the place. When he wiſhed to leave Haverford, he had written to his agent at Liverpool for caſh. The people of the houſe where he lodged knew this, and when the anſwer returned, with a ſpirit of parſimony hardly to be conceived, and in violation of every honeſt and honourable principle, intercepted and broke it open. It was then diſcovered that his agent had failed, and could remit him only five guineas, which were incloſed in the letter. This ſum the harpies inſtantly ſeized, and threw their unfortunate victim into the dungeon where we

we found him, and where he had languiſhed ever ſince.

I felt my blood chill will horror at his narrative, and interrupting him, In God's name, ſir, ſaid I, have you no friends, is there not one to whom I can write in your behalf?

My name, ſaid he, is G—th. I was one of thoſe who accompanied Captain Cook in his circumnavigations. I lived but by my profeſſion, and have done ſo from my infancy; I have no relations, and hardly a ſingle friend. There may be thoſe who would haſten to extricate me, if they knew of my ſituation, but I wiſh to keep them ignorant of it, nor can I bear to apply to them.

Finding all our intreaties were ineffectual, in endeavouring to ſerve him by writing to thoſe who knew him, we begged he would accept of our aſſiſtance in a different way, and leaving a ſmall donation with him,

we went to make other enquiries among the inhabitants. They all knew him to be a gentleman of good character, and great ability in his profeſſion; every information we received tended to invalidate his own aſſertions; but this only increaſed our aſtoniſhment, to find that in ſo large a town as Haverford-Weſt, there could not be found liberality enough among the people, to ſave a gentleman from priſon for a paltry tavern-bill.

Once we heard he had made his eſcape. A deſerter was thrown into the ſame dungeon with him, and this fellow effected the means of his deliverance. They had not quitted their priſon above a quarter of an hour, before their flight was diſcovered, and the gaoler rang the fire-bell to alarm the town. Mr. G—th and the deſerter were then in one of the fields near the town. As ſoon as they heard they fire-bell Mr. G—th fainted. Overcome with weakneſs, from confinement, and the apprehenſion of being retaken, he fell at the feet of his companion.

nion. Upon this, the deſerter dragged him into a ditch, and covering themſelves with ſome new hay that was in the field, they remained concealed until the morning, when they both endeavoured to eſcape. The deſerter, being the ſtrongeſt, ſoon got out of the reach of his purſuers; but Mr. G—th, unacquainted with the country, and unable, from exceſſive weakneſs, to proceed, was re-taken by the Sheriff's officers about twenty miles from the town. As ſoon as he perceived them, he made a deſperate attempt upon his own life, and before they could ſeize him, ſtabbed himſelf in the ſide. The wound proved not mortal, and he recovered to undergo, what he dreaded much more, the horrors of his priſon.

We returned to him again, and apologizing for the meanneſs of our former offer, begged we might improve it. He ſeemed overcome with the thoughts of having found a human being who could feel for his ſituation. Upon further converſation,

I found

I found he was well acquainted with a fellow collegian of mine, and with his whole family. He ſaid he was certain of having the command of a veſſel if he could be releaſed; that he had frequently offered to compromiſe with the woman who impriſoned him, and would give her cent. per cent. for her money until it was paid, if ſhe would enable him to return to his profeſſion. The inexorable d—l, for I cannot now think of a worſe name for her, had refuſed all his requeſts, and would not pay the leaſt attention to any application that was made for his releaſe. The original debt did not exceed twenty pounds, but his proſecutreſs, by her villainous machinations, by raſcally attornies, and the expences of his impriſonment, had nearly doubled it. It was not until eleven at night that I gave over my enquiries with reſpect to Mr. G—th; and among the variety of queſtions we put to different people, no one gave him an ill word, but all were unanimous in encomiums upon him. Thus, in a hoſtile country, ſurrounded with perſecutors, impriſoned,

and in debt, he ſeemed without an enemy. Some deſpaired of his releaſe, others were in hopes he would receive his liberty at the aſſizes, as a ſociety of gentlemen had promiſed to ſubſcribe for that purpoſe.

YE GENTLEMEN OF HAVERFORD! could ye not find one ſpark of pity or generoſity reſident among ye? a ſtranger came and fell into misfortunes, and was there not one Samaritan, who would viſit the priſon of the wretched, and ſoften the iron fetters of his bondage? Yes, one there was, and more than one, and happy muſt they feel who have hitherto ſupported him in his captivity. But YE ALDERMEN OF HAVERFORD! for it is to you I dedicate theſe effuſions of my ſoul—and if ever your eyes glance upon theſe pages of my work, may the traces of my pen ſink deep into your hearts, and penetrating the iron folds around them, force out a ſentiment of contrition and remorſe. What, could ye not ſpare the exuberance of one feaſt from your gorgeous appetites,

appetites, to ſuccour a bulwark of your country—a ſon of Neptune? Could you not ſpare the price of one dinner, to relieve a fellow-creature in diſtreſs? oh ſhame! ſhame! ſhame upon you, YE ALDERMEN OF HAVERFORD!!!

Peace to the aſhes of the benevolent HOWARD! what a ſcope for his philanthropy would have been offered, had he viſited the dungeon at Haverford. He is gone to receive the reward of his virtues, but his name ſhall be immortal.

The ſpirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er theſe earthly ſcenes their partial eye;
When firſt, array'd in virtue's pureſt robe,
They ſaw her Howard traverſing the globe;
Saw round his brows her ſun like glory blaze
In arrowing circles of unwearied rays;
Miſtook a mortal for an angel gueſt,
And aſk'd what ſeraph foot the earth impreſt.
Loves of the plants. Canto. II. p. 86.

I never felt more diſpoſed to quit any place than Haverford. The thoughts of

Mr. G—th's ſufferings, added to the filthineſs of our inn, and the unwelcome deportment of every yawning countenance we met upon our return to it, ſo prejudiced us againſt the whole town that we ordered horſes to be in readineſs before ſun-riſe the next morning.

Creeping into my miſerable ſtye, for I could not be guilty of ſo groſs a compliment as to call it a bed-room, I endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to ſleep. The ſheets ſtuck to my back with dampneſs, and not having been changed ſince the laſt aſſizes, contained ſuch a quantity of ſand, which the feet of my predeceſſors had imported from the floor, that I was determined to ſit up the whole night. The thoughts of Mr. G—th, in his horrid dungeon, but a few yards from me, ſeemed to reproach me for my diſcontent, and feeling thankful that I was out of their clutches, I fell aſleep.

When we came to our chaiſe in the morning, we found four horſes affixed to it, whereas

whereas we had ordered but two, and an impudent ſcoundrel at the door inſiſting upon our uſing them. We had no alternative, we muſt either obey his orders, or remain at Haverford, and God knows with what alacrity I choſe the leſſer evil, to avoid the greater. * Any inconvenience was better than ſtaying *with Pharaoh and all his hoſt*, ſo away we drove, execrating the whole tribe, and fearful leſt the well-known words, with which Dr. Johnſon addreſſed a crow in the Highlands, ſhould be made applicable to us — *What, have wings, and ſtay here?*

For thirty miles, until we reached

CARDIGAN,

we were peſtered by inceſſant rain. Our poſtillions

* Mr. Wyndham alſo complains of the chicanery and impoſition that was practiſed upon him at Haverford-Weſt. (ſee page 82 of his Tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales) Indeed it is ſo inhoſpitable a place, and contains ſo little worth a traveller's notice, that I would adviſe others to throw it entirely out of their route; or, if they cannot avoid paſſing through it, to make as ſhort a ſtay there as poſſible.

poſtillions aſſured us, that great part of the country was beautiful, but it was ſo completely enveloped in impenetrable darkneſs, that we could hardly diſcern an object.

At Cardigan we found much the ſame deciſive language from our landlord, as we met with at Haverford, although the inn here is a palace to the other. Without waiting to know what it was our pleaſure to do, as ſoon as we alighted, "Gentlemen!" ſaid he, "you cannot go any further this evening—you *muſt* ſtay here all night, and you *muſt* proceed with four horſes in the morning, and you *muſt* go forty miles the next ſtage, and you *muſt*," &c. "Say you ſo, my good friend," ſaid I interrupting him, for I was determined not to bear this inſolence—"but I am to convince you that we will do none of theſe things." I then ran to the Quay, and finding a veſſel bound for Aberyſtwyth, deſired they would take us. They conſented, but afterwards hearing a word from the landlord of the inn, made an excuſe and refuſed.

refuſed. Upon this I went to the village of St. Ogmil, about two miles from Abberyſtwith, and there hired a veſſel on purpoſe for us. They were to be in readineſs as ſoon as the tide ſerved next morning, and promiſed to call for us at that time. Thus one part of our landlord's deciſion became complete; we were compelled to ſtay all night with him, and he took care that the whole ſhould be ſo, for when the men came to call us in the morning, he either bribed or terrified them from their duty, and we heard no more of them.

Having thus afforded ſome idea of the treatment Engliſhmen will meet with in Wales, unleſs they proceed with circumſpection, it is neceſſary I ſhould ſay ſomething of Cardigan, and its environs.

Of the country between Haverford Weſt and this town, I can only ſpeak from the opinion of others. The inceſſant rains which continued to buffet us the whole way,

way, prevented me from forming any opinion of my own.

The town of Cardigan is neat and well built. The approach to it from the ſouth, is by a ſtone bridge thrown over the river Teivy.

Robert Fitz Stephen, the firſt Briton that ever attempted to reduce Ireland to ſubjection, once poſſeſſed this place. As for the caſtle, it was originally fortified by Roger Montgomery, who with William Fitzoſborne, led the Norman van at the battle of Haſtings. Part of the ancient walls are ſtill remaining, but the inward materials have long ſince been removed.

In the evening after our arrival, the horizon once more brightened, which tempted us, at ſo late an hour as ſeven, to make an excurſion up the Teivy. This river is famous for the largeſt and fineſt ſalmon in Great-Britain. They ſell at a low rate, owing to the diſtance of Cardigan from the metropolis,

metropolis, or any other place of public reſort. The common price is two-pence or three-pence per pound, but we were informed, that ſalmon not unfrequently ſells for ſo ſmall a price as one penny per pound.

We had not proceeded far upon this delightful piece of water, before our attention was wholly engroſſed by the ſurrounding ſcenery. The ſun was ſinking behind the hills, the lofty banks of the Teivy, which for two hundred feet, from the water's brink to their ſummit, were compleatly covered with wood, began to caſt a gloom upon the objects around us. For ſome time we were entirely engroſſed in the contemplation of this ſylvan ſcene, when all at once it was ſuddenly intercepted by a lofty, naked, and projecting rock, on which ſtand the romantic ruins of the caſtle of Cilgarron. The effect is bold, abrupt, and beautiful. All that the imagination has ſuggeſted of Sir Bertrand, and the terrors of enchantment, ſeemed here verified.

While we were gazing at the ſhattered walls of this gloomy fortreſs, a number of figures, apparently in punch bowls, with each a wand in his hand, came ſuddenly floating round the foundation, and paſſing us like lightning, were hurried down the ſtream until we ſaw them no more. I was all aſtoniſhment. My companion burſt into a fit of laughter. Jeremy, with his mouth wide open and his neck ſtretched out, gazed at them till they vaniſhed, and then exclaimed, "Bleſs my old ſhoes! what be they? witches in a whirlwind?" A ſecond troop appeared, but not being able to paſs us ſo abruptly, I had leiſure to examine them more minutely. The whole phænomenon was now developed; they proved to be nothing more that a party of fiſhermen, who were earneſtly engaged in purſuing their uſual method of taking ſalmon. This is done in veſſels, called coracles,* which are conſtructed after the following manner.

* The *vitilia navigia* of *Pliny*, and in more modern times called coracles, from their being covered with *coria*, or hides.

They

They make a ſmall frame of wicker work, in ſhape much reſembling the bowl of a ſpoon. This is covered with materials, compoſed of old blanket and canvas, and being properly ſecured with a thick varniſh of pitch, is entruſted to the waters. A twiſted withy is fixed to each ſide of the centre of the ſeat, which ſerves as a handle to the fiſherman, when he carries his boat from place to place, and as a circle to confine him to the preciſe ſpot, where an exact equilibrium can only prevent him from being overſet. The dexterity of the natives who fiſh in theſe veſſels, is amazing, though it frequently happens to the moſt expert, that a large fiſh will pull both the man and the boat under water.*

* Mr. Wyndham, among his numerous quotations from Giraldus, has inſerted two, in a note, upon this ſubject; which, as they ſhew the antiquity of the coracles, and the celebrity of the Teivy, in thoſe days, for its abundance of ſalmon, I hope I may be excuſed for introducing.

Cum autem naviculam ſalmo injectus cauda fortiter percuſſerit, non abſque periculo plerumque victuram pariter

Embarking in theſe frail veſſels, with their net in one hand, and a paddle in the other, they float along the tide, and take the fineſt ſalmon in the world. This trade is not confined to the men, the women bear a ſhare in the labour, and are full as expert in the management of a coracle as the *lords of the creation.**

When they have floated as far down the river as they chuſe, they put to ſhore, and taking

riter et vectorem evertit. Naviculas iſtas Piſcatores patriæ ritu eundo et redeundo portant humeris. Giraldus Camb. p. 273.

Fluvius Teivi, præ cunctis Cambriæ fluviis ſalmone præpingui fœcundiſſimus, p. 178.

* Mrs. Macaulay, celebrated for her hiſtory of the Stuarts, was converſing one evening upon ſubjects of literature, and having worſted an old pedant, during a long diſcuſſion, was ſeverely reprimanded by him, for interfering with topics foreign to her ſex. "Purſue, madam! ſaid he, the humble duties of domeſtic life, and leave the intricacies of ſcience to be explored only by the *Lords of the creation.*" Juſt at this inſtant a ſervant entered, and announced the arrival of Mrs. Macaulay's chairmen, "Pray, ſaid ſhe, tell the two *Lords of the creation* to wait another half hour!"

taking their boats upon their backs, walk along the banks, as they are unable to proceed againſt the tide in coracles, and launching them at a convenient place, embark again, finiſhing as before. During the whole night, this is their employment, unleſs a ſufficient quantity of fiſh is taken before that time expires. Nothing can be more ſingular than the appearance of theſe coracles; a whole fleet of them embark together, and it is ſurpriſing to ſee the velocity with which they proceed.

One of them had caught a fine ſalmon, weighing about forty pounds, which they offered us for five ſhillings.

The tide having covered the old foot-path to the caſtle, I found the approach to it very difficult. A little boy, who was my guide, led me up the lofty banks among brambles and trees, and ſharp ſteep rocks, which though obſtacles to me, were no impediments to him, for without ſhoes, ſtockings, or hat, away he went, ſkipping and jumping

jumping from one point to the other, encouraging me, in Welſh, to follow and fear nothing, for he knew the way.

When we came to the caſtle, it was nearly dark, but I could diſcern enough to conceive what a proſpect day light would afford of the river, the hills, and the woods. Groping my way amongſt the ruins, I came to a ſhattered ſtaircaſe, which led to the top of a round tower, and communicated to the entrances of ſeveral old apartments, whoſe floors had given way by time and had fallen in huge fragments below. As I entered, my little guide loſt all his former courage, and with his hair on end retreated to the middle of the court, calling out in broken Engliſh, "*No, doant, doant, ſperrits! ſperrits! there is ſperrits about!*" I gained the ſummit after ſome difficulty, and at a diſtance ſaw my companions in the boat. While I was looking at them, and admiring the effect of the evening upon the fading ſcenery, I heard behind me, among ſome old weeds and buſhes that whiſtled hollow

hollow as they waved in the crevices of the wall, a coarſe convulſive hiſſing, ſomething reſembling that of a ſerpent, but louder, and more like the noiſe of a gooſe. I liſtened, and looked about me, but all was ſilent. "It muſt be wind," ſaid I, and was making the beſt of my way down the mouldering ſtaircaſe, when the ſame ſound was repeated in a tone that made my blood curdle in my veins. I ſtood ſtock ſtill; the noiſe increaſed, and all at once, from a dark hole among the battlements, out flew an overgrown white owl, hiſſing as it went, until I loſt it in the gloom of the night. I own I felt myſelf rather eaſier at the departure of my ſage neighbour, although I place no faith in that ſpecies of ſupernatural agency, which my juvenile conductor denominated *ſperrits*, and being in a ſpouting humour, repeated, as I deſcended to the court below, Beatties beautiful lines.

While the lone owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the ruſt'ling boughs,
And down the lone vale ſails away
To more profound repoſe.

Whether my guide thought I was invoking Hecate, or ſaying the Lord's prayer backwards, I could not diſcover, but during our return, he took care to keep me at a diſtance, and obſerving a moſt profound ſilence the whole way, never ventured to open his lips, until we rejoined our impatient companions.

It was now very dark, the landſcape had faded away, the rich proſpect on each ſide of the Teivy was hid in obſcurity, and we were happy to get back to our inn again, and betake ourſelves to reſt.

We left Cardigan the next morning, and dangerous as the paſſage is ſaid to be from that place to Aberyſtwyth, had to lament that we did not perform it by water. The country, during a tedious journey of forty miles, ſhewed us nothing but dreary moors, barren wilds, bad roads, and poor cottagers. The only houſe of accommodation is about twenty-two miles from Cardigan; we dined there, and reached

ABERYSTWYTH

ABERYSTWYTH,

juſt as it grew dark.

It is a pleaſant little town, ſituated on an eaſy elevation by the ſea ſide, in a ſpacious valley between two hills, and at the mouths of the rivers Yſtwyth and Ryddol. It affords a good ſhore for bathing, and is frequented by many families during the ſummer.

We ſpent our evening at the Talbot Inn, a very reſpectable houſe, and remarkable for the cleanlineſs of its accommodations, and the great civility of its maſter and miſtreſs.

Here we had, for the firſt time ſince we entered Wales, the pleaſure of hearing the muſic of the country, in its pure ſtate, from a poor blind female harper. She could ſpeak no Engliſh, nor play any Engliſh tunes, except *Captain Mackintoſh* and the *White Cockade*. There was ſo much na-

tive ſimplicity in her appearance, and the features of ſorrow were ſo viſible in her countenance, that no one could behold her unmoved. She was led in by the waiter, dreſſed after the ſtyle of her country women, in a coarſe woollen gown, and a hat of black beaver. She had ſeated herſelf in a corner of the room, and by an involuntary motion, I drew my chair cloſe to hers. A predilection for Welſh muſic, would alone have diſpoſed me to liſten to the harp; but our blind minſtrel, with her untaught harmony, called forth all our admiration, and attention became the tribute of pity. When ſhe touched the ſtrings, ſhe diſplayed all the execution and taſte of the moſt refined maſter. Her mode of fingering was graceful, light, and elegant; her cadences inexpreſſibly ſweet. We had never before heard ſuch tones from the harp; ſhe ran through all the mazes of Welſh harmony, and delighted us with the ſongs of the bards of old. She ſeemed to celebrate the days of her fore-fathers, and fancy led me to interpret the tenor of her melody. It ſung

the fall of Llewellyn, and broke forth in a rapid tumultuous movement, expreſſive of the battles he had fought, and the laurels he had won.

All at once ſhe changed the ſtrain; the movement became ſlow, ſoft, and melancholy—it was a dirge for the memory of the ſlaughtered bards, the departed poets of other times. An air was introduced after a momentary pauſe, which vibrated upon our very heart ſtrings. With trembling hands, and in a tone of peculiar melody, ſhe told us the ſad tale of her own diſtreſs. She ſung the bleſſings of light, and pourtrayed in cadences the ſorrows of the blind.

Without any ſupport but her harp, deprived of her ſight, friendleſs, and poor, ſhe had wandered from place to place, depending entirely upon the charity of ſtrangers. We were told that ſhe contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by her talents for muſic, nor did we wonder at it, for

who can refuſe pity to the ſufferings of humanity, when the voice of melody breaks forth in its behalf.

The next morning we hired a chaiſe to take us through the Vale of Ryddol, to the Devil's Bridge, near the great fall of the Monach, the greateſt curioſity in all Wales. The guide, who conducts ſtrangers to the ſpot, is a female, and lives in a mean little hut, built entirely of dirt and weeds. It is eaſily known from other cottages, by its diſtinction, in having a tree upon the top of it, which I believe is growing there to this day. It conſiſts of two apartments, in one of which I found a horſe and a cow, and the other the whole family of pigs, ducks, dogs, cats, men, women and children. The hole by which we entered, ſerved both as a window and a door, and a ſmall opening at the top, ſuffered the ſmoke to paſs out. In one corner of this miſerable hovel, ſat the jolly damſel who was to conduct us to the bridge. She accoſted us in broken Engliſh, begged we would be ſeated

ſeated upon the bed, which ſerved both as a table and a chair to the whole family, and promiſed to attend us as ſoon as ſhe had finiſhed peeling her turnips. I aſſiſted her in this operation, and we ſoon finiſhed them all, upon which ſhe dropped a thick woollen petticoat, put on her beaver, curtſeyed, and ſaid ſhe was ready to attend us.

Entering by a ſmall gate on the left-hand ſide of the road, we deſcended a ſteep craggy hill, diverſified with abundance of trees, whoſe thick foliage was ſcarcely to be penetrated by the beams of the ſun. Here, winding through a rich variety of thicket and underwood, apparently frequented but by the mountain goat, we followed our buxom damſel through brier and thorn, until we came to the bottom of the caſcade.

It is my earneſt wiſh to paint the beauties of this aſtoniſhing ſcene in a ſtyle ſomewhat adequate to its ſingular and wonderful appearance; but alas! the attempt, futile

futile and inefficacious, ſerves only to convince me of my extreme temerity. Conſcious therefore as I muſt feel of my inability to delineate its features, I ſhall introduce a ſimple outline of the whole; at the ſame time apologizing to the partial few, whoſe candour has led them thus far in the peruſal of my haſty ſketches, for my ſcanty detail.

It has been a ſource of much ſurpriſe to me, to obſerve the little notice that travellers have taken of this place. Moſt of them have made a point of viſiting the bridge, but few, indeed hardly any, have paid attention to the cataract. To what can this be owing? to a want of proper information, or a deſire of avoiding the ſmall ſhare of fatigue which the view of it requires. One would hardly attribute it to the latter, and indeed the former ſeems the moſt probable, as without knowing beforehand the wonders of the ſpot, they might be eaſily neglected. It cannot be from a miſtaken notion, that there is nothing ſingular

gular in this fall of the River Monach, for I am confident in aſſerting, both from what I have ſeen myſelf, and from what I have gathered from others, that it has not a parallel in any part of Great Britain or Ireland. It is, however, no glaring ſpectacle, no forced exhibition diſplayed to the gariſh eye of a turnpike traveller; it lies emboſomed in the deep receſs of a ſecret valley, and roars unſeen, unheard, amidſt the gloom of the ſurrounding precipices.

Where each old, poetic mountain,
Inſpiration breathes around;
Every grove, and hallow'd fountain,
Murmur's deep a ſolemn ſound.

GRAY.

Thoſe who reſide near the ſpot, accuſtomed to the horrors of the place, by a daily taſk of viſiting the bridge with ſtrangers, gladly paſs over the reſt of the job, and unleſs particularly ordered to point out the caſcade, feel happy in having eſcaped the fatigue of it.

Since

Since my return from this expedition, I procured Mr. Wyndham's account of his tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales. I have before taken notice of the difficulty I had in obtaining it. I had heard of Mr. Wyndham's accuracy in the *deſcriptive*, and longed to know what would be his ſentiments of this ſingular ſcene; but how was I ſurpriſed and diſappointed to find that a writer ſo admired, even Mr. Wyndham himſelf, had neglected to pourtray the cataract of the Monach. Like others, he had been at the bridge, but apparently inſenſible of any curioſity in its vicinity, confines himſelf ſolely to that object. Chagrined at this inadvertency in a writer, whoſe footſteps I had ſo often followed, I explored the pages of an author,* not altogether ſo reſpectable. His account of this place is truly laughable, but as he himſelf ſays, he copied it from ſome journal that fell into his hands, and did not viſit the bridge himſelf, we cannot wonder that it is ridiculous.

* Mr. Gilpin.

ridiculous. He ſays (for I muſt beg leave to entertain my reader a few moments with this journal, in its *pictureſque* accoutrements) he does not clearly underſtand the nature of the ſcenery here, from the account given in his journal.* That the plan of it is a rocky chaſm, over which is thrown an arch. Between theſe cheeks, ſays he, and juſt beneath the bridge (only about two hundred and fifty feet below it) the river *Funnach* (a name never given to the river *Monach* before, ſince his Satanic Majeſty built his arch over it) falls abruptly down the ſpace of *ſeveral yards*, and afterwards meeting with other ſteeps, makes its way, after a few of theſe *(trifling)* interruptions, into the *Rhydol* (leg. *Rhyddol)* a *little* below. (For *little*, read ſix hundred and fifty feet!) He then proceeds to *ſuppoſe*, that the bridge is an *intereſting object*, and *underſtands*, that it conſiſts of two arches, one thrown over the other; that the under one was built by the Devil, and that the common people

* Vide "Obſervations relative to *pictureſque* beauty," &c. p. 80, line 18.

thought when he built it, *he had ſome miſchief in his head!!!*

Here ends a deſcription of *the Devil's bridge*, curtailed and *pictureſquefyed* from a foundling journal, that accidentally dropped into the hands of a *Saliſbury prebend*, who, though an original in ſketching landſcapes, has no objection to tint over the outlines of others, when it ſaves him the trouble of forming any of his own.

But to return from this digreſſion.

We beheld the river Monach in a bold convulſive cataract between the mountains, foaming with clamorous fury through a chaſm of the ſolid rock, and ruſhing down the ſteep abrupt of a prodigious precipice, roar in a white ſurf at our feet and loſe itſelf in a vaſt baſon below. Enveloped by an awful diſplay of every thing that can add majeſty and grandeur to the features of nature, the ſpectator is loſt in the contemplation

plation of this wild aſſemblage of mountains, vallies, hills, rocks, woods, and water.

Præſentiorem & conſpicimus deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivoſque præruptos, ſonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.

GRAY.

After having feaſted our eyes with the view of this headlong torrent, we aſcended, by our guide's direction, and were introduced to a ſimilar ſcene above it. From this ſecond part we aſcended to a third, and ſo on to a fourth and a fifth; for this fall of the Monach is ſo much interrupted and broken, that by a near inſpection, as you aſcend from the bottom, you are ſhewn five ſeparate caſcades; which, when you retire to a proper diſtance, at a particular point of view, appear all united into one ſtupendous cataract. We were conducted to this ſpot, which is on an eminence oppoſite the fall, and from whence the effect of this caſcade is more ſuperb than can either be

conceived or expreſſed. The bare mention of a river, precipitated from a height of four hundred feet, conveys an idea of ſomething great, of ſomething unuſually magnificent. But when to this is added the peculiar wildneſs and gigantic features of the ſcenery which ſurrounds the fall of the Monach, no deſcription whatever can do it juſtice. Soon after its deſcent, it runs into the Rhyddol, which river alſo diſplays a beautiful caſcade, before its union with the Monach. Several brooks and ſmaller ſtreams are ſeen falling from the tops of the high mountains on all ſides, and loſing themſelves in the valley below. Thus we ſeemed ſurrounded by water-falls, many of which deſerved our notice had it not been for the fall of the Monach which deſervedly engroſſed our whole attention.

From the caſcade we proceeded to the Devil's Bridge, which has been erected over a wonderful chaſm worn in the ſolid rock by the perpetual cataract of the Monach during a ſeries of ages.

This

This is literally bridge upon bridge. The original arch is very ancient, and of courſe from its great antiquity and uncommon ſituation, has been attributed by illiteracy and ſuperſtition, to the agency of a ſupernatural architect. It is ſuppoſed that it was thrown over the chaſm by the Monks ſome centuries ago. The upper arch has been erected at the expence of the county, as the other had fallen into great decay and was become very dangerous. It was formed by a centre made upon the old one, and when it was completed the timber work was removed from between the two arches, ſo that the original arch ſtill remains.

The depth to the water under the bridge, is at leaſt two hundred and fifty feet, while the chaſm gradually expands itſelf above the bridge to the height of three hundred more. From the downmoſt bottom, to the uppermoſt ſummit of this extraordinary

nary valley, riſes an exuberant mantle of oaks, aſhes, witch elms, and hazels. The bridge itſelf is ſo cloſely environed with their ſhades, that neither one arch nor the other can be ſeen by the traveller without his firſt making a difficult deſcent.* The beautiful verdure of the woods riſes to the higheſt brink of this tremendous chaſm, and then abruptly ſtops: All above are mountains, bleak and horrid; the melancholy ſurface of which produces only a rank, coarſe, and mournful graſs.

The intrepid female, who acted as our guide, conducted me, at the hazard of my life, between the arches which compoſe the bridge. The water had petrified as it fell from

* The annexed plate will convey an idea of this deſcent. I was fortunate enough to obtain the original from the pencil of Henry Spence, Eſq. It is allowed by all who have ſeen it to be the moſt correct view ever taken of the ſcenery at the Devil's Bridge, at the ſame time it diſplays a ſpecimen of that ſuperior taſte ſo peculiar to the productions of its author.

from the upper arch. I gathered ſome ſpecimens, which hung like icicles; they were from two to three inches in length, ſoft, opake, and ſlightly tinged with a yellow colour.

From the ſurrounding mountains, the higheſt of which is Plinlimmon, moſt of the principal rivers in Wales derive their ſource; the Severn, with its tributary ſtreams, the Wye, the Yſtwyth, the Teivy, and many others. Mr. Wyndham, in ſpeaking of the ſcenery on his approach to the Devil's Bridge, is ſo peculiarly happy in his mode of deſcription, that I cannot reſiſt a momentary propenſity for plagiariſm, and muſt therefore be excuſed if I copy him *verbatim*.

"We now made (ſays he) a ſerpentine "courſe over the doubtful paths of a long "moraſs, while the mountains around us "appeared more horrible than any we had "ſeen before. They were of a greater "height and larger extent; while their

"tops

" tops ended in ſo many various and irregu-
" lar ſhapes, and formed ſo undulating an
" horizon, that a warm imagination might
" almoſt conceive the mountains were im-
" pelled, and driven on by a ſupernatural
" ſtorm, in immenſe waves and broken
" ſwells."

Returning to Aberyſtwyth, we had a very fine proſpect of the vale of Ryddol. The river Ryddol winds through it, and forms a ſcene well worth a traveller's attention. We were next conducted to the remarkable bridge which I have endeavoured to give an idea of in the plate annexed. It is called *Ponpren* or *Pont-pren* which ſignifies *a wooden bridge*, or *a wooden foot bridge*, and is ſituated about ſeven miles from Aberyſtwyth in the vale of Ryddol, or, as the Welſh call it, in *Coombe Ryddol*. The ſcenery around it partakes of the features of the country. Nature has been ſo liberal of her rocks, woods, and water, that in this part of the world they ſeem to be concomitant, and one is never found without the other.

SECTION

SECTION THE FIFTH.

AFTER leaving Aberyſtwyth we entered North Wales, and it was curious to obſerve how ſuddenly the features of the country aſſumed a change. South Wales is fertile, hilly, and affords many pleaſing landſcapes, but it will not admit of a compariſon with the proſpects in the northern diſtrict of the principality. The ſcenery there becomes uncommonly grand. The whole complexion of North Wales is bold and ſublime. Vaſt mountains riſe one above the other, hiding their awful ſummits in

the clouds. The beauties of South Wales are certainly well worthy of attention. They conſiſt of pictureſque landſcapes, caſtellate ruins, and a fine country ornamented with verdure, woods, and agriculture. But theſe are to be found in other countries, and in many parts of England, ſimilar ſcenes are eaſily met with. In North Wales we meet with a country, *ſui generis*, ſingular in its kind, magnificent, ſtriking, and ſuperb. I have never ſeen any thing that can juſtly be compared with it. There is ſomething like it in North-America, and Switzerland, often exhibits a reſemblance upon a larger ſcale. But ſtill they have not that extravagant wildneſs, nor have they, if I may be allowed ſuch a liberty of words, the *angry grandeur* of North Wales.

Leaving Cardiganſhire we entered Merioneth, and paſſed through

MAC-

MACHYNLETH.

Afterwards we dined at a ſmall place called

MALLWYDD,

and could not but admire the amazing difference that a few miles progreſs had made in the ſurrounding ſcenery. We here beheld ſheep feeding in the clouds and hanging, as it were, all down the ſides of precipices almoſt perpendicular.

Proceeding forward, we ſaw torrents of water falling in broken channels from the very ſummit of the mountains. The vallies form a beautiful contraſt to the reſt of the ſcenery, ſmiling with cultivation, and richly diverſified with wood and water. All the way from Mallwydd, until we came to

DOLGELLY,

we were delighted with theſe ſtupendous views. We had been for ſome time enve-

loped in one of thoſe impenetrable miſts which perpetually veil the tops of the high mountains, when, as we began to deſcend and the clouds diſperſed, we beheld Dolgelly in a rich vale below. It really appeared like a piece of tranſparent painting. The rain had ceaſed and as the ſun was juſt breaking through a cloud, we commanded the whole town, with its river, bridge, &c. On one ſide of us the famous Cader Idris, mentioned by Camden, reared its monſtrous top high above all the neighbouring mountains, and hid its dark viſage in the clouds. We were told that a gentleman had been two ſucceeding years at Dolgelly in hopes of aſcending this mountain in a clear day. He had always been diſappointed, and I believe it rarely condeſcends to unveil its majeſtic brow. We once caught a ſlight view of the top of it from the door of our inn, as a cloud paſſed by, but they told us that the higheſt point lay farther behind the mountains, and was not to be ſeen from that place.

A de-

A deſcendant of Cadwallader entertained us in the evening upon the harp; but we could not compliment him upon his performance. Perhaps the blind minſtrel of Aberyſtwyth had put us out of conceit with all harpers but herſelf.

At this place they all ſpeak Welſh, and we found great difficulty in being underſtood.

Dolgelly is the capital of the county. It is a poor, dirty, miſerable, little place, and, although it makes ſuch a fine appearance from the ſurrounding mountains, contains nothing worth a moment's notice within itſelf.

We were ſurpriſed at the beauty of the horſes both in North and South Wales. You hardly ever meet a butter-wench, or the meaneſt peaſant, without ſeeing them well mounted. And theſe horſes, though dearer than they were formely, are ſtill remarkably cheap. I ſhould think a dealer would

would have good intereſt for his money, who could afford to make a journey among the wilds of Wales and purchaſe cattle for the London markets.

When we left Dolgelly we paſſed by two caſcades, which they ſaid were the fineſt in North Wales. Our time however was ſo preſſing that we could not ſtop to view them. The principal one is the fall of Dol-y-Myllin, and it is to be found behind the ſmall houſe of a widow Vaughan, about five miles from Dolgelly, by turning to the left, out of the main road to Carnarvon. There are a number of other cataracts in this neighbourhood, and what makes them ſingular is, that they are each of them the fall of a ſeparate river, although two of them, of which this cataract of Dol-y-Myllin is one, are not five hundred yards diſtant from one another. None of theſe caſcades are equal to the fall of the Monach at the Devil's Bridge, nevertheleſs, they ought not to be neglected by thoſe who fol-

follow this route and have leiſure to viſit them.

From Dolgelly we had a moſt mountainous journey the whole way. The different proſpects however, as we paſſed, amply repaid us for the ſlow progreſs we made. We ſaw ſeveral rivers that appeared one continued caſcade. They reſemble one I mentioned at Ivy-Bridge, in Devonſhire, and although they boaſt of that river as a great curioſity, and affirm it to be a ſingular ſpectacle, if they were to make an excurſion through Wales, they would find that almoſt all the rivers in that principality aſſume the ſame appearance, and foam over their craggy beds frequently with more interruption, and in a ſtyle of greater grandeur, as their deſcent is generally more abrupt and vehement. As inſtances of this I would mention the Taeffe, near the Pont-y-prîdd in South Wales, the Monach and Ryddol, in Cardiganſhire near Aberyſtwyth, and the beautiful view of the river at Pont-aber-glaſslyn, in Merionethſhire.

After

After encountering theſe wild ſcenes for eighteen miles, and being almoſt ſatisfied with *ups* and *downs*, we ſuddenly entered upon a moſt beautiful valley.

One cultivated ſpot there was, that ſpread
Its flow'ry boſom to the noon-day beam,
Where many a roſe-bud rears his bluſhing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty team.
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
Along this narrow valley you might ſee
The wild goats ſporting in the meadow ground,
And here and there a ſolitary tree,
Or moſſy ſtone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.

BEATTIE.

I believe all travellers have united in admiring the exquiſite proſpect of the Vale of Feſtiniog. Whether it is owing to the contraſt it offers to the neighbouring country, or the unuſual beauty of its culture, I am unable to ſay. It reminded me of the vale of Abbyſſinia, in Dr. Johnſon's elegant little Romance. Surrounded on all ſides

with high mountains, adorned with the moſt flouriſhing verdure and happy in its diſplay of wood and water. I doubt whether any ſpot in the whole iſland of Great Britain will bear a competition with this.

Here is a homely but decent and well-furniſhed inn, well known to all who have been this road by the name of

TAN-Y-BWLCH,

where gentlemen frequently paſs ſome months in the ſummer. To thoſe who ſeek retired and romantic ſcenes, this valley would offer many allurements. Without being a prey to the affected refinement of a *modern ſentimentaliſt*, I could not look back at the peace and ſolitude of this enchanting ſpot, without wiſhing to prolong my view. If hereafter I may be enabled to tread the ſequeſtered ſhades of this delightful valley, I ſhall rejoice. A calmneſs dwells there, which would make an anchorite of a metropolitan, and thoſe moſt bigotted to

ſociety, would gladly reſign the buſtle and the cares of it to ſeclude themſelves amidſt the ſilence and the ſerenity of Feſtiniog.

Aſcending the rough ſummits of theſe craggy mountains, we once more encountered the wilds of Merioneth. With four horſes, a light chaiſe, little luggage, and walking frequently ourſelves to make that little leſs, we were three hours in gaining ſeven miles. Thus it may be conceived what a country we were in. The toil and tardineſs of our progreſs would have been inſupportable, had it not been for the proſpects around us; the grandeur of which ſeemed to increaſe, in proportion to our propenſity to murmur.

At about four o'clock we reached the famous

PONT-ABER-GLASSLYN,

commonly called the *Devil's Bridge*. The peaſants of Wales are as ſuperſtitious as the Lap-

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Laplanders. They behold this bridge with aſtoniſhment, and not being able to conceive the mode of its conſtruction at once aſcribe it to that ingenious architect, the *arch Apoſtate*. Their anceſtors they ſay engaged his ſatanic majeſty to build for them a bridge from the foot of one mountain to the other acroſs a very rapid river. He was to have for his labour the firſt that went over it after it was finiſhed. They contrived, however, to delude him by driving a dog over, and they ſay this was all the wages he had for his ingenuity. This is the ſtory they give of the bridge, which they implicitly believe to be true. The bridge conſiſts of a ſingle arch of no very great magnitude and nothing equal to the Pont-y-prîdd in its conſtruction. Contiguous to it is a ſalmon-leap made by a fall of water. Here the fiſh make continually efforts to leap above the fall, and nets being placed,* they are caught in the attempt.

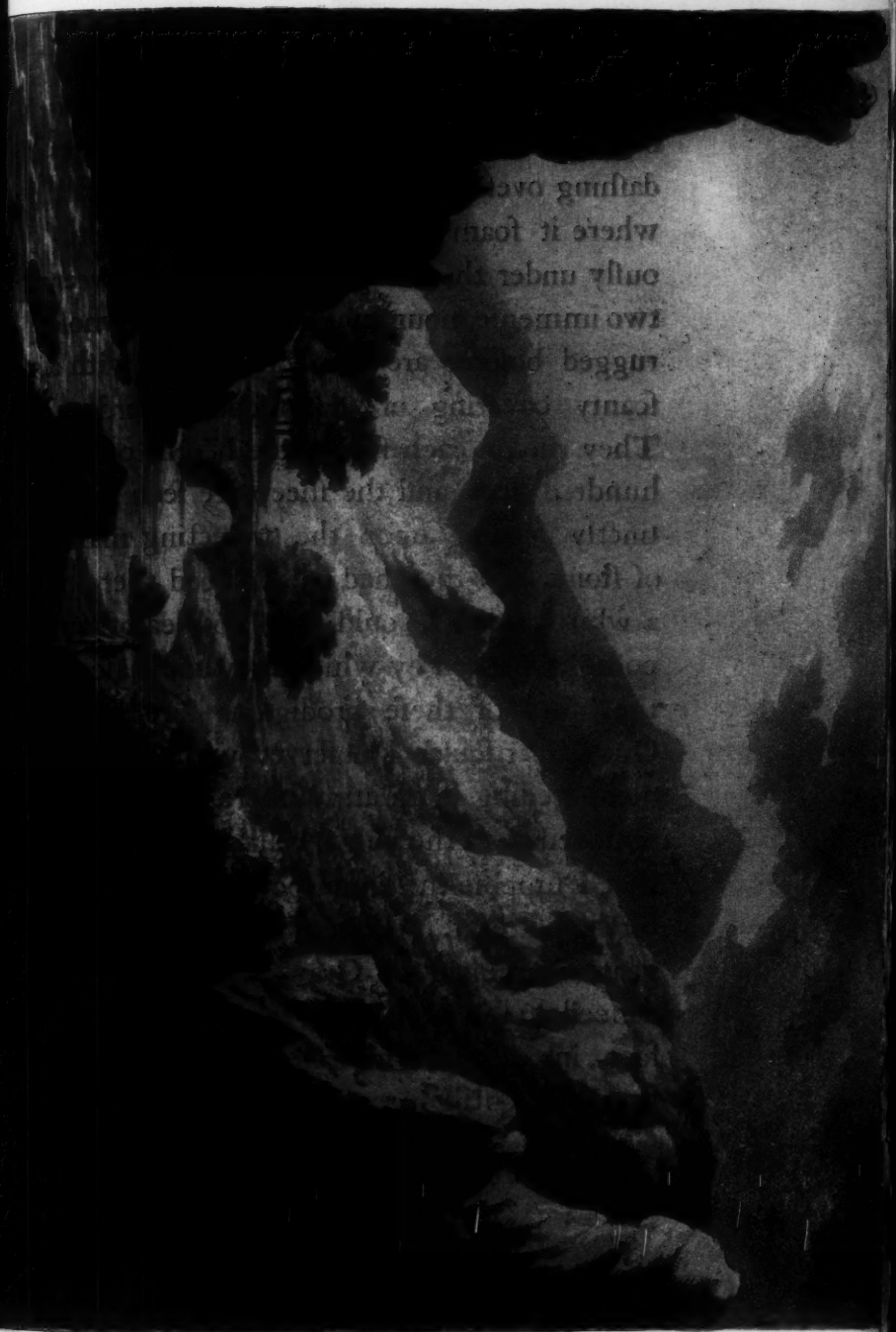
The

* Vide the plate annexed.

The ſcenery about this ſpot is beyond deſcription magnificent. The river comes daſhing over huge rocks to the waterfall, where it foams down, and ruſhes impetuouſly under the bridge. It flows between two immenſe mountains of ſolid rock, whoſe rugged boſoms are thinly mantled with a ſcanty covering of promiſcuous verdure. They riſe on each ſide to the height of four hundred feet and the ſheep are ſeen indiſtinctly feeding upon the projecting maſſes of ſtone, as if they had been placed there by a whirlwind. I could form no idea of any poſſible method by which they could aſcend the ſides of theſe prodigious precipices. One in particular I obſerved with aſtoniſhment feeding in an atmoſphere ſo perfectly removed from the vulgar walks of mortality, that I ſuppoſe the ſame ſpot will witneſs its birth and exit. It reminded me of the goat, mentioned by Gray, which, he ſays, danced and ſcratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where he would not have ſtood ſtock-ſtill

For all beneath the moon.

From



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From the devil's bridge we proceeded through

BETHGELET,

to the foot of SNOWDON.

Its venerable ſummit was hid in the clouds, or, as the common people there ſay, *its night-cap was on*. We were greatly in hopes it would unveil its majeſtic top during the time we ſtaid here, but all our wiſhes were fruſtrated, and like many others, we were forced to behold him in his *night-cap*. As we approached this mountain, the ſight of it had not the effect we expected. For my part, of ſeveral neighbouring mountains, I ſhould have ſelected many before this, if I had been left to gueſs which was Snowdon. The truth is, there are particular points of view from which Snowdon appears to great advantage; but if you are very near him, or in a diſadvantageous ſituation for viewing him, he by no means wears the majeſtic

jeſtic deportment of the king of mountains.

As I had not the good fortune to enjoy the proſpect from his ſummit, I ſhall copy the deſcription of it from an author,* perfectly unknown to me, but one that I believe to be a faithful and judicious writer, ſince he is the ſame that I find quoted by the authors of the old tour through Great Britain, who were, when they viſited Snowdon, in the ſame predicament with myſelf.

"I paſſed my evening," (ſays my author) "at a very good inn at Carnarvon; and having procured an intelligent guide, returned early the next morning, through Bettus, to the foot of Snowdon. Having left my horſes at a ſmall hut, and hired a mountaineer to carry ſome cordials and proviſions, with a ſpiked ſtick, but imprudently without nails in my ſhoes, about ten o'clock I began to aſcend the mountain. The two firſt miles were rather boggy

* Cradock's account of ſome of the moſt romantic parts of North Wales, publiſhed in 1777.

boggy and diſagreeable; but when the proſpect opened, I ſoon forgot all difficulties. In the courſe of the two laſt, I paſſed by ſix precipices, which I believe were very formidable; but as I was near the brink, and the wind very high, I did not venture to examine them too narrowly. On the ſummit, which is a plain about ſix yards in circumference, the air was perfectly mild and ſerene, and I could with pleaſure contemplate the amazing map that was unfolded to my view. From hence may be diſtinctly ſeen *Wicklow* hills in *Ireland*, the *Iſle of Man*, *Cumberland*, *Lancaſhire*, *Shropſhire*, and part of *Scotland*; all the counties of *North Wales*, the *Iſle of Angleſea*; rivers, plains, woods, rocks and mountains, ſix and twenty lakes, and two ſeas."

"It is doubted whether there is another circular proſpect ſo extenſive in any part of the terraqueous globe. Who could take ſuch a ſurvey, without perceiving his ſpirits elevated in ſome proportion to the height? Who could behold ſo beautiful a

diſplay of nature, without wonder and ecſtacy? Who but muſt feel, even a degree of pride, at having gained an eminence, from which he could with eaſe overlook the *neſt of the eagle*, and the *neſt of the hawk?*" *

"But as the level walks of life are beſt ſuited to the generality of mankind, it became neceſſary to conſider, that this was no ſpot, where I could probably make any laſting abode, and that the return would be attended with at leaſt as much difficulty as the aſcent. Having deſcended a mile or two, I did not think it amiſs to enquire about an exhauſted mine that I ſaw at a diſtance; and I could make this enquiry with the better grace, as the guides had hitherto wondered at my proweſs. The mine, I was informed, was only copper, and happy was it for the *Welſh*, that their mines did not conſiſt of choicer metals. Had they been curſed with either gold or ſilver, foreign nations, long ſince, in the name of the

* *Mael Guidon*, and *Mael Happock*, two mountains near *Snowdon*, mentioned by Lord *Lyttleton*.

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the God of peace, and, under pretence of teaching them an immaculate religion,* had laid waſte their country and murdered its inhabitants."

The reſt of our journey to

CARNARVON

afforded nothing remarkable. The mountain ſcene began ſenſibly to diminiſh, and the features of nature to aſſume their more accuſtomed lineage. It was dark before we reached the town, which deprived us of an opportunity of beholding the approach to it. When we arrived at the Boot Inn, we had the comfortable aſſurance, that the houſe was full, and that there was not room for us at any inn in the town. I

* The *Spaniards* made the goſpel an excuſe for all the barbarities which they committed in the conqueſt of *Peru*; and when they plundered the rich mines of Potoſi, they frequently (ſays Las Caſas) erected gibbets all over the country, and hung up twelve poor wretches at a time, in honour of the twelve apoſtles.

enquired the cauſe of all this company, and aſked if Carnarvon was in general ſo filled with ſtrangers. The good woman of the houſe waddled to the ſide of the chaiſe, and told us, that for twelve months ſhe had not had a bed empty. This we found, upon enquiry, to be no ſubject of wonder, for if we had happened to have been the firſt in application, the next that came would have found the houſe full. With ſome difficulty we procured beds at a very clean houſe in the town, and paid moſt extravagantly for them.

In the morning we viſited the caſtle of Carnarvon, which, for elegance of ſtructure, convenience in its mode of architecture, and for the degree of perfection in which it ſtill remains, exceeds any thing of the kind in England or Wales. It was here that Edward the Firſt ſent his queen to be delivered, when the Welſh requeſted of him that a Prince of Wales might be born amongſt them. The walls of the chamber, in which Edward the Second was born,

are

BRITISH MUSEUM

are ſtill entire. They are now to be ſeen in the eagle tower. Even the leaden pipes for ſerving water, the ſtaircaſe, and many apartments, are ſtill in a ſtate of preſervation. From the top of the eagle tower you command a fine proſpect of Carnarvon, the Iſle of Angleſea, the Menai, Holyhead, &c. &c. We obſerved a curious ſpecies of copper ore in the court of the caſtle. It was the property of a private gentleman, and was brought there to be ſhipped off. It came from the mountains, where it is found in great quantities. I myſelf found a large piece of rich ore, lying in the road near the Pont-aber-Glaſſlyn, and looking around me diſcovered the entrance of a mine, with all the appearance of copper works in the ſide of the mountain.

From Carnarvon we went to

BANGOR,

ſituated under a hill on the banks of the Menai. It is a poor ill looking little

place, and is noted only for its antiquity. The cathedral church is mean, old, and deſpicable. From hence we went to

BANGOR FERRY,

where there is a remarkably good inn, a circumſtance of ſome importance to travellers, who have been long combating with Welſh accommodations. Here we croſſed the Menai, and entered the Iſle of Angleſea, proceeding that night as far as

GWINDU,

where we ſlept in great cleanlineſs and comfort. The proſpects in the Iſle of Angleſea are in general of the barren kind. There is a great deal of rich land in the iſland; but, thoſe who paſs through it, would think that the whole country afforded no ſymptoms of fertility.

The next morning we viſited the amazing copper works in the

PARIS MOUNTAIN,

a place that deſervedly attracts the wonder and admiration of every body, and frequently draws people from London, merely to ſee theſe works alone.

It appears like a vaſt quarry dug in the mountain. It is totally unlike the uſual appearance of copper mines, and ſeems to reſemble them only in affording ore. Inſtead of finding a narrow vein of copper, the traveller is here preſented with one vaſt rock of ore. They ſeparate it from the quarry with gunpowder, a proceſs attended with ſome degree of danger to the miners, who frequently receive damage from the fragments that fly about. Whenever they ſet fire to their train, they ſhout to their companions, as a ſignal for them to keep off. The agent of the works placed us in a ſituation which he thought ſecure, but after the exploſion a great deal of the ſhattered fragments came tumbling

ling about our ears. It is conveyed either in carts, or by buckets, to the ſurface, and riſes moſt beautifully rich in its appearance; although, I believe, its value is not eſtimated by its beauty. After the ore is dug, the firſt proceſs here is to calcine it in a furnace, by which means the ſulphur is expelled, and they can afterwards ſeparate the waſte from the pure ore, making thus a great ſaving in the carriage of it to the different ſmelting houſes. Nor is this the only advantage which they derive from the calcination of the ore: when fire is applied to it in the furnace, it begins to burn, and will continue in that ſtate from ſix to ſeven, eight, and nine months. During all this time, vaſt quantities of ſulphur exhale from the ore. This is conveyed in vapour through conductors to a large oblong receiver with a concave roof, where, becoming condenſed, it adheres to the ſides of the receiver, or falls in a fine powder to the bottom. This is what the chemiſts call *ſublimation*, and that which is obtained in this operation from the ore, they call flowers

flowers of ſulphur. It is then melted in a large copper, and poured off into moulds, when it becomes ſtone brimſtone. Such vaſt quantities of ſulphur are contained in the ore dug here, that more brimſtone is made from the works of this company, than is neceſſary for the conſumption of England.

Being almoſt ſtifled with the ſulphureous air of the Paris Mountain, we were obliged to leave it, and brought with us ſeveral ſpecimens of this beautiful copper, which, from its colour, is called the peacock ore; but there is one circumſtance I have omitted to mention, and which I think the greateſt curioſity of the Paris Mountain. A natural ſpring of water flows from the bed of ore, ſo impregnated with copper, that it will diſcharge it upon the ſmalleſt approach of iron. It is conveyed from the pumps through wooden troughs, and we perceived a thin coat of copper incruſting even the heads of the nails that it flowed over. There is alſo a large quantity of water brought

brought from the quarry, which is much more ſtrongly impregnated with copper, and which aſſumes a beautiful green colour. This they convey with care to ſeveral large ciſterns, formed for the purpoſe, which are firſt filled with plates of caſt iron.

The inſtant the iron comes in contact with the water, the copper is precipitated. For the acid in the water, which before diſſolved the copper, now preferring the iron, diſcharges the copper and diſſolves the iron. Thus the iron takes the place of the copper as faſt as the former diſſolves and the latter precipitates. And it is this phænomenon which has led many into numberleſs errors with regard to the tranſmutation of metals. Finding that the iron vaniſhed and copper appeared, they inferred that the iron was changed into copper, whereas it is merely a change of place, the iron aſſuming the ſituation of the copper, and reſigning its own to that metal.

The

The truth of this may eaſily be perceived, by applying the *Pruſſian* alkali to the water that has diſcharged its copper, when a precipitation of iron will inſtantly take place.

A great quantity of copper is thus gained from the water in the mine, which is by much the richeſt and moſt valuable of any they have.

This amazing reſource for copper was diſcovered by a poor woman digging peat. She found ſomething more than common in the appearance of the earth, and communicated the intelligence to her huſband. The news ſoon ſpread; it proved to be an almoſt inexhauſtible bed of ore. We naturally enquired what reward the poor family had, that firſt brought ſuch a fund of riches to the iſland. They all aſſured us, that no reward was ever given. An Engliſhman can hardly credit this, eſpecially when he is told, that one noble Earl alone

derives an income of thirty thouſand pounds yearly from theſe works.

When we had finiſhed our dinner at Gwindu, and purified ourſelves from the ſtrong effluvia which adhered to all our cloaths after our return from the copper works, we proceeded to

HOLYHEAD.

This place is ſituated in a peninſula, at the weſtern extremity of the iſland, and conſiſts of a few ſtraggling houſes, erected for the accommodation of perſons bound to or from Ireland. The principal inn here is very large, and of late has been rendered famous in providing ſtinking meat for thoſe paſſengers, who do not inſpect their baſket of proviſions before they go on board. We were of this number, and found ourſelves encumbered with a collation which was haſtening full ſpeed to putrefaction.

At

At eleven o'clock in the evening we left Holyhead, with a fair wind, in a clean comfortable veſſel of one hundred tons. Our paſſengers were few, and the converſation, as uſual, turned upon the horrors of a ſea-ſickneſs. Every one was apprehenſive for himſelf, and being told by the captain that nothing conduced more to the evil we dreaded than talking about it, we took his advice, and went to bed. In about half an hour the wind changed, and blew directly in our teeth. It continued in this quarter until ſun riſe, when it became a dead calm. Of all the diſagreeable ſituations at ſea, I think a calm the moſt intolerable. There is ſuch a degree of inſipidity in its appearance: the water, like one vaſt mirror, ſmooth and glaſſy; the canvaſs all hanging ſupine; every one ſick, impatient, and miſerable: the complexion of a ſtorm contains ſomething awful, grand, and intereſting; the attention is awakened, and the mind alarmed: but in a calm I know no ſingle feature of beauty; all is dulneſs and diſappointment.

derives an income of thirty thouſand pounds yearly from theſe works.

When we had finiſhed our dinner at Gwindu, and purified ourſelves from the ſtrong effluvia which adhered to all our cloaths after our return from the copper works, we proceeded to

HOLYHEAD.

This place is ſituated in a peninſula, at the weſtern extremity of the iſland, and conſiſts of a few ſtraggling houſes, erected for the accommodation of perſons bound to or from Ireland. The principal inn here is very large, and of late has been rendered famous in providing ſtinking meat for thoſe paſſengers, who do not inſpect their baſket of proviſions before they go on board. We were of this number, and found ourſelves encumbered with a collation which was haſtening full ſpeed to putrefaction.

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In the midſt of this deſponding ſituation, while the heat of the ſun drove me from the deck, and the ſickly rolling of the ſhip from the cabin, an old gentleman, one of our companions, addreſſed us from the helm, and kindly endeavoured to promote a converſation. His firſt topic was political; he confuted the opinions of an Iriſh paſſenger, reſpecting the venality of our parliamentary repreſentatives. The Iriſhman abuſed both our government and laws, our conſtitution and privileges, and contended againſt the unequal diſtribution of property over the whole face of the earth. His venerable antagoniſt calmly liſtened to all his arguments, and with uncommon ingenuity pointed out their fallacy: "The degrees of rank, and the ſuperiority ariſing from poſſeſſion (he ſaid) were eſſentially neceſſary to the proſperity of a ſtate. Individuals indeed might be ſubjected to inconvenience, but private intereſt muſt always give way to the more important conſideration of public good." In diſcuſſing

the advantages that would ariſe in new modelling the ſyſtem of our government, the Iriſhman had recourſe to the modern yet hackneyed inſtance of the French Revolution. Here the old gentleman interrupted him abruptly; he had fought under the kings of England, and his eyes gliſtened as he delivered an eulogium upon our happy conſtitution: "Inaſmuch (ſaid he) as experience is preferable to theory, our preſent legiſlation is ſuperior to a new one. For upwards of one hundred years the government of Britain has flouriſhed, crowned with increaſe of glory, intereſt, and happineſs: and when ſucceſs continues to attend the conſtitution of a country, it betrays a great degree of temerity to attempt the formation of a new one." Finding that he had worſted his opponent, our entertaining companion changed the ſubject, and entering into a more general converſation, beguiled the hours with a profuſion of anecdote, wit, and humour. He had travelled almoſt all over the globe; had viſited all the courts of Europe;

Europe; knew every thing, and every body, and like a true citizen of the world harboured neither national prejudice nor party opinion; *Tros Tyriuſve mihi nullo diſcrimine habetur* was his motto, and having reſigned a lucrative ſtation under government of three thouſand per ann. he retired to live independent and at eaſe for the remainder of his days; like the fortunate adventurer of Santillane, exalting in golden letters over his door the wiſe and well-known ſentiment:

Inveni portum: Spes et Fortuna, valete!
Sat me luſiſtis; ludite nunc alios.

Towards evening a breeze ſprung up; but it ſoon diminiſhed, and we were again becalmed. I then went to bed, and, when I awoke in the morning, heard the pleaſing intelligence that we were entering the bay of Dublin. Excepting that of Naples, there is not in the world a bay of ſo much beauty. All along the ſhore, and extending into the country,

country, gentlemen's ſeats, villages, gardens, &c. &c. form a delightful picture. As you enter the bay, the Hill of Howth, the city of Dublin, the town of Black Rock, Clindorf, and Dunleary, a number of white edifices erected along the ſhore and upon the mountains, well cultivated fields, and riſing grounds, form one of the moſt enchanting proſpects in Europe.

The tide would not ſerve to convey us to Dublin; therefore we were content to take a boat, and land at

DUNLEARY.

Here we were inſtantly ſurrounded with cuſtom-houſe officers, vociferous boatmen, noiſy porters, with a jargon of Welſh, Scotch, and Iriſh harpies, all ſwearing together, and ſtriving who ſhould cheat us moſt. We hurried from them as ſoon as we could, and, mounting one of the Iriſh cars,

cars, were conveyed in a ſhort time to Sheridan's hotel, in

DUBLIN.

In our way we paſſed through the town of

BLACK ROCK,

a Summer retreat and bathing place, about four miles from Dublin. Here we ſaw the houſe of the late Duke of Rutland, whom the Iriſh ſtill ſpeak of with adoration.

The firſt thing that ſtruck us upon entering Dublin, was the ſingular appearance of the women, who are all without either hat or bonnet to their head. Even many of genteel appearance parade the ſtreets in this manner, and it is as remarkable to ſee a woman in Dublin with a hat on as to ſee one in London with her head uncovered.

At

At our hotel we conceived a very deſpicable opinion of Iriſh cleanlineſs. Our waiter had got the itch, his deputy was louſy, and the rooms were dark and dirty. Upon this we changed our ſtation, and moved to Harris's hotel, in Cope Street. This is eſteemed the firſt lodging houſe in Dublin, and yet we had not mended the matter. It was only jumping out of the frying pan into the fire; for it is impoſſible to do juſtice to the exquiſite filthineſs of this place. Every thing was fine and dirty. Our beds had canopies and plumes, with counterpanes and ſheets of a moſt ſable hue. I aſked them if they had applied to government? The waiters ſtared: "Do for God's ſake, and the love of your country (ſaid I) get a patent for having diſcovered how much filth it is poſſible to comprize in a given compaſs." We ſoon found that this appearance was not confined to hotels alone. The taverns were the ſame. The ſtreets are filled with wretchedneſs and grandeur, idleneſs and extravagance. It is not the habit of a few; it is the characteriſtic of the

nation: A popular concern, to unite at once every ſpecies of diſſipation, filthineſs, and extortion. It ſtruck us the more forcibly, as we found all this where we leaſt expected it; we came prejudiced in favour of the Iriſh, longed to be amongſt them, and had looked forward with regret to that period which was deſtined for our return.

At dinner the waiter had cut his thumb, and moſt profuſely embroidered my plate with the ſanguinary ſtream that iſſued from the wound. I deſired him to change it; upon which he pulled out a dirty rag, that had once aſſumed the appearance of an handkerchief, and with a nimble twirl of his hand began to wipe away the traces of his blood. It would not do—the handkerchief made bad worſe; however he preſented the plate to me again with a profound bow, at the ſame time muttering an apology. This was too much; I hurried away, ſaying, as I left the door, "They order this matter better in London!"

The

The next day, Sunday, we viſited St. Patrick's. This cathedral is of great antiquity. It was opened and ſhewn to us by an old ſervant of Dean Swift's. The name of that great man brought us to ſee it, and it was no ſmall gratification to us to meet one that had ſerved under him for ſome years. This man's name was Richard Brenan; he had certificates in his pocket book, ſigned by reſpectable people, to prove the validity of his having been the ſervant of Swift. He told us many anecdotes of the Dean that we had never heard before, and ſaid, that till within theſe few years he had retained ſome of his hair, which he had taken from him before his burial, but that the application of the curious had ſucceeded in depriving him of this laſt memento of his maſter. In the ſouth aiſle is the ſimple monument and buſt erected over him. His old ſervant pointed to the very ſpot where he lay. This was ſufficiently viſible, for after his interment the ſtones were laid down in a haſty manner without mortar, and remain ſo to this day. Near his grave lye

the remains of Mrs. Johnſon, better known to the world by the name of STELLA. He was buried near her, and his ſervant aſſured us that he was married to her, but that family reaſons made him always keep it a ſecret. Excepting the monuments of Dean Swift and Stella, there is nothing worth notice in St. Patrick's.

The next day we went in a poſt chaiſe to the

DARGLE.

This ſpot is ſituated among the mountains of Wicklow, about fifteen miles from Dublin, and is worth ſeeing. The ſcenery conſiſts of rocks, hanging woods, and a beautiful river. It is truly a romantic place, although not equal to the ſcenes of a ſimilar nature in North Wales. They ſhewed us here the LOVER'S LEAP, an enormous rock, which projects forward on the ſide of the river in the form of a caſtle. It is bold, lofty, and terrible, from its great height

height overhanging the woods and the river. On the oppoſite ſide you command the ſummit of a mountain, called the ſugar loaf, which riſes in a naked point to the clouds. The tradition concerning this place is of great antiquity. They tell you that a young lady, who had been refuſed in marriage, brought the object of her love to the point of this ſtupendous rock, and offered him the alternative of marrying her or ſeeing her precipitate herſelf to the bottom. The gentleman was inflexible to her entreaties, upon which ſhe gave a ſpring, and was daſhed to atoms among the rocks below. From that time it received the appellation of the LOVER'S LEAP.

From this tragical ſpot we proceeded four miles farther to Lord Powerſcourt's park, to ſee the celebrated caſcade. We had heard much of this waterfall, and when great expectations are formed, they generally end in diſappointment. This was the caſe with us; we were unfortunate as to the ſeaſon of our viſit. There was very little water

to

to adorn the caſcade, and, as I hinted once before, (ſince water is a neceſſary article in the formation of a caſcade) thoſe, that depend in great meaſure upon the chance of floods, ought not be ſeen but in rainy weather. For my part, I am not very deſirous of ſeeing ſuch temporary caſcades at all: they are rather the offſpring of caprice than a regular feature in the viſage of nature; it is neceſſary to be wet to the ſkin in order to ſee them to perfection; and when in their higheſt ſtate of beauty they reſemble more a water ſpout than the headlong torrent of a regular caſcade. One had much better viſit the artificial diſplay in tin-work, which draws ſuch an aſſemblage of virtuoſos to the gardens of Vauxhall.

But to give a more particular deſcription of this caſcade.

It iſſues from a hole in the top of an immenſe rock, and falls from a height of near three hundred feet. So vaſt a deſcent, one would ſuppoſe, might furniſh a ſpectacle unuſually ſuperb. And yet it

had an air of inſignificance, when compared with other ſcenes of a ſimilar nature. There was ſomething of a trickling and dropping, more reſembling the fall of water over the tiles of a houſe, than the ruſhing of a cataract.

I am well aware that I have not done juſtice to this faſhionable reſort of the Sunday beaus of Dublin. But having ſeen the vaſt fall of the MONACH, in Wales, I could not admire a ſcene ſo much inferior. There was nothing of the

"Ruin vaſt, and dread diſmay"

that

"Mark the clam'rous cataract's way."

We ſoon left Lord Powerſcourt's park, and went to the village of

LOCKLIN,

where we paid an extravagant price for a dinner

dinner that we could not eat, and returned weary and diſappointed to Dublin.

The ſtreets and avenues to this city are crowded with the moſt miſerable objects, whoſe importunate clamours for charity are troubleſome in the higheſt degree. In the environs we ſaw numbers of dirty wretches, whoſe ſole employment ſeemed to conſiſt in diveſting each other of filth and vermin. If you enter a fruit ſhop or tavern, a crowd of thoſe poor creatures infeſt the door, through which you muſt preſs your way, and deem yourſelf fortunate if you eſcape the detached parties of vermin which, wandering from the republic of their hair, hang upon all parts of their body.

We next viſited

TRINITY COLLEGE.

This is a very fine building; it has three quadrangles, the firſt of which is of Portland ſtone. The hall is large, and the chapel

chapel very plain. The library is a ſpacious lofty room, adorned with pillars of Iriſh oak, and well furniſhed with books. But what chiefly attracts the notice of ſtrangers, is the muſeum and the wax-work at the anatomical ſchools. The muſeum is in its infant ſtate, and yet appears completely filled with a very valuable collection of ancient and modern curioſities. Of the antiquities the greateſt part have been dug up or found in different parts of Ireland. Here are ſome pillars from the giants cauſeway, and a curious model of that wonder of nature, carved in wood. Among the petrifactions is one of a tallow candle found in a ditch, which, with its cotton wick, appears completely changed to ſtone. Here are alſo a variety of Indian curioſities, ſpecimens of ore, pebbles, lava, ſpar, ſhells, and ſome beautiful birds. The wax work is indeed a curious ſpectacle. It exhibits, in a manner peculiarly ſtriking, the figures of females, in every ſtate of pregnancy. They are done upon real ſkeletons, and are the la-

bours of almoſt the whole life of an ingenious French artiſt, named *Denoue*. This uncommon monument of genius is executed in ſuch a manner, as to afford rather a diſguſting, than a pleaſing ſpectacle; nevertheleſs, I was examining it with great attention, when a buſtle at the door interrupted me; and I obſerved the perſon, who had the care of the exhibition, leave the room and whiſper in great haſte to ſome people without. Upon his return, I aſked him what was the matter, "Oh, nothing ſir, ſaid he, but ſome ladies who are very impatient to get in: the women are always longer here than any body." "Do the ladies, ſaid I, viſit this place?" "Every day, ſir!" "I am ſure then I will not prevent them," ſo taking my hat, I left the room, and found a party waiting very impatiently without, among whom were ſome beautiful women; who, with the greateſt compoſure, locked themſelves in, to enjoy the curious ſpectacle at their leiſure. Near the college are the

HOUSES

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

They exhibit rather a heavy appearance, although there is an air of grandeur in the architecture. The Houſe of Commons is a very neat room, and well adapted for ſpeakers. There is a commodious circular gallery for ſpectators, far ſuperior to our Engliſh accommodation for the ſame purpoſe.* The houſe of Lords is not remarkable, either for beauty or elegance. Its ſole ornaments are old tapeſtry and crimſon ſeats. Every thing is here conſtructed for the convenience of the members of parliament. There are no leſs than eighty-four apartments, beſides kitchens, larders, cellers, &c. beneath the ſame roof.

The next public edifice we viſited, was the

BARRACKS.

This is a noble and uſeful ſtructure. It conſiſts of one quadrangle and three courts,

* This edifice was deſtroyed by fire, ſoon after the author left Ireland.

having each three wings, and calculated for the accommodation of ſix thouſand ſoldiers. At the time we arrived, a detachment from each regiment was drawing up in the grand parade, to fire a ſalute to the Prince of Wales. It happened to be the day on which his Royal Highneſs entered his thirtieth year, a circumſtance we were not acquainted with before, and a very fortunate one for us, as we were witneſs to a very pleaſing ſpectacle. The ceremony of the ſalute began as follows: the great guns were fired firſt by the artillery from the battery in the park. They were anſwered by a general diſcharge from the barracks. This was followed by a roll from the drums, and the whole band ſtruck up with "God ſave the King." The artillery fired again; the barracks returned it, and in the intervals the muſic played as before. The effect was beyond every thing pleaſing. It warmed our hearts, and forced ſome drops of genuine patriotiſm into my eyes. I felt as if I had never loved my country with more ardent affection. I was among a foreign

foreign nation, and I heard the ſhouts of my countrymen with rapture. When they had finiſhed the ſalute, the commanding officer waved his hat in the air, as a ſignal for three cheers, calling aloud, "*Huzza:*" The ſoldiers obeyed him to the utmoſt ſtretch of their lungs, and catching the univerſal zeal, I threw my hat in the air, and bawled as loud as the beſt of them. The ſhouts being ended, at an inſtant, as if by a ſignal, all the bells in Dublin ſtruck up a peal. The ſoldiers diſperſed, and I returned home meditating upon the bleſſings of old England.

The glaſs manufactory is carried to great perfection in Dublin. They vie with London in the beauty of their work, and ſell it at a much cheaper rate.

Books alſo are purchaſed here at a trifling expence. They reprint all the London publications, reducing them both in ſize and price. In the evening there are ſeveral auctions open, at one of which I ſaw the

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the Engliſh edition of Bruce's travels ſold for twenty ſhillings. Had they been worth more than the value of the paper, I could have purchaſed them eaſily. But as this voluminous work does not deſerve the expence of binding, I did not chuſe to be incumbered with ſuch a profuſion of falſehood and abſurdity.

Finding it abſolutely neceſſary to change our abode once more, we left Harris's hole, and engaged for a week's lodging at the Munſter in Cope-Street. I could hardly believe that our landlord here was an Iriſhman, from the accommodation he gave us. We had no longer reaſon to complain of our ill fortune; every thing was as clean and as comfortable as the moſt ſcrupulous nicety could require. Happy in being ſettled to our ſatisfaction, we were indifferent as to the length of time it might take us to ſee the reſt of Dublin, and were glad to find that there was at leaſt one houſe of decent and reſpectable accommodation in the whole city. In our various rambles, we

we paſſed through Sackville-Street, which has not its parallel for beauty in all London. It is by far the fineſt ſtreet I ever ſaw, of great length, exceedingly broad, and handſomely built. On a Sunday evening here is a promenade, and we found it ſo crowded, that on one ſide there was hardly room to move. St. Stephen's Green is the chief reſort for beauty in an evening. This is a noble ſquare, and much larger than any one in London, even that of Lincoln's-Inn. The area of it conſiſts of a great field, ſurrounded on all ſides by trees, under which there are gravel walks, with ſeats like thoſe on the mall in St. James's Park. In the center of the ſquare is an equeſtrian ſtatue of King William, erected one hundred years ago. The other public edifices in Dublin are

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL,

open to the whole world. Orphans of any country, and of every denomination, are admitted and provided for here. They are put

put out to nurſe till they are four years old, and the nurſes at this time in the hoſpital are not leſs than three thouſand:

THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL,

an academy for the inſtruction of citizens ſons:

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,

THE NEW PRISON,

THE ROTUNDA,

which is annexed to the

LYING-INN-HOSPITAL.

This was erected and endowed at the expence of Mr. Moſs, ſurgeon and man-midwife, who began this humane edifice at a time when his finances did not exceed ſeven hundred pounds, and perſiſted, in ſpite of poverty itſelf, until he had com-

pleted it. The rotunda was built by the ſame perſon; the profits ariſing from which are appropriated to the ſupport of the above-mentioned hoſpital. It is upon the ſame plan as Ranelagh in London, but is merely an epitome of that elegant ſtructure:

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL,

a munificent eſtabliſhment for the relief of ſuperannuated ſoldiers:

THE LUNATIC HOSPITAL,

to the founding of which Dean Swift left eleven thouſand pounds:

THE TEMPLE,

a noble ſtructure, deſigned for the ſame purpoſe as that in London:

gentry, form many delightful ſcenes. And in juſtice to that country I muſt confeſs, that the environs of Dublin are far ſuperior to thoſe of London in point of beauty. Each ſeat has its particular name, engraved either on the ſide, or over the gateway of the avenue. We ſaw ſeveral of them, ſuch as *Clitorgan*, *Palermo*, *Sans Souci*, &c. &c. They are in general ſurrounded with fine trees and beautiful gardens, exhibiting an appearance of a truly rural nature, and totally unlike the tawdry civic air of thoſe prim pill-boxes which grace the ſides of all the turnpike roads in the neighbourhood of London, and which have more the aſpect of a city removed into the country, than of the retreats of men fatigued with the duſt and noiſe of the metropolis.

In one of my walks about the ſtreets, I met the old veteran, whoſe converſation afforded us ſo much amuſement when becalmed at ſea: "Well, my good Sir (ſaid he) and how do you like Dublin?' "In truth, Sir, not much; I am every inch of me an Engliſhman,

Engliſhman, and, I fear, behold all countries but my own with an eye of prejudice." "Well ſaid, John Bull! (exclaimed my old friend) but what do you think of Dublin in particular? ſince you cannot form an adequate idea of a whole nation from a ſhort viſit to its metropolis." "Sir (ſaid I) in viſiting a metropolis I behold the heart of a nation; and, if I diſcover what paſſes in the heart, I can eſtimate pretty nearly the tenor and diſpoſition of the whole body. But ſince I find you are yourſelf an Iriſhman, tell me what is your opinion of this place, before I venture to deliver my own." "That I can well do (ſaid he) in a few words: I have viſited many countries, and made many obſervations upon them; but I never was in one that betrayed ſuch a mixture of louſineſs and lazineſs, miſery and magnificence."

I felt the full force of his obſervation, ſince, from my own ſhort experience among the Iriſh, I had found it ſtrictly true. Beggars and proſtitutes ſwarm in every ſtreet,

and fill the air with their importunate cries. Extravagance is the leading trait in their character. I frequently ſaw children with broad laced frills to their ſhirts, who had neither ſhoes nor ſtockings to their feet. An inſtance of this may be ſeen at Drury's billiard table every day, where there are two markers of this deſcription. They will pawn their laſt rag for the pleaſure of gaming; and I myſelf ſaw a fellow, oppoſite the cuſtom-houſe in Eſſex-ſtreet, who had ſeated himſelf upon the ground and, having ventured every penny he had at chuck farthing, was howling for the loſs of it. They are, in general, of a very irritable diſpoſition, and will quarrel with each other upon the moſt trifling occaſion. On the night of the Prince of Wales's birth-day, I was walking in Dame-ſtreet, when a fellow genteelly dreſſed met a boy who was running about with his companions. Without ſaying a word he raiſed a loaded whip, and knocked the boy down: a mob gathered: the fellow made off, and the poor boy was carried, with a broken head, to the apothecary's.

About

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, I ſaw a vaſt crowd gathering, and, enquiring the cauſe, was told that ſome perſon had juſt killed a porter, whom they were conveying to the diſpenſary, and that his murderer was to go to Newgate. In the evening a boy was flogged, for ſome crime or other, almoſt to death at the cart's tail; and finding that he could not bear all his puniſhment, they removed him to priſon to take the reſt at another opportunity. Not a night paſſes without riot, although the police ſtand armed at the corner of every ſtreet. Duels, without end, continually furniſh ſubject for converſation, and not unfrequently topics of freſh diſpute. Of all the people I ever met, whether educated in the army, the navy, in the univerſities, or at home, the Iriſh are the greateſt ſwearers. Not a word paſſes without an oath vociferated in the moſt vehement manner, and horrid imprecations are familiarly delivered upon the moſt trivial events.

The ſtriking traits in national characteriſtics are thoſe which impreſs the obſervation

ſervation of ſtrangers upon their firſt arrival in a country. By time the mind becomes familiarized to eccentric objects, and thoſe things, which in their firſt appearance ſolicit the attention, by degrees paſs off unnoticed. It is for this reaſon that I have been induced to mention ſeveral circumſtances as they happened to occur. They require no comment. They are plain facts and, like the outlines of a picture, furniſh a certain criterion, from which any one may decide without being biaſſed by any injudicious ſtrokes in the ſhading, or miſled by falſe repreſentation in the colours.

The females of Dublin exhibit a true repreſentation of the city itſelf, by uniting the extremes of meanneſs and grandeur. They frequently appear finely decorated about the head, with their feet and legs quite bare. Beauty ſeems to be a ſcarce commodity among them, which perhaps has given ſo much encouragement to the French mode of painting their faces. They pay

pay a great regard to external finery, and often diſplay a length of train to their white gowns ſo completely bedaubed with dirt, that they are beſt deſcribed by a term much in uſe among the ruſtic damſels of England, who diſtinguiſh ladies of this deſcription under the title of "DRAGGLE-TAILED SLUTS."

This city is upward of three miles long, and as many broad, and contains about two hundred thouſand inhabitants. The river Liffey divides it into two equal parts, over which are built five bridges; of theſe ESSEX and QUEEN'S only are worth mentioning. Their manufactories are thoſe of tabbinets, ſtuffs, linen, and glaſs. The WHITE BOYS, who formerly uſed to excite ſo much tumult and ſpread ſuch terror in the country, are now very little heard of. This is perhaps owing to the laudable exertions of the volunteers, who will in time extirpate the very name of them.

A little publication, which I procured in Wales, and to which I am indebted for a few of thoſe obſervations that I have made

upon the public edifices here, ſays, "from actual obſervation it has been proved, that it rains, more or leſs, five days in the week in Dublin." We were fortunate in having fine weather during the time we ſtaid in Ireland; nevertheleſs, I believe the climate to be a very damp one, although conducive to health, from the great quantity of lakes, rivers, canals, &c. with which this country abounds. I could not help admiring the great beauty of the Iriſh horſes. Their ſize and form is truly noble, and yet they ſell in general at a low price.

Among the variety of commodities which a ſtranger meets with in Dublin, there are at leaſt two, ſuperior to any of the kind in other countries. Theſe are potatoes and butter. They have a method of dreſſing potatoes which renders that vegetable far more palatable than it is found to be in England; and their butter is uncommonly fine. The meaneſt cabins ſeem to vie in this reſpect with the greateſt taverns; and indeed the

meaner the habitation, the finer that article is commonly found. Whiſky is the principal beverage among the lower ſort of Hibernians. This liquor is a ſpecies of gin, of a very infatuating nature, exceſſively fiery and intoxicating, yet conſidered by the generality of Iriſhmen as a wholeſome potation.

Being perfectly ſatisfied with Dublin and its wonders, we made preparation for our departure. We left the harbour, with a fair wind, at two o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth of Auguſt. Unfortunate as uſual in our marine excurſions, we ſoon found ourſelves, with thirty-ſix other paſſengers, rolling amidſt all the ſickneſs and inſipidity of a calm. We did not reach Holy-head until midnight, but found the comfort, even in this ſhort diſtance from Dublin, of exchanging Iriſh accommodations for thoſe of our own country. We ſlept at Smith's hotel, and proceeded in his coach and four the next morning as far as Conway, or Aber Conway.

A miſtake of mine occaſioned ſome degree of mirth among us, and, nugatory as the relation of it will appear to the reader, I have obtruded it upon his attention, merely becauſe it will afford an inſtance of abſence hardly to be believed. I had walked on a mile or two before the coach ſet out, in hopes of diſperſing a painful giddineſs which the motion of the ſhip had left in my head. After waiting ſome time on the road and wondering why the coach was ſo long in coming, I heard, as I thought, the rattling of the wheels at a diſtance: Concealing myſelf in a little hollow among ſome ſheep, I laid until the carriage paſſed, and then, running after it, I jumped up behind and mounted the roof. All this was done in a frolic, that my companions might ſuppoſe I had taken the wrong road. Finding it very difficult to maintain my ſeat, I began to look about me, and found myſelf elevated upon a large *imperial* that was faſtened to the roof, and thus I had nothing to hold by but the ſtraps which kept it there. All of a ſudden the carriage ſtopped, and, while

while I was conſidering the eaſieſt method of keeping my ſeat aloft, ſome gentlemen from below deſired I would deſcend, as they would be obliged to me not to ride there. This ſoon convinced me of the blunder I had made, and, feeling myſelf very ridiculous in having miſtaken a poſt chaiſe and pair for a coach and four, I diſmounted as faſt as I could and walked off. The cauſe of all this was my eagerneſs to aſcend before my companions ſhould diſcover me from behind. I had never obſerved what ſort of a carriage it was, being attentive only to the execution of my abſurd frolic. The coach ſoon came up, and my friends found me abuſing my own inattention and folly.

Tempted by the fineneſs of the weather, I aſcended the roof of our own coach without any additional blunders, and had a charming proſpect of the Iſle of Angleſea with a diſtant view of the Welſh Mountains. The day was uncommonly ſerene, even the barren country around us wore a beautiful appear-

appearance; and Snowdon himſelf, the king of mountains, for once condeſcended to throw off his night-cap, and during our whole journey through the iſland unveiled his awful ſummit to our view. At about four o'clock we croſſed the Menai, and, taking our final leave of MONA ANTIQUA, landed once more in Wales. As you paſs the Ferry, the proſpect on each ſide is very pleaſing. The barren aſpect of Angleſea affords a ſtriking contraſt to the oppoſite ſhores, where the lands are cultivated to the water's edge, and an elegant inn among trees and green fields, with a neat garden in front, invites you to experience the cleanlineſs and comfort of its accommodations.

After dining here we proceeded on our journey: An Iriſh officer, who was a fellow ſufferer with us in the pacquet, and who had dined in company with us, invited me to partake of his carriage, while his ſervant occupied my place in the coach. I found great pleaſure in his company, and regretted

regretted the loſs of it at Conway. He was an intelligent ſenſible man, who had ſeen much of the world, and was ſtill bent upon ſeeing more; at the ſame time he did not pleaſe me the leſs in giving the preference to old England, among all the countries he had ſeen. We paſſed together over the ſtupendous rock of PENMAENMAWR. A road is cut, with great art and ingenuity, along the ſide of the mountain. On one hand a precipice, that would make the boldeſt ſhudder, overlooks the ſea. On the other, fragments of rock, which have ſeparated themſelves from the main body, hang over the road. After froſty weather theſe immenſe maſſes of ſtone often give way with the thaw, and come tumbling down. Thoſe, who are accuſtomed to the place, think nothing of the dangers that threaten them on all ſides. But no ſtranger can paſs without feeling a degree of terror and uneaſineſs, where inſtant death ſeems to menace him at every ſtep. The reſt of the road to Conway is highly pictureſque. Leaving Penmaenmawr, we paſſed a narrow defile between

tween the mountains, where the road being cut in the ſide of one of them winds in a romantic manner among precipices. The gloom of the night was beginning to envelop the ſurrounding objects. We could juſt diſcern the wild goats and the ſheep, as they hung upon the ſides of the mountains. Theſe animals feed where no human being could find a footſtep, and upon precipices where the imagination is at a loſs to conceive by what means they attained them. The officer had often viſited this place; it was a favourite ſpot of his, and fortunately for me, could not be ſeen to more advantage than at the approach of the evening. There is a peculiar wildneſs in this mountain ſcenery which cannot be deſcribed—

" Where, 'midſt the changeful ſcenery ever new,
" Fancy a thouſand wond'rous forms deſcries
" More wildly great than pencil ever drew:
" Rocks, torrents, gulphs, and ſhapes of giant ſize,
" And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts riſe.

When the ſhades of the evening begin to fall, it becomes inexpreſſibly beautiful. The views

views in North Wales are always fine. There is a majeſty in the features of the country, united with a grandeur and boldneſs that cannot be conceived. "There is not (ſaid the officer, as we alighted to walk up a hill) a ſpot in the world that can juſtly be compared with this."

North Wales is ſingular in every reſpect; and what makes it more particular, is the ſudden contraſt it offers when you enter into it from other countries. It does not aſſume its rugged aſpect by degrees, but all at once preſents its ſuperb ſcenery to the admiring ſpectator.

It was almoſt dark when we reached

CONWAY,

ſo that I caught only a tranſient glance at the antique arches of the gateway as we entered. This place is remarkable for its beautiful caſtle, which is ſeen to the greateſt advantage from the oppoſite ſide of the ferry.

We paſſed it early the next morning, and viſited this elegant ſtructure. It was built by Edward the Firſt, and is the admiration of all that ſee it. For ſituation, elegance, ſtrength, and grandeur it is unrivalled. It is placed on a high rock, above the ſea, and is moated on the land ſide. There are ten round towers in the caſtle, and four turrets that are conſiderably higher than the towers. The walls are battlemented, and are from twelve to fifteen feet in breadth. On entering the caſtle, you are ſtruck with the view of a grand arched hall, with handſome niched windows. This hall is entire; it is one hundred feet long, thirty high, and as many wide, and the roof is ſupported by nine ſtone arches. The external part of the caſtle remains entire, except one tower, which has tumbled down, owing to a part of the rock giving way. The view of this caſtle, from the other ſide of the water, is beautiful. On one hand you are preſented with the town of Conway, encloſed by a fortified wall; on the other, a hill riſes from the water, entirely covered with a fine coppice

pice of wood. Before the invention of cannon it is evident that this place muſt have been impregnable. The caſtle of Carnarvon is in general thought far ſuperior to this: In point of ſize and convenience it might once have been ſo, but I think in elegance Conway outſhines it greatly.

The country from Conway to

ST. ASAPH

is pleaſing but, bordering upon the ſea, does not diſplay that bold ſcenery which marks the internal parts of North Wales. St. Aſaph is a mean little place, and has nothing to diſtinguiſh it from a village but its cathedral, which, although a very good one, reſembles a country church in its external appearance. From this place the country becomes remarkably rich and beautiful. It loſes its rugged features, but amply compenſates for the loſs by a diſplay of cultivation and fertility, more reſembling a garden than any thing elſe. From the top of a ſteep hill,

which you aſcend gradually, between St. Aſaph and Holywell you have one of the fineſt proſpects a rich country can afford. A valley of an amazing extent, ſmiling with its paſtures, woods, and harveſt, and bounded by lofty mountains at a diſtance, opens to the view. The cathedral of St. Aſaph riſes from the rich verdure around it, and forms one of the principal objects. The town of DENBIGH preſents itſelf on one ſide. The ſea adds to the ſcene, and almoſt every thing appears which can render a proſpect delightful. Deſcending on the other ſide, you ſee HOLYWELL, FLINT CASTLE, and a view of another country almoſt equally pleaſing.

The ſituation of

HOLYWELL

is healthy and agreeable. On the back of it is a lofty hill, extremely productive of lead ore. Towards the ſea is a pleaſing valley, bounded by woods, at one end of which riſes the venerable abbey. At the foot of this town

town is that remarkable ſpring from which it received its name, and which has excited ſo much curioſity, and ſtill continues to attract the notice of every body. This is called

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL,

and is ſuppoſed by many to have been occaſioned by a miracle performed here. The ſpring boils with vaſt impetuoſity out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, ſupported by pillars. The roof is exquiſitely carved in ſtone. Immediately over the fountain is the legend of St. Winifred, on a pendant projection, with the arms of England at the bottom. A number of fine ribs ſecure the arch, whoſe interſections are coupled with ſculpture. When we arrived here, ſome poor women ſurrounded the chaiſe and invited us in, delivering at the ſame time a paper containing the hiſtory, nature, and origin of the well.

It

It exhibits a very remarkable ſpectacle, and, if not miraculous, is at leaſt one of nature's moſt wonderful works. The water riſes with ſuch force and in ſuch vaſt quantities that, although but a mile from the ſea, it inſtantly forms a river and ſupports ſeveral manufactories but a few yards from the place.

One circumſtance, which they aſſert of this ſpring, ſeems hardly credible, but they will at any time demonſtrate the truth of it to the curious. By the gauge, the baſon and well hold about two hundred and forty tons of water, which, when emptied, are filled again in leſs than two minutes. The experiment was tried for a wager, on Tueſday, the 12th of July, 1731, Mr. Price, the rector of Holywell, Dr. Taylor, and ſeveral other gentlemen being preſent. To the ſurpriſe of the company, the well filled in leſs than two minutes; which proves that Winifred's ſpring raiſes more than one hundred tons of water every minute. The baſon is four feet deep, and yet

yet the water is ſo clear that a pin may be ſeen at the bottom. Above the ſpring and around the arches hang the crutches &c. of thoſe who have been cured here, and who left them as trophies of the virtues of the water. Thoſe, who ſuppoſe this ſpring to originate from a miracle, thus deliver their ridiculous tale.

" In the ſeventh century lived a virgin of the name of Winifred, who made a vow of chaſtity during life and was put under the care of her uncle Bueno, who, having erected a church there, had aſſumed a monaſtic habit. A neighbouring prince, named Cradoc, was ſtruck with her uncommon beauty and at all events determined to gratify his deſires. He made known his paſſion to the lady, who, affected with horror, attempted to eſcape. The wretch, enraged at the diſappointment, inſtantly purſued her, drew out his ſabre and cut off her head. Receiving inſtantly the reward of his crime, he fell down dead, and the earth opening ſwallowed his impious corpſe.

" The ſevered head took its way down the hill, and ſtopped near the church. The valley, which from its uncommon dryneſs was heretofore called *Sych Nant*, now loſt its name. A ſpring of uncommon ſize burſt from the place where the head reſted. The moſs on its ſides diffuſed a fragrant ſmell; her blood ſpotted the ſtones, which, like the flowers of Adonis, annually commemorate the fact by aſſuming a colour unknown to them before.

" St. Bueno took up the head, carried it to the corpſe, and offering his devotions joined it nicely to the body, which inſtantly united. The place was viſible only by a ſlender white line encircling her neck, in memory of a miracle ſurpaſſing far that worked by St. Dionyſius, who marched in triumph after decapitation with his head in his hands from *Mont Matre* to *St. Dennis's*, or that of *St. Adelburtus*, who in a ſimilar ſituation ſwam acroſs the *Viſtula*. St. W. ſurvived her decollation fifteen years.

" She

" She died at Gwytherin in Denbighſhire, where her bones reſted till the reign of King Stephen, when, after divine admonition, they were ſurrendered to the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul at Shrewſbury. The memory of the two great events is celebrated, that of her decapitation on the 22d of June, that of her tranſlation on the 3d of November."

" A bell belonging to the church was alſo chriſtened in honour of her. I cannot learn the names of the goſſips, who, as uſual, were undoubtedly rich perſons. On the ceremony, they all laid hold of the rope, beſtowed a name on the bell, and the prieſt ſprinkled it with holy water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt. He then cloathed it with a fine garment; after this the goſſips gave a grand feaſt and made great preſents, which the prieſt received in behalf of the bell. Thus bleſſed, it was endowed with great powers; allayed, on being rung, all ſtorms, diverted the thunder bolt, and drove away evil ſpirits.

"After her death, her ſanctity (ſays her hiſtorian) was proved by numberleſs miracles. The waters are almoſt as ſanative as thoſe of the Pool of Bethesda. All infirmities incident to the human body met with relief; the votive crutches, the barrows, and other proofs of cures remain to this moment, as evidences, pendent over the well. The ſaint is equally propitious to proteſtants and catholics, for among the offerings are to be found theſe grateful teſtimonies from the patients of each religion. The waters are indiſputably endowed with every good quality attendant on cold baths, and multitudes have here experienced the good effects that thus reſult from natural cauſes.

"The reſort of pilgrims of late years to theſe fontanalia has conſiderably decreaſed. The greateſt number are from Lancaſhire. In the ſummer a few are ſtill to be ſeen in the water, in deep devotion, up to their chins for hours, ſending up their prayers or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well, or threading the arch between

tween the baſon and the well a preſcribed number of times. A crowned head, in the laſt age, dignified the place with a viſit: The Prince, who loſt three kingdoms for a maſs, paid his reſpects, on Auguſt the 29th, 1686, to our ſaint, and received, as a reward, a preſent of the very ſhift in which his great grandmother, Mary Stuart, loſt her head.

"The ſpring is certainly one of the fineſt in theſe kingdoms. It never freezes, and ſcarcely varies in the quantity of water in droughts, or after the greateſt rains. After a violent fall of rain it becomes diſcoloured. From its riſe it runs with a rapid courſe to the ſea, which it reaches in the diſtance of a mile. The principal works on its banks are battering mills for copper, a wind mill, a coarſe paper mill, a ſnuff mill, a foundery for braſs, and an extenſive cotton manufactory.*"

* For the greateſt part of this account of St. Winifred's Well I am indebted to a Tour through Great Britain by Daniel De Foe and Mr. Richardſon.

From hence we paſſed by

FLINT CASTLE

to the river Dee, and croſſing over a ferry of ſeven miles were landed at

PARKGATE,

in England. Before I take my leave of the principality of Wales, I think it incumbent upon me to give ſome account of the inhabitants, their manners, and diſpoſition. There is a ſimplicity in the ſtyle of a Welſhman's converſation which prejudices every ſtranger in their favour: They are honeſt, hoſpitable, and good natured; and, although of an irritable diſpoſition, are not diſpoſed, like the Iriſh, to cut one another's throats without reaſon: They are much given to drinking, and in general the lower ſort of people eſtimate a man's merit in proportion to the quantity of ale he can imbibe: They conſider this as the moſt wholeſome and beneficial of all liquors, and prefer it to any other.

other. I once aſked an old Welſh harper why he was ſo fond of ale? "Becauſe (ſays he) it makes me fat as a pig." There was no arguing againſt this, for the old minſtrel had a moſt princely carcaſe. They are inordinately ignorant, and particularly ſo with regard to their own country: It is almoſt impoſſible to gain information of a Welſhman, if your enquiries extend above five miles from the ſpot where you find him. The women, as well as the men, appear in broad black beaver hats, and in the midſt of ſummer wear a long woollen cloak. Their feet are almoſt always bare, and they drive the plough, mount the cart horſes, and manage a team with full as much facility as the men. They carry great weights upon their heads, and balance their milk pails, buckets of water, &c. in that manner, without taking any hold of them. The harp is their favourite inſtrument; hardly a family is without a harper, and at all the inns they appear as regularly as the landlady: The ſame number of old Welſh tunes are repeated

peated every where, which are handed from father to ſon, from one generation to another. I have ſometimes heard the Welſh accuſed of want of cleanlineſs, an accuſation they by no means merit; on the contrary, they are remarkably neat and tidy in their houſes, and while I was among them, during which time I had an opportunity of obſerving a great deal of their manners and appearance, I found a ſufficient degree of neatneſs to be admired even in the meaneſt cottages. Indeed if there is a part of Wales where this is not the caſe, it is in their principal towns, where they ape the manners of other countries, and attempting to be finer than the reſt of their people, neglect their native characteriſtic of cleanlineſs and decency. To ſet a Welſh cottage in an advantageous point of view, one has nothing to do but to place beſide it an Iriſh cabin. What a contraſt! In one we behold induſtry and cleanlineſs predominant over poverty; in the other louſineſs, lazineſs, licentiouſneſs, and every ſpecies of miſery. The Welſh boaſt of their pedigree and the antiquity

tiquity of their origin: Their language reſembles the Greek, and has many words of a ſimilar ſound and meaning; The Welſh word for the *ſun* is the Greek for *fire*; Water is called ὑδωρ only pronounced with the aſpirate; απ or απο is frequently uſed, as David απ Morgan or απο Morgan: But they are not contented with deriving a part of their language from the Greek, they aſſert that the ancient Greek is only a corruption of their own language, a groſs dialect of North Welſh: There is no doubt but they were the original inhabitants of this iſland, although a great part of the ancient Britons, during the periods of Roman and Saxon invaſion, migrated to the continent. The proviſions in Wales are remarkably cheap and good, and a man with a ſmall income might live among them like a prince. They have a method univerſally prevalent among them of ſaying *indeed* and *yes ſure* upon every occaſion. If you aſk them a queſtion which is altogether doubtful, they never return a dubious anſwer. You never hear a Welſhman ſay he

thinks *ſo and ſo*; they are very fond of ſaying they *don't know*, but in general if they make any anſwer at all, it is a *poſitive* one. Much has been ſaid by many, of their anger and a great deal has been miſrepreſented of a good people. They have a number of amiable and reſpectable qualities; are eaſily provoked, it is true, but, like the ſudden ſpark from a flint, their fire becomes extinguiſhed as ſpeedily as it kindles. There is a remarkable ſimilarity of feature prevalent among both ſexes: The women are in general handſome, and poſſeſs in a high degree that requiſite which the French call *en bon point*. The men are ſhort luſty fellows, and, as well as the women, have jolly round faces expreſſive of good nature. Our patience had often been put to the proof among them, frequently from our want of conſideration, and ſometimes from their own native ſtupidity; nevertheleſs I left them with a degree of regret infinitely beyond what I experienced on quitting the ſhore of Ireland: I there found myſelf happy in an eſcape; here I felt a ſenſation not unlike a wiſh to return,

Park-

Parkgate is a ſmall town in Cheſhire, on the banks of the Dee. It is frequented by a few invalids, who reſort here for bathing; but the chief part of its inhabitants are navy captains and ſeamen, who have retired to live upon their income. Packets ſail hence occaſionally for Dublin; and, ſince the Holyhead captains have raiſed their fare, many prefer this paſſage, as it is near twice the length of the other, and the price is the ſame. After leaving Parkgate, we croſſed the Merſey, and arrived at

LIVERPOOL.

This is a large, populous, and flouriſhing town. The inns, which are the firſt things that attract the notice of a traveller, are grand and good. We had however the ill fortune to find all the beſt full, and were obliged to put up with the receptacle of all the ſtage coaches and noiſy vehicles that reſort to the place: even here we ſhould have been comfortable enough, had it not been for the ſwarm of flies which really become

a nuiſance in many houſes in Liverpool. This is owing to the number of ſugar houſes which abound here, and which afford them a conſtant ſupply of food: Myriads of theſe inſects fill the bed-chambers, and at night prevented our ſleeping by ſettling in tribes upon our faces. Commerce of all ſorts is in a thriving way at Liverpool; their chief trade is to Virginia for tobacco, but whoever walks the quay will find the harbour crowded with veſſels, of all denominations, from every quarter of the globe. The number of inhabitants is very conſiderable, and is more likely at preſent to increaſe than diminiſh. Hackney coaches ply in the ſtreets; the ſhops are uncommonly elegant; the town is well paved and lighted, and, in ſhort, offers a pleaſing epitome of the metropolis. The public buildings are grand, that of the exchange is particularly ſo; and the churches in general are neat, elegant and comfortable. The principal ſtreet is very fine, and makes an appearance inferior to few in London.

During

During our ſtay here, we went one night to the Theatre, invited by an advertiſement in the play bills of a ſingular nature. This was no leſs than the character of Richard the Third to be performed by Mr. Quick, of Covent Garden Theatre, for his benefit. I found the houſe capacious, and fitted up in a ſtyle of great neatneſs and ſimplicity. It was exceſſively crowded, and every one was impatient for the ſignal of drawing up the curtain. I expected to ſee the character of King Richard well burleſqued by ſo excellent a comedian; but how can I expreſs the aſtoniſhment I felt at ſeeing little Iſaac ſtrut forth, arrayed in all the terrors of Duke Richard's whiſkers and armed *cap-à-pee* with fur cloak and feathers, ſpluttering forth in a ſtyle of majeſtic vehemence

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths!

It was ſome time before the audience could ſufficiently compoſe themſelves to behold this ſon of mirth without loud peals of

laughter. The part was acted much better than any one could have expected; and if the audience could have diveſted themſelves of the remembrance of thoſe matchleſs talents for comedy, which were centered in the actor, he might have called for his horſe, as many a good tragedian has done before him, even till his lungs failed. But in the midſt of the moſt ſerious parts, the figure, the voice, and the deportment of the little votary of Momus would break forth in ſpite of his buſkin and give Melpomene the lie. This idea grew more and more prevalent through all his exertions, and at the final downfall the hero of the houſe of York was attended with louder peals of laughter than comedy ever called forth in her happieſt movements from a delighted audience. When the curtain fell, the converſation ran upon the event of the piece: "Sir," ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to a gentleman who ſeemed quite overcome with laughter, "What could ſo miſlead this firſt of all comedians as to induce him to put on the buſkin?" "The

ſame

ſame motive, ſir, that led Mrs. Abingdon upon the ſtage in the character of Scrub; the hope of a good benefit by a promiſe of novelty to the people—and you ſee how well he has ſucceeded."

The next morning I viſited the curious ſtone quarry without the town, which is dug at the expence of the corporation. We entered by a ſubterraneous paſſage neatly formed with ſtone, which conducted us into the quarry. It is well worth ſeeing, from the regular manner in which the ſtone is cut. On entering it, you are preſented with a view of ſome immenſe ſmooth ſlabs from which the ſtone is ſeparated with the greateſt nicety and evenneſs, and in a manner totally different from the method generally uſed in quarries for this purpoſe. The mouth of the paſſage to it is formed by a large ſtone arch, on which are engraved the arms of the corporation. From the top of the quarry you have a fine view of the town of Liverpool,

pool, and a commanding proſpect of the country round it.

From Liverpool we came to

WARRINGTON,

famous for lace, pins, and plate glaſs; and from thence entering Cheſhire, through a delightful country, to

NORTHWICH.

This place is remarkable for its ſalt manufactory, and has, beſides its different mines, the largeſt ſalt pans in England. We firſt viſited the ſalt mines: the method of deſcent is by a bucket, through a perpendicular ſhaft, by which you are conducted into the very heart of the mine. Of the different ſubterraneous abodes I had viſited, I found this by far the moſt agreeable that I ever ſaw. Here, without encountering the difficulties reſulting from broken ladders, ſlippery precipices, horrid chaſms, diſmal dungeons,

dungeons, where one half of our bodies was ſoaked in water and the other expoſed to the ſuffocating fumes of ſulphur, we were introduced to a ſpectacle at once beautiful and ſurpriſing: Innumerable candles diſperſed up and down the different parts of a vaſt glittering cavern, diſplayed a moſt pleaſing ſcene; it reſembles an illuminated grotto of tranſparent rock-work: the impreſſion which it affords at firſt entering it, is not unlike that which a ſtranger feels at being admitted to Vauxhall. The ſalt is ſeparated from the main rock in large bodies by gunpowder: this proceſs is conducted after a ſimilar method to that which we ſaw practiſed in the coal mines. The workmen call it *making a blaſt*, and they were kind enough to fire one for our amuſement, which ſeemed to ſhake the very earth itſelf. The roof of theſe immenſe caverns is ſupported by monſtrous pillars of the ſalt rock, which are left in the courſe of working the mine ſolely for this purpoſe. The great cleanlineſs of theſe places might induce even the moſt timid female,

if ſhe has curioſity enough, to deſcend and explore theſe regions of wonder. A lady might ſafely venture her perſon and apparel to the care of theſe ſturdy miners, even though bedecked in all the ſplendour of a birth-day ſuit.

Having gratified our curioſity here, we next viſited the ſalt ſprings. Theſe are among the liſt of natural wonders, and may be ſeen here in great perfection. They riſe to the ſurface of the earth, which is not the caſe in many parts of England, where they are obliged to bore wells to a great depth, before they can get at them: the water is received in a large baſon, from which it is pumped into the ſalt pans: theſe large receptacles of the brine are heated by means of furnaces beneath them, and as the water evaporates, the ſalt precipitates in a ſtate of chryſtallization, adhering to the ſides and bottom of the pans. This they continually remove by large wooden ſkummers, and convey it into wicker baſkets of a conical form, in which the water that comes

comes mixed with the ſalt drains away, and leaves it fit for uſe. By this proceſs we were informed that from one pan ſeven tons of ſalt were made in twenty-four hours. As they vary the degrees of heat, the ſalt becomes coarſer or finer, according to the different purpoſes for which it is afterwards required.

The method of making ſalt from the rock that is dug in the mines, is by reducing it in ſea water to a brine, and then boiling and purſuing nearly a ſimilar proceſs to that which is uſed at the ſalt ſprings.

From Northwhich we proceeded through

HOLM CHAPEL,

BRUERTON,

and

TALK, to

NEWCASTLE UNDER LINE.

Here we viſited Mr. Wedgewood's curious and extenſive pottery. I was fearful of being denied admittance to the works, as I know that it is cuſtomary in theſe places to introduce ſtrangers to what is called the ſtore room, and then diſmiſs them without any further trouble. This however was not the caſe here. We ſent in our names to Mr. Wedgewood, at his elegant little manſion which overlooks the Pottery, and received full permiſſion from him to ſee the whole of the manufactory, except the rooms where the black and the new diſcovered blue ware is made, and theſe they never ſhew to any one. The proceſs is ſo ſimilar to that which I have deſcribed at Swanſea in South Wales, and the whole manufactory bears ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to it, that it would be merely a repetition to attempt a deſcription. The works are conducted rather upon a larger ſcale, and a ſtranger will find ſome things here which I did

I did not find in Wales; but upon the whole, I muſt confeſs, one is not more worth ſeeing than the other.

At Newcaſtle that prince of philoſophers Katterfelto, with his prime miniſter, in the uſual ſhape of a black cat, was exhibiting his liſt of wonders! wonders! and laying open occult ſciences to a gaping multitude.

> And Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
> At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread!
>
> COWPER.

In the evening we arrived at

LITCHFIELD.

The country through Cheſhire is exceedingly beautiful. Indeed there is no county in England ſo adorned by the richneſs of its verdure, its cultivation and fertility, and at the ſame time ſo beautified by the grand ſeats of nobility and gentry, as Cheſhire.

We were now in a place that I was particularly anxious to ſee. If there is a part of England peculiarly ſacred to literature and the muſes, it is Litchfield. It is the land of poetry itſelf, and as long as the names of Garrick, of Johnſon, and of Seward ſhall endure, Litchfield will live renowned. We were firſt introduced to the Cathedral, an edifice of uncommon beauty, and far ſurpaſſing in elegance any thing of the kind I ever ſaw. How long it has been in this ſtate I will not pretend to ſay, ſince I believe much of its inward ornament muſt be attributed to the taſte and ingenuity of Wyatt. The inſide has been lately repaired and beautified at a great expence, and an altar piece, exhibiting the moſt elegant ſample of the Gothic order, has been diſcovered by removing an irregular patchwork, which in a rude and barbarous age had been erected, in ſomewhat of the Grecian ſtyle, to conceal the richneſs and light airy magnificence of the original Gothic. The outſide of this Cathedral deſerves as much notice as the elegance within.

within. It is all Gothic, built in a ſtyle of great grandeur, and was once uncommonly rich in imagery, much of which now remains, but time and faction have greatly contributed to deface it. The choir demands particular attention. Its highly ornamented ſcreen, with a fine organ, and pews of unuſual elegance, are not to be equalled in England. There are ſeveral beautiful monuments; among others, one to the memory of Lady Wortley Montagu is exceſſively beautiful. The father of the immortal Addiſon lies buried here, and two monuments are about to be erected, one to the memory of David Garrick, and the other to that of his friend Dr. Samuel Johnſon, who were both natives of Litchfield. The Perſon, who ſhewed the Cathedral, was well acquainted with theſe great men, and told me a curious ſtory of a lady, who followed Dr. Johnſon's father to this place, and died here for love of him. She was buried in the Cathedral. When the Doctor came laſt to Litchfield, he cauſed a monument to be erected over her

her with this ſingular inſcription;

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BLANEY,

A STRANGER.

There is alſo an antique monument of the famous Dr. Hackett, who after the reſtoration was made Biſhop of this dioceſe, for his firm adherence to the liturgy of the church of England and the royal cauſe. He was at the beginning of the civil war rector of St. Andrews, Holborn, London; and, when the Parliament (as the Commons alone called themſelves) had voted down the liturgy, and forbidden the uſe of it under the ſevereſt penalties, the Doctor continued to read as before the daily ſervice. A ſerjeant and a trooper ruſhed into the church, commanding him with threats to deſiſt: With a ſteady voice, and intrepid countenance, the Doctor ſtill continued to read on: At this the ſerjeant thruſt a piſtol at his head,

head, menacing him with inſtant death. The undaunted prieſt calmly replied, "Soldier, I am doing my duty; do you do yours!" and with a voice ſtill more exalted he continued to go through the ſervice. The ſoldier abaſhed left the church.

The length of the Cathedral from the weſt to the eaſt is four hundred and eleven feet. The breadth of the body one hundred and fifty-three feet. The ſide aiſles are ſixty-ſix, the two weſt ſpires one hundred and eighty-eight, and the great ſpire five hundred and ſix feet.

Walking into the church yard of the Cathedral, I enquired after the families of thoſe great men whoſe names are an honour to Litchfield. The brother of Mr. Garrick is ſtill living and, like that great man, remarkable for his fund of humour and pleaſing converſation. A tree, planted by Dr. Johnſon when he was a boy, ſtands at ſome diſtance from the Cathedral. I went to ſee it; it was a weeping willow, of an uncommon

uncommon ſize, and curious from its own beauty as well as for having been nurtured by ſo great a man. Our guide pointed to the houſe where the delightful poeteſs, the friend of André, now lives. I walked by the houſe twice or three times, and could not help wiſhing to ſteal a ſhort glance at the genius of Litchfield. The guide obſerved me; "Sir," ſaid he, "Miſs Seward is gone to Briſtol; if you wiſh to ſee the houſe, I can procure you admittance from my acquaintance with the ſervants." This was juſt what I wiſhed; the door ſoon opened, and in I ran, impatient to ſee where genius and poetry had fixed their abode, and happy even in the opportunity of treading the ſame ground. Indeed it would be impoſſible for the moſt rigid ſtoic to enter ſuch a ſpot without emotion.

When the gallant *André* plighted his warm vows to *Honora*, theſe walls were ſacred to his proteſtations; they witneſſed the ardour of his paſſion, and echoed to his

loud ſorrows, when the rigid interference of parental authority ſevered the texture which they had mutually interwoven. From this hallowed ſpot originated that beautiful bud of Britiſh poetry, which, like the morning roſe impearled with the dew of heaven, expanded in tears. It was here that the diſtracted mourner imprecated vengeance upon the baſe abettors of an ignominious doom, that ſent the ſoldier and the lover to an early grave. It was here that the genius of Britain ſung the fall of heroes, and, ſcattering her inſpired lays, would

"Light with veſtal flame her André's hallow'd pyre,

or wander

"With wild, unequal ſtep, round Cook's Morai."

A harpſichord ſtood open in the room, and as I touched the keys, which had anſwered to more pleaſing vibrations, a portrait of a beautiful female caught my attention.——I gueſſed right—indeed it could

be no other than her's. It ſo happens, that in reading the productions of genius one cannot help forming ſome idea of the features of the author; at leaſt this has always been the caſe with me, and was ſo in the preſent inſtance. I was pleaſed to find the idea, which I had formed, correſpond with the picture, and indeed ſhould have felt very angry with the painter for tracing features unjuſtly, if it had turned out otherwiſe. But my reader frowns.—This Litchfield muſe has led me from the main road, and I haſten to regain it.

When the civil war broke out, the nobility and gentry garriſoned the cloſe of Litchfield Cathedral, and defended it againſt the Parliament army under Lord Brook. A battery was raiſed in Dam-Street, for the purpoſe of demoliſhing the Cathedral; early in the ſiege, as his Lordſhip was ſtanding under a porch giving directions to the bombardeers, he was diſcovered from the battlements of the lady-chair by a deaf and dumb gentleman, named Dyott, whoſe

whoſe family is ſtill eſteemed in the neighbourhood. This gentleman levelling his muſket fired it, and the ball, glancing on the lintel of the porch, entered his Lordſhip's eye. He died upon the ſpot. The place where he fell is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in Dam-Street by a pavement of white pebbles; and the lintel, through which the ball paſſed, is ſtill preſerved among the curioſities in Mr. Greene's valuable muſeum.

After leaving Litchfield, we arrived late in the evening at

BIRMINGHAM.

The inhabitants of this place were juſt recovered from the conſternation into which they had been thrown by the late riots. The veſtiges of their dreadful depredations ſtill remained to ſhew what a tumult had been excited among them. Not a houſe appeared without the ſentiment of "*Church and King!*" traced in large letters on its front.

Theſe, like the tutelary words, "*No popery,*" which were exalted upon every door, wall and window ſhutter, during the notorious legiſlation of a noble madman, ſerved as a kind of taliſman or cabaliſtical ſentence to avert the fury of an infatuated multitude. When ſuch violent tumult is ſuddenly excited, and the full torrent of indignation poured on a ſelected few, it wears very much the appearance of premeditated miſchief, concerted in ſecret by men of more importance, and ſuperior in ſpeculation to the members of a mob, who are generally inclined to follow the dictates of caprice and the haſty impulſe of the moment. The method, in which the late diſturbances at Birmingham were conducted, is an evidence of this, and it is greatly to be wiſhed that the perpetrators of ſo much guilt were ſafely lodged in ſome convenient apartment in the neighbourhood of Lord George Gordon.

Birmingham

Birmingham is literally a repoſitory of trade. There is hardly a ſingle inhabitant that is not engaged in ſome lucrative concern. Every thing wears the air of induſtry and commerce. You may walk the ſtreets a whole day without finding one idle ſpectator; and indeed the people ſeem ſo entirely engroſſed by their buſineſs within doors, that they care very little what ſort of an appearance is made without. The ſtreets are neither paved nor lighted, which, in ſo conſiderable a place as Birmingham, is a ſubject both of wonder and regret. The chief manufactories here are Mr. Bolton's, Mr. Clay's, and that for ſtained glaſs. Mr. Bolton's cannot be called a ſingle manufactory; it is rather a conſolidation of ſeveral branches of commerce. It is remarkably well worth ſeeing, although a day would hardly be ſufficient to pay every article a proper degree of attention. This gentleman, ſo well known all over the world for his great improvement in the uſe of ſteam engines, may juſtly be termed the father of commerce.

The

The encouragement which he gives to every ſpecies of ingenuity, and his own uncommon abilities, entitle him to every encomium. It is ſaid that he ſometime ago made a propoſal to the miniſter, to obtain the management of the copper coinage of this kingdom. His aſſurances were, that he would totally deſtroy all counterfeit coining; firſt, by allowing a ſufficient quantity of that metal, to prevent its being worth any one's while to fabricate falſe coin; and ſecondly, by producing a die ſo exquiſitely beautiful and circular, that it ſhould be out of the power of any perſon in the kingdom to imitate it. He alledged many other reaſons to prove the importance of his propoſal to the nation; but, from ſome unknown motives of policy, the plan is either entirely rejected, or ſtill remains to be conſidered in Parliament at ſome future period.

The chief part of Mr. Bolton's immenſe works is employed in the button manufactory, a branch of buſineſs that requires a great deal of labour and an amazing number of

of workmen. It is really ſurpriſing to ſee the number of hands concerned about the commoneſt buttons, which, after all the different operations, ſell ſo low as one penny per dozen. One would ſuppoſe it worth this ſum to carry them backwards and forwards, or even to pack them up in paper (which alone is a ſeparate employment) and yet we were told that the greateſt profit ariſes from thoſe buttons which paſs through the greateſt number of hands and ſell at the loweſt rate.

Beſides the button buſineſs, there is the manufactory of that beautiful branch of workmanſhip, called Or Moulu. This conſiſts of plated goods, and ſuch an exquiſite imitation of ſilver, in all thoſe articles where plate is required, that the moſt diſcerning eye can ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the difference. This alone conſtitutes a very extenſive branch of buſineſs. There is a variety of other manufactories carried on here, which can only be adequately conceived

ceived by thoſe who are on the ſpot, and ſee them as they are. Among others, the fabrication of all ſorts of cutlery ware deſerves particular obſervation, in which ſciſſars are ſeen from ſix-pence to ten guineas a pair.

Mr. Clay's manufactory comes next to be noticed, which is entirely confined to paper work. This conſiſts in making tables, tea boards, trays, &c. &c. which are conſtructed in the moſt beautiful manner. No one, who ſees the different articles in their finiſhed ſtate, would believe that they were compoſed of paper. The proceſs is ſimply this—a number of ſheets of paper are paſted together and dried; they are then carried into a room, reſembling a little timber-yard, contiguous to which is a large workſhop: cabinet-makers form every article as it is required, ſawing it out of paper and planing it with the greateſt exactneſs. It is then japanned and poliſhed, and this is always done with the hand, which gives a more exquiſite luſtre to ſteel or paper-work,

than can be communicated by any other means.

We obſerved two pier tables here for Lord Briſtol, which were painted after ſome deſigns brought purpoſely from Rome. They were by far the moſt beautiful things of the kind I ever ſaw. An extenſive manufactory of buttons is alſo carried on from the ſame compoſition, which are turned, japanned, and then poliſhed after the manner I have mentioned. When I ſaid that this manufactory was excluſively appropriated to paper, I ſhould have excepted the department of making buttons from ſlate. This material is brought here as it is dug from the quarries, and then made into buttons by turning. A ſample of them was preſented to his Majeſty, who was pleaſed to order ſome for his own uſe. They are uncommonly rich, and reſemble the fineſt ſilk rather than the production of a ſlate quarry.

The manufactory for ſtained glaſs is only worth ſeeing to thoſe who have never ſeen any glaſs of this ſort. They exhibit ſpecimens of the work when finiſhed, but the proceſs of colouring the glaſs is of courſe not ſhewn.

The theatre at Birmingham is a very good one; Suett from Drury-Lane was there when we viſited it, and kept the audience *à ſon ordinaire*, in a continual roar.

The inhabitants of Birmingham have a Vauxhall, which is open twice a week. Theſe gardens were at firſt the property of a private gentleman, but are now public. They afford a pleaſing epitome of thoſe which bear the ſame name near London.

The inns at Birmingham are large and dirty. Indeed cleanlineſs is a virtue, which the people of this place ſeem perfectly unacquainted with. Their idol, Commerce, ſits enthroned in ſmoke and from her dingy realms ordains that duſt and noiſe ſhall

ſhall dignify her votaries. Every tongue cries *thrift!* and cruſty knaves, that ſcud the ſtreets in aprons, ſeem ever ready to exclaim, "*Be buſy and grow rich!*"

From this grand mart of induſtry we proceeded to a place of leſs commercial importance, although infinitely more renowned in other annals;

STRATFORD UPON AVON,

celebrated for the birth of the greateſt poet the world ever knew, lies remote from the ſmoke and the tumult of manufactures, in a peaceful valley upon the banks of the Avon. If ever we are permitted to venerate the reſidence of genius; if ever we may be allowed to honour the ground that has been ſacred to immortal poets; STRATFORD! *all hail to thee!* When I tread thy hallowed walks; when I paſs over the ſame mould that has been preſſed by the feet of SHAKESPEARE, I feel inclined to kiſs the earth itſelf. I conſider

him as the brighteſt planet that ever illumined the horizon of genius. Immortal bard! may thy name and thy works live for ever! may the conſpicuous tablet of thy imagination be ſuſpended among the higheſt records of future ages; and,

——————While yet a ſpot remains
Where Engliſh minds and manners may be found,

may poſterity behold with rapture the productions of our countryman, our own poet, OUR DARLING SHAKESPEARE! At a time, when the poiſon of exotic weeds has pervaded the whole ſyſtem of Engliſh literature, let us bleſs the propitious ſtars that preſided when nature ordained one luminary to ſhine forth, without reflecting a borrowed light, in its own peculiar luſtre.

Among the number of curioſities, which they ſhew you at Stratford, muſt be reckoned the houſe in which Shakeſpeare was born, and the remains of a mulberry-tree which he planted. The preſent poſſeſſor of the houſe is a deſcendant of Shakeſpeare's—a poor, illiterate peaſant. He ſhews

ſhews you a chair which formerly belonged to his great anceſtor, but which has been ſo hacked and mangled by the knives of virtuoſos that little of its original form remains. A foreign princeſs ſome time ago had an inclination for the ſeat of it, and diſpatched a courier with twenty guineas for the purchaſe. The poor poſſeſſors of the chair gladly parted with its wooden bottom for a more valuable ſubſtitute, and it was carried away; another perſon has taken a fancy to one of the legs; and ſomebody elſe has made deep inciſions in the back of it, ſo that I fear this precious relic will ſoon be reduced to the ſtate of the Iriſhman's knife, which had been fifty years in his family, *only now and then a new blade, and now and then a new handle!*

The mulberry-tree is the property of a carpenter, who forms it into a number of little articles, ſuch as tooth-pick caſes, goblets, ſnuff-boxes, &c. If we may judge by the ſale of theſe things, a foreſt of mulberry-trees would hardly ſupply the wood that

that has been already ſold. However I believe that a block, which this man has by him, is genuine, as it is the ſame that was ſuſpended during the jubilee. Mr. Garrick had a chair made of this wood.

The downfall of the mulberry-tree gave riſe to a ceremony which drew people from all parts of the kingdom to Stratford. As the circumſtances attending this extraordinary fête may not be unentertaining to my readers, I ſhall preſent them with an account of it from a perſon who was an eye witneſs to the celebration of the Jubilee.

A wealthy clergyman purchaſed the houſe and gardens of Shakeſpeare at Stratford upon Avon. A man of taſte in ſuch a ſituation, and maſter of ſo enchanting a ſpot, would have congratulated himſelf on his good fortune and deemed himſelf the happieſt of mortals; but the luckleſs and ignorant owner trod the ground, which had been cultivated by the firſt genius of the

the world, without feeling thoſe emotions that ariſe in the breaſt of the generous enthuſiaſt.

The mulberry-tree, planted by the poet's own hand, became an object of diſlike to its taſteleſs owner, becauſe it over-ſhaded his window and rendered his houſe, as he thought, ſubject to damps and moiſture. In an evil hour the unhappy prieſt ordered it to be cut down.

The people of Stratford, who had been taught to venerate every thing which related to the immortal Shakeſpeare, were ſeized with grief and aſtoniſhment when they were informed of the ſacrilegious deed; and nothing leſs than the deſtruction of the offender, in the firſt tranſports of their rage, would ſatisfy them. The miſerable culprit was forced to ſculk up and down to ſave himſelf from the rage of the Stratfordians: he was obliged at laſt to leave the town amidſt the curſes of the populace, who vowed ſolemnly never to let one of

the ſame name reſide amongſt them in future.

The mulberry-tree thus cut down was purchaſed by a carpenter, who, knowing the value which all the world profeſſed for any thing that belonged to Shakeſpeare, very ingeniouſly cut it into various ſhapes of ſmall trunks, ſnuff-boxes, tea-cheſts, ſtandiſhes, tobacco-ſtoppers, &c. The corporation of Stratford bought ſeveral of the man's curious manufactures and, influenced by good ſenſe and ſuperior taſte, preſented the freedom of Stratford, in a box made of this ſacred wood, to Mr. Garrick; at the ſame time requeſting of him, in very polite terms, a buſt, ſtatue, or picture of his admired Shakeſpeare, which they informed him they intended to place in their town-hall. In the ſame letter, with equal politeneſs, they aſſured him that they ſhould be no leſs pleaſed if he would oblige them with his own picture, to be placed near his favourite author in perpetual remembrance of both.

This

This judicious and well-timed compliment gave riſe to the jubilee of Shakeſpeare: In September, 1769, an amphitheatre was erected at Stratford, upon the plan of Ranelagh, decorated with various devices. Tranſparencies were erected in the town-houſe, in which the moſt ſtriking characters of the poet were ſeen. A ſmall old houſe, where Shakeſpeare was born, was covered over with a curious emblematical tranſparency: the ſubject was the ſun ſtruggling through clouds to enlighten the world; a figurative repreſentation of the fate and fortunes of the much-beloved bard.

The jubilee laſted three days; during which time entertainments of oratorios, concerts, pageants, fire-works, &c. were preſented to a very brilliant and numerous company aſſembled from all parts of the iſland. Many perſons of the higheſt quality and rank of both ſexes, ſome of the moſt celebrated beauties of the age, and men diſtinguiſhed for their genius and love of the elegant arts thought themſelves

happy to fill the grand chorus of this high feſtival.

Mr. Foote indulged in the ſallies of that wit which ſeemed to pleaſe all by ſparing none: Mr. Colman, by a cheerful vivacity and ready urbanity, engaged the attention of all about him. The hiſtorian of Corſica and the biographer of Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Boſwell, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the name of Corſica Boſwell, which words were inſcribed on the outſide of his hat in large letters.

No company, ſo various in character, temper and condition, ever formed, at leaſt in appearance, ſuch an agreeable groupe of happy and congenial ſouls.

Mr. Garrick's Ode on Shakeſpeare was that part of the general exhibition which moſt excited the regard, and gained the applauſe, of the candid and judicious part of the company.

Mr.

Mr. Garrick, who always united the ſtricteſt economy with the moſt liberal expenditure, brought Shakeſpeare's jubilee from Stratford to Drury-Lane. The public were ſo charmed with this uncommon pageant, which was ingeniouſly contrived and judiciouſly managed, that the repreſentation of it was repeated near one hundred times.

From Stratford we paſſed on to

SHIPSTON, CHAPEL-HOUSE, and

WOODSTOCK,

famous for the manufactory of gloves and poliſhed ſteel. Here we ſaw

BLENHEIM,

the moſt magnificent pile of architecture in this kingdom. It was built at the public expence in the reign of Queen Anne, and conferred with the annexed demeſnes on the moſt illuſtrious John Duke of Marl-

borough, and his heirs for ever, as a teſtimony of royal favour and national gratitude for his tranſcendent ſervices and victories over the French and Bavarians; particularly that gained Auguſt 2, 1704, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, from which this palace receives its name.

On the anniverſary of this victory, the inheritors of his Grace's honours and titles, for ever, are to render to the ſovereign one ſtandard or pair of colours, with three fleur-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, ſuits, and ſervices due to the crown.

Sir John Vanbrugh was the architect of Blenheim: he has been indiſcriminately cenſured for a heavineſs in his deſigns, but in this inſtance he muſt at leaſt ſtand acquitted, when it is conſidered that ſtrength and durability were objects to be primarily regarded in a pile intended to remain a laſting

laſting monument of Britiſh valour and Britiſh generoſity.

The park is entered from Woodſtock, the uſual approach, through a triumphal arch or ſpacious portal erected to the memory of John Duke of Marlborough by his conſort Sarah. This leads to the eaſt gate of Blenheim; from whence proceeding to the area through a quadrangle of offices, the north front opens to the view. This front, which is three hundred and forty-eight feet from wing to wing, highly ornamented (the roof being concealed by a ſtone baluſtrade and ſtatues) forms the grand approach; to which the viſitor is conducted acroſs a valley, through which winds a beautiful and ſpacious canal, over a moſt magnificent bridge conſtructed in the ſtyle of the Rialto at Venice.

Beyond this in a direct line, and on a conſiderable eminence, ſtands a ſtately column one hundred and thirty feet high; on the top of which is a ſtatue of the Duke,

and

and on the pedeſtal his eminent atchievements, and the acts of the Britiſh Parliament in his favour, are fully inſcribed.

The ſouth front of Blenheim, though leſs extenſive, is extremely elegant, and commands a delightful view of the pleaſure grounds and plantations, as well as of the neighbouring village of Bladon and the diſtant hills: over its entrance, which is ſupported by Corinthian columns, ſtands the buſt of Louis XIV. of France, adorned with military emblems, as taken from the gates of Tournay.

Near the eaſtern angle, a moſt commodious and elegant obſervatory has been lately erected and amply ſupplied with the beſt inſtruments for aſtronomical purſuits.

The apartments of Blenheim are furniſhed with princely magnificence; and the tapeſtry, paintings, and ſtatues are exquiſitely fine: the tapeſtry is itſelf ſo deſerving of attention, that it ſhould be particularly

ticularly noticed: it chiefly repreſents the victories of the Duke of Marlborough: there is one figure, delineated in the tapeſtry of the drawing, that has more expreſſion than I ever before ſaw given to productions of this kind; it repreſents an officer in the act of receiving orders from the Duke in the field of battle.

From a profuſion of ſplendid objects, in this ſtately ſuit of rooms, the eye is at once charmed and relieved on entering the library.

This noble room is one hundred and eighty-three feet long, and thirty-one feet nine inches wide; nor is it poſſible to conceive any thing more elegantly finiſhed than the ſolid columns of marble which ſupport a rich entablature, the Doric pilaſters of the ſame, the ſurrounding baſements of black marble, and the ſtuccoed compartments of the lofty vaulted ceiling.

At

At the upper end of the library ſtands a highly finiſhed ſtatue of Queen Anne, in her coronation robes, by Ryſbrack; and at the lower end is a fine Grecian buſt of Alexander the Great in good preſervation, as dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum, and ſupported by an elegant modern therm. On one ſide, above the bookcaſes, are ſeveral buſts and a number of whole length family portraits; and on the other, large bow windows, the frames of which are exquiſitely finiſhed, from whence there is an elyſian proſpect of the beautifully covered deſcent to the canal and of the riſing groves on the oppoſite hill.

If we may be allowed to hazard an opinion on the demerits of Blenheim, it ſhould be with regard to the general ſize of the rooms. Whether it be from a negligence in the architect, or the height of the cielings, I know not, but all of them appear contracted and ſmall, and very ill-ſuited to the contour of the edifice itſelf. The plan ſeems to have been erroneous; you are

conducted through a ſuit of apartments, that naturally appear inſignificant, into that ſpacious room, the library, which forming a ſtriking contraſt to the others makes them appear ſmaller than before.

I think the worſt method that can poſſibly be purſued by an architect, where the object is grandeur, is to pinch one room in order to enlarge another: the whole ſhould be uniformly magnificent: I know but of one edifice in our kingdom that anſwers this deſcription: it is ATTINGHAM in Shropſhire, the ſeat of Lord Berwick, an edifice built by *Stuart*, and one of the moſt complete ſpecimens of modern architecture I ever ſaw.

Having thus curſorily deſcribed ſome of the moſt ſtriking beauties in this magnificent palace, it would be unpardonable not to mention the gardens and park; which, whether we regard the delightfulneſs of ſituation or the moſt captivating charms of nature improved by the chaſteſt deſigns of

art, equally demand our attention and warmeſt admiration. The pleaſure grounds occupy an extent of conſiderably more than two hundred acres, and are laid out with aſtoniſhing taſte, principally under the inſpection of the preſent Duke, whoſe love of the fine arts and of rural and elegant ſimplicity is every where conſpicuous.

The flower baſket copied from the deſign of Madame Pompadour, as diſplayed in the gardens of Verſailles, is one of the moſt enchanting aſſemblage of ſweets any where to be ſeen; the interſecting walks, as well as the temples and other artificial objects, are at once elegant and neat; and the whole is preſerved in a ſtate of the utmoſt perfection.

The pleaſure grounds have lately received conſiderable improvement and enlargement, by throwing a neat Chineſe bridge over the lake near the caſcade, and encloſing and laying down in the moſt elegant ſtyle a pretty large tract of the oppoſite

oppoſite hill; in this delightful ſpot ſeveral grottos are ſo naturally introduced that art ſcarcely appears, and a magnificent fountain, from ſome long-neglected pieces of ſculpture (a preſent to John Duke of Marlborough) has been recently erected in the vale near the eaſtern limits of the new improvements, with an inſcription in the Greek, Latin, Italian and Spaniſh languages.

At a ſmall diſtance from this noble piece of ſculpture a mineral ſpring, commonly called Newfound-Well, flows into a beautiful antique baſon externally adorned with numerous figures in baſſo relievo; and being from thence diſcharged, by the mouths of two lions near the top, it immediately diſappears and ſoon enters the lake.

The canal, which covers the whole extent of a ſpacious valley, bordered by an artificial declivity, being taught to wind according to the deſigns of taſte, to fall in broken murmurs over the rough caſcade,

and again to ſmooth its boſom and move imperceptibly along, is certainly one of the fineſt pieces of water in this kingdom.

The park, which under the auſpices of the preſent Duke has received every poſſible improvement, is one continual ſeries of charming proſpects and agreeably diverſified ſcenes. Its utmoſt circumference is fourteen miles; round which are the moſt enchanting rides, ſhaded principally with ever-greens; the roads are laid out to the greateſt advantage; and new plantations are continually ariſing, wherever they can contribute to the richneſs or luxuriance of the view: indeed the effect of poliſhed taſte, and the ſublime in deſign, are no where more perceptible than in the boundleſs proſpects which perpetually preſent themſelves; the walls of the park being in general quite concealed, and the whole ſurrounding country variegated with hills and vales, ſpires, towers and villas, appearing as one wide extended landſcape.

In

In this park ſtood originally a magnificent royal palace, the favourite retreat of ſeveral kings of England at various periods till the reign of Charles the Firſt, when the ſucceeding interval of civil diſſenſion and anarchy laid it almoſt wholly in ruins. It was not however entirely demoliſhed until after the building of Blenheim, when two ſycamore trees were planted on its ſcite.

The approach to

OXFORD,

from Woodſtock, is not marked by any particular beauty. The country, bleak, champaign and flat, conſiſts of thoſe features which *melancholize* the environs of its ſiſter ſeminary. It is not in the power of nature to aſſume a viſage more deformed than ſhe wears in the neighbourhood of Oxford and Cambridge. Not one expreſſive line, not one intereſting object, preſents itſelf to the traveller's eye; and the deſponding

deſponding Freſhman, as he ſojourns a-croſs the drear expanſe, feels the full force of Johnſon's aſſertion, when, ſpeaking of Scotland, he ſays "that, if the miſerable aſpect of the country ſhould induce a man to hang himſelf, he would ſcarcely find a tree to ſwing from!"

I ſhall confine my remarks upon this city within a very ſmall compaſs—it is foreign to my preſent purpoſe to record, in pompous detail, its colleges and the hiſtory of their founders; few are unacquainted with our Univerſities: and thoſe, who wiſh to acquire a more accurate knowledge of their buildings and benefactors, will find ampler ſources of information in the *Oxford and Cambridge Guides* than in any laboured eſſay of mine.

In Oxford there ſeems, what may be ſtyled, *a diſeaſe of buildings*. The traveller is preſented with a profuſion of edifices jumbled together with no great diſplay either of taſte or deſign. It is a kind of anarchy

anarchy in ſtone and mortar, where every thing is confuſed; and architecture, in a high fever, ſeems to have ſtuck one edifice here and another there, varying the non-conformity of her work in proportion to her delirium. There is a *Mauſoleum* for a *library*, and a *cock-pit* for *public diſputants*. There is a *ſepulchre* of *manuſcripts*, and a long gallery, where heroes with ugly faces, and learned graduates in full bottomed wigs, are copiouſly diſplayed upon canvaſs. What ſhall be ſaid of CHRIST-CHURCH? where neat little PECKWATER cements the dirty puddle and the leaden mercury that diſgraces its neighbouring quadrangle—and of the boaſted THEATRE? with its wrong ſide foremoſt, that turns its back upon the public and hides its fine front in a corner—and of ST. MARY'S? with a low gothic ſpire, but of ſufficient beauty for every one to wiſh it taller———and of the proſpect from the top of RADCLIFF'S empty LIBRARY? where the view of ALL-SOULS alone is a recompence for the fatigue of aſcending.

After

After leaving Oxford, the proſpect of the Univerſity on the London ſide is worth paying attention to. The country gradually improves towards

HENLY,

a neat and comfortable town, pleaſantly ſituated upon the banks of the Thames. From the bridge at

MAIDENHEAD

there is a fine proſpect of the Cliefden woods: and now having entered the broad unintereſting turnpikes leading to the metropolis, where the glowing features of rural landſcape fade away and are no more ſeen, I ſhall reſign my pen.

There may be ſome who deem it negligent in me to treat with ſo much brevity this portion of my duty. A few perhaps would have been better pleaſed if I had been more explicit towards my *finale*.

They will be chagrined at my inadvertency in neglecting the *huge teleſcopes* at SLOUGH, and impute it to a ſiniſter motive that I did not inſert a deſcription of HERSCHELL's *battery againſt the moon*. Others will not eaſily pardon my indifference to WINDSOR CASTLE; eſpecially if they knew that I was a ſpectator on the terrace when crowds of rejoicing ſubjects thronged to behold their monarch reſtored to health and vigour, while the air rung with acclamations of multitudes who bleſſed the Power that had reſcued him from the grave.

But the generality will ſurely acquit me; not becauſe I have been abrupt in my concluſion, but becauſe they will perceive the tendency which I have ſhewn, throughout theſe pages, to leave the beaten track—to be ſilent upon threadbare ſubjects, and finally to waſte no expedients in attempting to clothe with novelty the well-known objects on each ſide of the high road from Oxford to London.

To him therefore, who has been induced from motives of candour or curioſity to mark the progreſs and termination of my rambles, I make my grateful acknowledgements. COURTEOUS or INQUISITIVE READER! if, in the peruſal of theſe pages, thy brow has been ſullied with anger or contracted by contempt, let me entreat thee to obliterate the remembrance of it! I have endeavoured to pourtray with accuracy a variety of ſcenes in no ſmall extent of territory; I have pointed out every object which I deemed worthy of thy notice; I have conſidered thee as the companion of my travels, and have given thee the fruits of my labours without the fatigue or expence of acquiring them. If, in ſojourning through dreary and barren ſcenes, I have occaſionally led thee aſide to ſmile at the vagaries of JEREMY or the adventures of HIS MASTER, pardon the author, who finding *machinery* neceſſary in the formation of his work, never tranſgreſſed the limits of truth to ſupply it.

It would be impertinent to apologize for preſent deficiency by a promiſe of future improvement—elſe, haply, when the hand of time ſhall remove the curtain of prejudice and check the ſallies of inexperience, I may hope to throw aſide my anonymous pen and aſſume a more reſpectable appearance. It is with this view I leave my preſent work to its fate, and go in ſearch of materials for a more important ſuperſtructure. I haſten among the wider regions of continental domain; to ſee peace expel diſcord, and to witneſs the downfall of anarchy: to behold the armies of nations combined in reſtoring ſerenity to a diſtracted people: to behold the melancholy condition of a country, where Faction, drunk with the blood of multitudes, has fantaſtically arrayed herſelf in the garb of liberty, and like the arrogant bird, who envied the meekneſs and beauty of the dove, vainly endeavours by aſſuming a borrowed plumage to hide her native deformity.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM